


WALKER TRAIL ALDERMAN HIRSH
DEMENT FULTON DURHAM SNELLING
WEST SPENCER JONES BROWN HITT
HASTINGS SMITH BONDS ARNOLD
LOWE HARRIS
ARMSTRONG
HOLT SANDERS



MY VILLAGE

WILEY S. ISOM

CLANTON GREGORY TALLEY PARKS
BISHOP TROXLER SPARKS ATNIP
PHILLIPS FULLER HOWARD BRAMB
THOMPSON ISOM LOCKE AYERS
DICKEY CAWTHORN BEASLEY MAUPIN
GARDNER CORTNER HALL FANN
McCONNELL STEPHENSON WAITE
HOLLAND MASON SPIERS BARTON



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

Wiley S. Isom

I was born in Haley, Tennessee, on the 8th of November 1919. Doctor J. P. Taylor delivered me into this world at our home in Haley. Our home at the time was the house next to Mr. W. T. Hickerson, and the home is still standing and occupied. We later moved to the house across from the Haley School. I was the sixth child of ten that was born to my parents, James Gossage Isom and Mabel (Jolly) Isom. The following statements summarize key events in my life:

- Graduated from Haley Grammar School in 1933 and from High School in Wartrace in 1937.
- Enlisted in the Army National Guard in Shelbyville, Tennessee, April 1940. Battery B, 191st Field Artillery.
- Married Edna Ophelia Lokey, February 21, 1941.
- Inducted into Federal Service, along with other members of Company B, February 24, 1941.
- Commissioned a Second Lieutenant on December 11, 1943 after completing the Quartermaster School in Virginia.
- Attended War Dog Schools at Fort Robinson, Nebraska and San Carlos, California.
- Appointed Commanding Officer of the 45th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon and went overseas to the Pacific Theatre of Operation with this platoon. This platoon was in the Battle of Okinawa. Along with other medals, each member of this platoon received the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Bronze Star.
- Released from Active Duty with the Army on March 26, 1946. During this period of time, my wife gave birth to two of our children. Our other two children were born in 1947 and 1956.
- Moved many times and travelled to about thirty foreign countries and lived in six.
- Worked for many years with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, including seven of the Corps Districts.
- Worked as Project Manager for Continental Drilling Company out of Los Angeles, California, on many dams and sites all over the United States and foreign countries.
- Worked as Grouting Engineer for the government of Manitoba, Manitoba Hydro, on the construction of the Grand Rapids Project in Northern Canada.
- Worked for Rodell International as Project Manager on the Winnipeg

Floodway Project. Opened an office for this company in Burlingame, California.

- Retired from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in 1985 as their Construction Representative.
- With my wife, children and friends, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 1991.

Since retirement, I have been involved in consulting work on Dam Foundations.

We always considered Bedford County our home, no matter where we were stationed.

We live in Shelbyville, Tennessee and we still enjoy travelling.

My Village

Wiley S. Isom

© Copyright 1994. Wiley S. Isom. All Rights Reserved.

CONTENTS

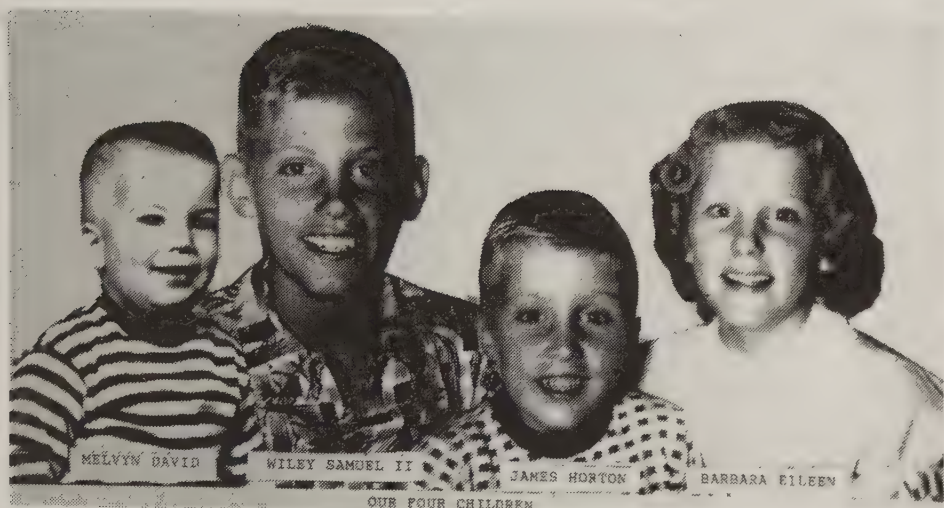
Written For Our Children	ix
Dedication	x
Thanks	xi
Introduction	xii
Poem: My Hometown	xiii
My Village	1
Blacksmith Shop	8
Section Houses	10
Dement's Garage	12
G.I. Block Co.	13
Churches	13
Haley School	14
High School	19
Athletes From Area	20
The People	21
Recreation	25
Farming	28
Haying	29
Bailing Hay	30
Threshing	30
Gathering Corn	32
Cutting Wood	33
Hog Killing	34
Making Molasses	35
Honey	35
Poll Tax	36
Rocky Branch	37
Garrison River	38
Duck River	39
Fishing	40
Another Fish Story	43

Seining	46
Trot-Lining	47
Hunting	47
Quail Hunting	50
Deer Hunting	50
Opossum Hunting	51
Paul and Raymond at Isom Hollow	54
Trapping	56
Electricity Comes To Haley	56
Cascade Water	58
Lake Bedford (Now Coy Gaither-Bedford Lake)	59
Tommy Shofner Story No. 1	60
Tommy Shofner Story No. 2	60
Halloween	61
Camping	61
Hunting at Isom Hollow	63
Wartrace Fair	64
Bedford County Fair	65
Car Wrecks	66
Fires In Haley	67
My Model T Ford	68
Hobo Found Dead	71
Cliff Reed Hits Creek In Car	71
Directions To Normandy	71
Throwing Rocks And Eggs At Hoboes	72
Tramp Walking Down The Road	73
Hopping On And Riding Switching Trains	73
Shows That Came To Town	74
Chores	75
Fizz Roberts And I Were Great Buddies	77
Mule Day In Columbia	79
Motorcycle Stories	79
First Airplane Ride	80

Aviation School	80
Mr. Judge Brown	81
Dad And A Driving Lesson	81
Collecting Bird Eggs	81
Collecting Arrow Heads	82
Ball of Fire At Holt's Cemetery	83
Watermelons	83
Frog Hunting	84
Riding Hickory Trees	85
Swimming And Going Barefoot	86
Gun Pointed At Me	87
Rabbit Hunting	88
Hackberry Tree	89
Floods	89
Milk Trucks	90
Milking Cows	90
Ice Boxes	91
Making Ice Cream	91
Saturday Night Movies	92
Home Brew	92
Hay Rides	92
Walking Home From Shelbyville	93
Skating On Ice and Using Sled	93
Edward Arnold Stories	94
Baseball	94
Shooting Craps	95
Swatting Bumble Bees	96
Flying Kites	96
Loafing	97
Putting Breeches On a Calf	97
Joke On Mrs. Durham	98
Mr. Luke Hickerson And The Goad	98
Marion Kimbro And Mrs. Seahorn	99

Spending The Night With Jabo	99
Christmas Incident	100
Picking Blackberries	101
Mother Shooting Out Window	101
Jenks And J.W. Strip To The Nude	102
Five Flat Tires And Never Moved	102
Melvin's and Margaret's Playhouse	103
Ride With Bill Harris & His Skeeter	103
Tech Gentry's Goat and Wagon	104
Cortner's Mill	104
Airplanes Landing Around Haley	106
Nearby Towns	106
Landmarks In Haley Area	109
Beech Tree	109
Red Hill	109
Dement's Bridge	109
Three Forks Bridge	109
McLean's Bridge	109
Cannon Bridge	110
Alderman's Corner	110
Railroad Bridge Across Garrison	110
Railroad Bridge Across Duck	110
Holt Family Cemetery	110
My Village Today	111
Map of Haley Area	114
Who Lived There	116
Family Residents of Area	121
Haley Women's Club Members	131
Teachers At Haley School	131
Boys That Lived In The Area	132
Photographs	134

WRITTEN FOR OUR CHILDREN



Children: Sam, Barbara, Buddy And Mel

Our Grandchildren: Leanne, Wye, Heather, Holly, Pilar, Justin, Nellie, Molly, David, John, Kim, Danny, Jason

Our Great Grandson: Brian

For all of you this story has been written, so that you will know first hand just what the difficulties and pleasures we experienced during this early part of our lives. Many times I have wished that my parents and grandparents had put on paper what happened during their lifetime.

Most of the families that lived in this Village and other places in rural America experienced about the same things, as I have tried to describe in this story, during this same period of time.

We advanced from coal oil lights, kerosene and wood stoves, battery radios, hand operated appliances and many other gadgets and tools to electricity and the flip of a switch. From drawing water out of a well or going to the spring, to turning a valve in the kitchen for running water. From visiting a cold outside toilet, to entering a special room where you can sit and read a newspaper, and press a handle that will flush everything away. If you were lucky, you could even take a bath inside.

To describe all the new things and improvements that have taken place since I loafed on the steps of the Depot in Haley would take many books.

Now it is up to you to continue this story, so that your children and grandchildren will know what you experienced during your years in your Village. Love to all.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my parents, Mabel Annie (Jolly) Isom and James Gossage Isom. They brought ten children into this world and suffered the heartache of seeing only five reach adulthood. Horton then died at the age of twenty one, leaving only four. I will forever be grateful to my parents for the example they set for us as to what parents should be. Thank you Mama and Daddy.



My Mother and Father – Mabel (Jolly) and James Gossage Isom. In our front yard at Haley

THANKS

Many people have contributed to this story in one way or another by contributing something that happened to them or some pictures. I must thank George (Tech) Gentry for his help in many ways. He happens to know almost everyone who lived in Haley during this period and if they are still alive, and where they live now.

Thanks to all the Colored people I met at the Senior Citizen Center when I showed my display of money. Some of them had lived in Bugscuffle and Haley and they gave me names of family members I would have never been able to get elsewhere.

I wish more of you would have contributed pictures of our Haley friends. To you that did contribute, I give Thanks.

INTRODUCTION

The story of *My Village*, was an undertaking that I started several years ago. I would write a few lines or a page and then forget it for awhile, as I figured I had a lot of time to complete the writing. Recently, my sister, Melvyn, passed away and this month (August) one of my best friends, T.O. Wynne, who is mentioned several times in this book, also passed away. He wanted to read this book, as he knew that the stories I would tell would include him and others that we grew up with in Haley. So if I don't hurry and finish, there won't be anyone left to verify what I have recorded in these pages.

I started writing about Haley so that my children and grandchildren would know first hand how life was in this period of time. As other people from the area learned about the story I was writing, they also became anxious to get a copy, as it will also become sort of a history for them and their families.

If anyone is looking for some kind of sexy story, a murder, or some other front page story, they need not read any further, as we had none of that kind of stuff. If it happened, we never knew about it. I think you will see that it is written in language that you can understand without having a Webster's Dictionary in your hand.

I have tried to confine my stories to the events that happened between 1920 and 1940. I have mentioned a few things that happened outside this period. It is difficult not to mention the many stories concerning the boys from the area that went off to war and some not returning. This would be another and maybe someone else will try out their writing skills on this subject.

I want to mention the main people for whom this book is written. My children, Wiley Samuel, II, Barbara Eileen, James Horton and Melvyn David. Although my wife Edna Ophelia (Lokey) Isom did not live in Haley during this period of time, as we were not yet married, her family did experience a similar lifestyle. These five people have been, and will always be, a part of me. I love all of you very much.

As a family, we lived in many of the states in this great country and Canada due to the type of work I pursued. Later, my wife and I have lived in six foreign countries and visited at least twenty others. We have visited many places that were very interesting, but somehow we always return to Bedford County, Tennessee.

I know that some of you who read this book of *My Village*, and scan the pictures will be taken back to those years of the 20's, 30's and early 40's, and all of us will wonder, how did we make it?

*Note: I wrote the following poem when I was a senior in high school at Wartrace.
I believe it was the only "A" I ever got as a senior.*

"MY HOME TOWN"

I will write about a village, that is far from any sea
In the heart of Bedford County, in the middle of Tennessee
Once it was inhabited by a great Indian tribe
Who laid the foundation of this little country-side.

For the industry of farming, this town is widely known
So, if you want to be a farmer, to Haley you should be shown
It is also noted for its cattle and its sheep
For its bird dogs and saddle horses, it is very hard to beat

The water in this town is pure and not chemically made
It flows through the pipe from the Old Cascade
It was made possible by our Government and our men
Who worked their hardest for this God send.

The railway that goes through this county town
Is known to thousands of people, miles around
This great railway is the N and C
Which serves mostly the people of Tennessee

We have electricity, made by the TVA
That comes from power-houses miles away
It helps the people day and night
It helps the farmer in every plight

There is one man the people thank for the electricity and water
He is known to everyone, as a great plotter
He is the most popular man, on land or sea
In fact, he is our President, Mr. Franklin D.

There is a grammar school in this little town
Where children come to, from miles around
This school teaches you to be wise, brave and strong
To learn what's before you, and know right from wrong.

The people are the best and the kindest in the world
They treat everyone alike, man, woman, boy or girl.
So if you are in the mood for moving, come and make your among the best.
Come and live in Haley, the town of happiness and rest.

Wiley S. Isom (Senior)

WHS 18 January 1937

Teacher: Mrs. James K. Gore

MY VILLAGE

For many years I have wanted to write a story about the town where I was born and raised. I wanted to tell about the people, the neighbors, the young, the old, the customs, our way of life, what we had, how we worked and how we got along with each other.

It was during the period of 1969 to 1974 that I was in Okinawa, Japan with my wife and our youngest son and working for an American contractor, Continental Drilling Company, building a dam using local labor that I got the title for a book if I ever wrote one. While working with these people, I learned a little Japanese. They were always talking about what happened in their village. They would always refer to their homeplace as "My Village." So at that time, I decided that if I ever wrote a book or story about Haley, I would call it "My Village."

So, at this time, here goes the story of Haley, Tennessee, "My Village," as I remember.

Haley is located about halfway between Normandy and Wartrace, some ten miles east of Shelbyville, which is the county seat of Bedford County, Tennessee. It is also one mile south of Bugscuffle. The Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad ran through the center of my village. The Duck River meanders its way through Bedford County and its closest point to Haley is about one half mile toward Three Forks Bridge. It is hard to estimate the number of people who lived in the Haley area during this period of time, which is about 1925 to 1940. I would guess there were about three hundred people. The people made their living, mainly by farming and working on the railroad. A few did work in Shelbyville at plants and, yes, a few did work at selling moonshine whiskey.

The best explanation I can find as to how Haley got its name was a story told to me by George Gentry. The railroad was first in operation, they used the old type of steam engines that used wood to heat the boilers, that in turn produced the steam. They had to have a supply of wood at designated intervals along the route to resupply the engines. So here in this location they contracted with a man by the name of Haley to supply the wood. This stop then became known as Haley's Station. In later years, the station was dropped from the name and it was just Haley.

I want to make it clear at this point that, to the best of my recollection, the events and stories that appear here are true and really did happen. Some of the stories have been related to me by other residents of Haley during this time and I believe they are also true. I know I will leave out many names, important facts and stories that should be told, but it will not be intentional. I have no intention

of telling anything that will embarrass anyone, or printing anything that may cause hard feelings.

These stories will be mainly about the boys in Haley, some older and some younger than I was, at that period of time. I know the girls have many stories to tell, but they will have to get one of them to write their side of this history.

I have made a map of the area and it will be attached or inserted in the book as a part of this story. The map will show roads, the railroad, rivers, creeks, houses and other data. I made this map by free hand and there is no scale. I have tried to identify who lived in each house, as best I could, with the help of Tech Gentry. Many people lived in a lot of different houses during this period. I have assigned a number to each home on the map and by looking at the names in the section under the heading of "Who Lived There," you can find out who lived in a particular home. Many homes you will find no name as I could not recall who lived there. If you know of people that did live in a house that I left blank, fill it in for your own record.

I want to state that this history is mainly for my family and their children. You will see many references to these people. However, in this small town, you could not live without the love and care of all the neighbors. I am sure that the former residents and those that live in this area today, will enjoy and treasure some of the events and stories that are recorded in this book. I think generations in the future will treasure this portion of the history of Haley.

All the events described in this story happened when we had no electricity, few cars, no TVs, only battery-operated radios, no sulfa or penicillin drugs, very few paved roads, no school buses, and many other things that today we take for granted. In those days drugs were meant only for colds, sore throats, pneumonia and other ailments. Today, you hear about drugs that people take just to boggle their minds. Sniffing glue was something that you never heard about. The only thing we smelled was when someone didn't take a bath, then you learned about B.O. We did have some bad habits such as smoking and drinking bootleg whiskey. The whiskey was called by many names like bus-head, white-lightening, moonshine, and rotgut. It sold for about fifty cents a pint and you could get it any color you wanted. The bootlegger just dyed the contents with crepe paper. The people who actually made the whiskey were usually pretty tough characters and they located the still off the road and back in the hills. They had a lookout who warned of anyone approaching as they were always on the lookout for Revenue Officers. I recall hearing Mr. Sam Holt, who was a former revenue officer, tell the story of some revenue officers going up to this place where they were sure moonshine was being made. They drove up to the house and a young boy was in the yard and they asked him where his father was. He answered by saying he is up in "The Holler." They asked what he was doing and the boy said,

"Making Whiskey." They then asked the boy to show them how to get up there and the boy said, "No." They told him they would give him a dollar to show them how to get up there and the boy said, "OK." They started toward the hill and said come on son. The boy said, "I want my dollar-first." They said, "We will give you the dollar when we get back." The boy replied, "You all ain't coming back."

Smoking was something else we did. We smoked about anything that would burn, especially when we first started to smoke. Such as rabbit tobacco, cross vine, corn silks and even coffee. About all you got out of this stuff was a very raw tongue. You had to be careful with the corn silks, as the blaze would draw right into your mouth. There were several brands of tobacco you could buy if you had the money. There were small sacks for five cents and large sacks for ten cents, and several brands to choose from such as Bull Durham, RJR, North State, Golden Grain and Country Gentleman. Each sack of tobacco came with a pack of cigarette papers to roll your own. At one time a machine came out on the market that would roll a cigarette that looked like the real thing. You would roll enough at one time to last you a day or two. Of course, there were the high priced ready rolled cigarettes such as Lucky Strikes, Camels, Old Golds, and Chesterfields. These cost about fifteen cents a pack.

There was also chewing tobacco and snuff. Very few people used the snuff. My Grandmother Isom dipped snuff. Not very many of the fellows used the chewing tobacco. It was difficult for me to keep from swallowing the juice. I recall my sister, Mabel Anne, and I got some chewing tobacco out of our Dad's pocket one time while he was asleep. The end result was that we both got sick. Three brands I remember were Red Man, Bloodhound and Brown's Mule.

No one ever heard of tobacco causing cancer or anything else, we just knew that it was not good for you. I do recall one thing about smoking, and that was if you smoked for awhile, you soon developed a cough. Mr. Everett Roberts, who smoked quite a bit, would sometimes cough so much that he would almost lose his breath, and he would spit and cough up brown stuff. It would about turn your stomach. I promised myself that if I ever did this, I would stop right then and there. In 1975 it did happen when I got up one morning, and I almost vomited from coughing. I pulled the pack of cigarettes (Salems) out of my pocket and tossed them into the wastebasket and I haven't smoked since.

I got off the track a bit by getting into this tobacco and moonshine business.

The people of this town and the surrounding area were mostly farmers. They were hard-working people, putting in long hours, usually from daylight until dark. Most of them would take off on Sundays, except those that milked cows and that was a seven day a week job.

The neighbors really did care about each other, and the boys were like one

big family. Your word was your bond, and when someone told you something, you could count on him or her doing just what they said. Everyone was patriotic and really loved this country. You were taught to be loyal, to say yes and no ma'am, to help those in need, and to assist those in sickness and in times of grief.

Most of the families had all the necessities of life such as food, clothing and shelter, some maybe a little more than others. Only on special occasions would you get things like store-bought ice cream or two pair of shoes. For Christmas, you may have gotten a knife, a pair of rubber boots and even a little wagon. Even a candy bar or a coke was a special deal. The farther you go back in time, the less people had. Now kids get more when their parents go to the grocery store than kids got at Christmas when I was growing up.

I can recall a bunch of us going to visit Maurice and Helen Brown to play cards and listen to the radio. The radio was a crystal set. Only one person at a time could listen using a head set. The sound was not very good and sometimes you had to strain to hear anything. I think the Grand Ole Opry was the first thing I heard on the radio. We had to take turns listening, and sometimes the crystal point would get off center and all you would hear would be static.

We finally got a battery-operated radio, as we had no electricity at that time. You had to turn the radio off when no one was listening because the battery would not last very long. My Dad would sit right by the radio and just as soon as a commercial would start, he would flip the switch. He got good at timing the length of a commercial. I guess the programs that most of us would like to were Amos and Andy, Lum and Abner and, of course, the Grand Ole Opry.

Uncle Arthur Hickerson had the only electric type of power, which was a Delco system. He had a Delco charger and many batteries set up in a room beside his garage. When the batteries got low they would start the charger. He had his house and the store wired for this current. Most of us boys would go to the store at night and listen to the programs. During the daytime we were especially interested in the baseball games.

Our telephone system was known as a party line operation where there would be two or more families on the same line. When someone called you, the phone would ring one long and one short ring for a number, and a different combination for someone else. Many stories could be told about the party line telephone system. The other people on your line could eavesdrop on your conversations. There were not secrets when the telephone was used. In our case, Mr. Emmitt Russell was on our line and he had a habit of drinking and trying to talk on the phone, or butting in on a conversation you were having with someone. Most of these phones were wall-mounted and you would have to ring real hard to get the operator to answer. It was a woman operator, and she was located in Wartrace. You would give her the number and she would ring it for you. The

operators knew everyone and their number in the system, and all of their business, when people were sick, and who had gone where to visit. Our telephone number in Haley was 63M.

The railroad that went through Haley, the N.C. & St. L., provided several people with jobs. My father was a brakeman for many years before he became a conductor. He worked mainly out of Nashville, Chattanooga or Cowan. The last years he worked was on the Wartrace—Shelbyville branch line. When Dad lacked only about a year for a pension, he was put off the railroad with high blood pressure. He never got anything for all the years he worked. He spent most of his adult life working for the railroad. He first went to work for the railroad prior to World War II, but after about 15 years he had to resign and go back and take care of the farm and his mother. He never received credit for this long period toward retirement, which even today I think was a real injustice. There were many people from Haley and the surrounding area that worked for the railroad in one capacity or another. I know that I cannot remember the names of all these men, but I will mention some of them.

Mr. Grady Simpson was a fireman, Mr. L.E. Durham was the depot agent, Maurice Brown, Taylor Kimbro and Doyle Holt were trainmen. Dad helped some of these people get their jobs. There was a section crew stationed in Haley and most of them lived in the section houses. The section foremen that I can recall were Mr. Hastings, Mr. Merritt and Mr. P.T. Wynne. Some of the other section workers were Mr. John Nelson, Mr. John Fuller, and Mr. Everett Fuller.

All of our mail and most of the transportation were by railroad. We had two passenger trains that stopped in Haley. They were No. 6, which arrived around 10:00 a.m. heading for Nashville, and No. 5, which arrived around 4:00 p.m. heading toward Chattanooga. We had other passenger trains going through, such as No. 4 about 4:00 a.m., and No. 94, about 12:30 p.m., both heading toward Nashville. Then there was No. 3 about 11:30 p.m., and No. 95 about 12:30 p.m., both heading toward Chattanooga. Occasionally, they would stop and let someone off or pick up someone if it was an emergency. There were a couple of special passenger trains that ran during the winter months going to Florida. I believe they were called The Sunshine Special and the Florida Special.

There were two local freight trains that would stop and unload freight, one to Nashville and one to Chattanooga. There were several other freight trains that went through Haley, and they were at full speed with whistles blowing.

If someone from Haley was shipping one or more cars of livestock to the market in Nashville, then one of the freight trains would stop for the pickup. Cattle, sheep, lambs and hogs made up the livestock that left Haley. Most of these shipments were made by Mr. T.B. Spiers, who bought the livestock from local farmers. They were driven to Haley on foot and weighed at the scales,

then put in a pen before being loaded into a car. The Russell brothers, who operated a large farm, would occasionally ship a carload of their own cattle. A few years prior to this time, Mr. Everett Roberts and Mr. T.B. Spiers were partners in the stock business, and they shipped a lot of livestock out of Haley. I remember seeing in the barber shop in Wartrace, when I was going to high school a sign that said Spiers & Roberts, Stockbuyers, Haley, Tennessee.

The receipt and delivery of mail was by the railroad to the post office in Haley. If you were on a rural route, the mail was delivered from Haley via the mail carrier.

For the trains that stopped, the mail sack was handed to the man in the postal car, but for the fast trains, such as No. 95, the incoming mail sack was thrown off the train, in front of, or near Slater's store, where the post office was located. The outbound mail sack was hung on a gadget which was suspended in the air from a platform, located adjacent to the railroad track. The postmaster had to climb a few steps to hang the mailbag in the proper position. The train would come by at a fast speed, and the postal man on the train would swing a metal arm out the door, which would engage the sack in the middle, causing a quick release of the sack from the platform holding arm. The train postal man would immediately pull the sack of mail into the car. Occasionally, a sack would be missed for some reason and the postmaster would have to send the mail on the next train.

Most everyone that lived close to the post office would send a family member to the post office to get their mail from these trains. More people were at the post office to meet the train, known as No. 5 which arrived around 4:00 p.m., than any other time of day. Also, the *Nashville Banner* arrived on this train and this was a big gathering almost every day. The post office was located in the back of Slater's store. Mr. Slater and his wife, Mrs. Hattie, would sort out the mail and put it in your box, if you had one, or put it in the rural route carrier's place for him to sort. Mrs. Bernice Hickerson (later became Mrs. Bernice Ayers) became the Postmistress when Mr. Slater passed away. Slater's store handled general merchandise, along with being the post office.

Haley had two rural mail carriers that worked out of the local post office. Mr. George Hoosier and Cecil Troxler were the ones I knew. I know there had been others before them, but I don't recall their names. Mr. Hoosier was a distant cousin. For a long time he used a horse and a buggy to deliver the mail, and he was there every day, except Sunday, no matter how cold or rainy the weather might be. I have seen him wrapped up in big heavy blankets and coats going by our house starting on his route. Cousin George finally got a car to use on the route, but on occasions, when it was so cold the car wouldn't start, he would use the horse and buggy. He never had a problem getting his horse to start. All the

roads were gravel and it was common to have flat tires on every trip, so you had to be prepared for this problem by having all the necessary equipment for fixing a flat tire.

Our second store in Haley was located across the railroad from Slater's, and it was called A.H. Hickerson. Later it was called A.H. Hickerson and Son. Uncle Arthur and Aunt Annie ran the store most of the time, and their adopted son, Porter, later ran the store. After Porter went to college, he became the bookkeeper for the National Pencil Company in Shelbyville. This was also a general store and carried stock from horseshoes to groceries. We traded mostly at this store. I know I must have carried many hundreds of dozens of eggs and many gallons of coal oil (Kerosene) at the rate of one dozen and one gallon at a time. Farmers would pay their bills at the store when they didn't have the money with corn, wheat and livestock. Uncle Arthur had a couple of farms which he operated along with the store. He sold a lot of shoes and I think they were called Peter Weatherbird and were made in St. Louis, Missouri. They were shipped by rail to Haley, as was most of the stuff that was sold in the store. Many families would come to this store on Saturday night and buy each member of the family a pair of shoes. Some of these families were pretty big in those days, being as many as ten children. This took a lot of money to put shoes on all of these kids.

This is the store where we loafed a lot at night. In the back of the store there was a big pot belly stove that sat in the middle of the floor. In the summer, we would sit on the front porch of the store. We would also meet here at night to listen to the radio for the Lum and Abner and Amos and Andy shows. In later years, J.W. Hickerson ran this store for Uncle Arthur. Jay was Uncle Arthur's nephew.

Our third store was owned by Mr. T.B. Spiers and was located up the road just past the blacksmith shop and the stock scales. This was also a general store and was run by Bill Raney until it burned down. This store was never rebuilt and Bill Raney went to work in Tullahoma for Couch's Grocery. My Dad and his railroad crew traded at Couch's and when Dad heard that Mr. Couch was looking for a clerk, he recommended Bill and he got the job. Bill's wife, Ethel, also worked in the store. Later in years, Bill purchased the store and operated it until his death. One incident I want to record here about Spier's store was when Gus Couch got married. A bunch of fellows got Gus on his wedding night and took him to the store and he got pretty drunk. While he was passed out, laying on the counter, they took off his pants and underwear and slipped a pair of women's panties on him and then put his pants back on, and about 2:00 a.m. took him home to his new bride. We never knew what his wife said to Gus about this operation.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

Mr. Wes Brown's blacksmith shop was located between Hickerson's store and the stock scales. Beside the blacksmith shop stood a huge hackberry tree. At its base was a round concrete watering trough about five feet in diameter. This watering trough was used for livestock, but mainly horses. The water for it came through a pipe from a spring on Mr. Bill Hickerson's place, about a half mile away from the shop.

At one time this blacksmith shop was also run by a Mr. Featherstone. This was during the time that Mr. Brown was living in, I believe, Fosterville or Christiana and doing blacksmith work. I think Mr. Brown was gone for about a year before he returned to Haley. I am sure everyone that lived in the Haley area, and especially people in the Walking Horse business, will always recall Mr. Wes Brown. He was a real hard-working man. Most of the time his shirt and overalls were ringing wet with sweat. Mr. Brown could make about anything you needed on a farm and he shod many mules, horses, and the fancy Tennessee Walkers. I never heard of him not being able to shoe a horse or mule, no matter how mean they were. He had a twister that one person would hold which consisted of a small rope which was threaded through a small hole in one end of a round wooden stick about two inches in diameter and about two or three feet long. The rope was placed around the upper lip of the animal and gradually tightened if the animal started to get unruly. When the twister got real tight, the animal would not move. On some of the bad animals he had ropes that he would tie them up and throw them on the ground, and this is where he would shoe them. Mr. Brown would not stand for any animal that he was working on to get unruly, even the walking horses. He would take his hammer and slam it against their side. You could see the owner or trainer flinch when he would do this, but they would never say a word to Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown's two sons, Paul and Joe Tom would help him around the shop when they were not in school. Mr. Brown's wife was named Zanada. They lived in several of the houses in Haley, including the Raney place behind our home. Paul drove a milk truck for Mr. Paul Huffman and he married my sister, Margaret, and later went to work for Hoover Truck Company in Chattanooga. Joe Tom went to work for Mr. Arthur Dement in his auto repair shop and married Joe Isom Black. He later was head mechanic for Boyd's Garage in Shelbyville, and finished his career working at AEDC in Tullahoma.

While preparing the shoe for an animal Mr. Brown had to heat the shoe so as to cut off about a half inch from both of the ends of the shoe to make it fit. These half inch pieces of iron we called corks and we used them as ammunition

for our slingshots. When he cut off the red hot metal we would be standing there with water to cool the iron off.

The hackberry tree that was near the shop, no doubt, had been climbed by every boy in the Haley area at one time or another. Many of us carved our initials on the limbs of this old tree. This was a good place to sit in the shade and watch the stock being weighed and readied for shipment, and also being separated into various pens. The pool, or watering trough, under the tree had an overflow pipe that emptied into another pipe that went under the ground and then under the railroad where it emptied into another watering trough on Mr. Everett Roberts' place.

During the dry summers, the spring that furnished this water would go dry. Mr. Bill Hickerson and Uncle Arthur's homes were supplied by this spring, and when it went dry they really had a problem. I know that Uncle Arthur tried drilling several wells around his place, but they only hit sulphur water that was too strong to drink.

The depot at Haley was really a landmark where time was spent by many of the people, especially the boys who loafed there over the years. This was the N.C. & St. L. Railroad's depot. It was located on the east side of the railroad tracks and between the Slater and Hickerson stores. Mr. L.E. Durham was the agent who handled the freight and passenger detail, as well as the morse code system for getting messages to the train's crew. For the freight trains that would not stop in Haley he would get the messages to the engineer by placing the message inside a brown envelope and attaching it to a hoop. This hoop was made out of small bamboo and it had an extension of three or four feet below the hoop. When the train was approaching, Mr. Durham would stand beside the track with the bamboo hoop high enough in the air so that one of the trainmen could stick his arm out and aim it so it would go through the hoop. If need be, he would also do this for the caboose.

To write or think about the depot in Haley, brings back memories of the people who loafed there. You cannot mention the depot without thinking of Dan Swing. Dan was a colored man who was over fifty years old. He lived alone in Mr. Simpson's barn just behind the Simpson's house. He had very few belongings. When he was not working or doing chores for someone he could usually be found leaning up against the railroad baggage wagon, which was in front of the depot and faced the road. Dan would stand in this place day after day until about nine or ten o'clock at night, winter or summer. He was always watchful for cars approaching the crossing and if he thought they would be in danger, he would step out and flag them down if a train was coming. There is no telling how many lives he saved at this crossing. There was one serious and fatal accident at this crossing that we are sure would not have happened if Dan

had been there that day. We were all good to Dan, giving him food and clothes. Everyone in Haley thought well of Dan. Even though sometimes the boys would play a joke on him, he never got mad. How this man could sleep in this barn during the freezing weather during the winter months I will never understand. He had no way of heating the crib where he stayed and the temperature would go below zero. He ate mainly out of cans that he bought at the stores. I don't know if he ever took a bath, as he had no place to wash. He used the railroad toilet which was up the track from the depot. I remember one time I tried to make some wine out of wild grapes. I probably didn't put enough sugar in it and it turned almost into vinegar. I took a bottle of the stuff up to Uncle Dan and told him he could have it if he wanted it. He tasted it for a few seconds and then turned the bottle up and drank it all. I never knew if it caused him any problems. Many times when he would have something left over after a meal my mother would tell me to take it to Dan. I know that other people did the same thing. If you can imagine living like this for years, I think it would about drive you nuts. That is what happened to Dan sometime during the war. Someone had him committed to the state insane asylum in Nashville. I know that Boots Wynne and I and maybe some others drove down there one day to see Uncle Dan. We found him not in as bad of a condition as we were told. In fact, he was much better off there where he was able to get cooked meals, clean clothes, a bath and a good bed to sleep in. I don't think he was crazy at all, maybe crazy like a fox. I never heard anyone say that he had ever been discourteous. So when you mention Haley, and especially the depot, you will immediately remember Dan Swing.

SECTION HOUSES

North of the depot toward Bugscuffle, and on a slight rise in the ground, are four section houses that belonged to the railroad. They were constructed for two families, but in most cases, only one family occupied the house. These houses were for the people who worked on the section crew. There were other people lived in the vicinity also worked on the crew. These were the hardest working men that I ever saw doing outside work. In the summer and winter they were out in the weather with only their clothes for protection. In those days the railroad had a section crew stationed every few miles along the track to keep it in good repair. There was a crew in Wartrace, one in Haley, and one at seven mile hill just south of Normandy. When major repairs were required on the track, like replacing the rails, they would bring in the extra crew. When this special crew was working in the Haley area they would park their sleeping and dining cars on the sidetrack at Haley, just a little south of the depot. There

would be thirty or forty men in the extra gang. The local crew had anywhere from four to eight men, depending on the amount of work they had to accomplish. I remember Mr. Merrit, Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Wynne as foremen during this period. I remember Mr. Wynne better than the rest of the people because they lived next to us and they stayed in Haley longer than the others. They had four children: Reba, Thomas, Sara Ruth and Junior. Mr. Wynne would get off work about four or four thirty and he would come home and Mrs. Wynne would have supper ready. Many times I would be over at their house while she was cooking and she would give me a biscuit with butter. They were real good and I can almost taste them today. Boots Wynne and I have been friends over all of these years and we still see each other occasionally. Boots married Iris Potts and they moved to Cowan, where they still live. Mr. Wynne and family lived next to us in the Hoosier house and also in the Eason house across the railroad from T.B. Spiers.

There were several men that worked on this section crew over the years. Some of the kids that I recall going to school with that their father worked on the section crew were Edward and Kathleen Nelson, Edward and Frankie Merritt, all four of the Wynne children, Lester and Charles Fuller, and Hoyte and Dillard Hastings.

Edward Merritt was in my class at school and he was left-handed. I think he was the first person I ever knew who was left-handed. I was amazed at the way he held a pencil to write on a piece of paper.

The section crew must have done a real good job during this period of time because I cannot recall a single wreck on the stretch of railroad which they were responsible for.

I do recall the bottom of a coal car coming open and dumping a whole carload of coal on the tracks almost in front of the Gentry place. Some of us boys, Boots, T.B., Lester and myself, and possibly others, worked hard sacking up this coal and getting it to our homes. Coal is what most of us used to heat our homes. It wasn't long before a railroad detective (Mr. Temple) came around checking all who had taken coal. The result was that our parents had to pay for this coal. It would have never been picked up by the railroad as it would have cost more than it was worth.

One other item I want to mention is the section houses and our cow "Red." She ran loose all the time and would head for the section house area. These people had their gardens planted and old Red knew right where they were. As they didn't have any fences around them, Red could help herself. They would run her out, but she would come back and they finally got to shooting her with a shotgun. There is no telling how many shots she had in her skin when she

died. Everyone said she had a railroad train schedule because she would get off the track when a train was due to come by.

DEMENT'S GARAGE

Although Dement's Garage was not located within the town of Haley, it was certainly connected to the people there, as this was about the only place you could get a car fixed other than going several miles. Dement's Garage was originally located behind Mr. Miller Dement's home, which was about two miles from Haley toward Cortner's Station. Mr. Arthur Dement ran this garage with the help of Cecil Lemmons, Joe Tom Brown, and a fellow by the name of Rippey. Later on, Mr. Arthur built a new building for his garage on the Cortner Road between the railroad overpass and Dement's bridge.

I think Mr. Arthur first started this garage work to repair the farm machinery and he just gradually increased his business to include vehicles from the public. Mr. Arthur could fix about any type of vehicle. He was not the fastest operator, as he liked to talk and tell jokes. He did a good job and would never overcharge anyone. He would come to your home and fix your car. He was like a doctor making house calls. To give a good example of just what type of a man he was, I will tell this true story. After World War II, Bryce Gardner and myself decided to go into the concrete block business. Mr. Arthur furnished us a rock crusher, a tractor for power, and lots of limestone rock. We did have to blast the rock to a size we could feed into the crusher. He got my Model T running and we were going to use it to power the concrete mixer. He made many trips to our house to get the T started when it went dead on us. To the best of my knowledge, he never charged us one cent. He kept telling us he was going to build a barn and he would make a deal for the concrete blocks. We went out of business before he got around to building the barn. We supplied all the people in the area with blocks—and that was it. There were no more customers, so we had to quit. Mr. Arthur Dement will go down in my book as one of the best men I ever knew. I think the people who lived in Haley during this time period would agree.

G.I. BLOCK COMPANY

As mentioned previously, after the war Bryce and I went into the concrete block business. We set up in our barn, which was behind our house. We had a difficult time getting our machines built, then we finally got the Model T running to supply power for turning the mixer. We made real good concrete

blocks. We had to give up on using the crushed limestone as we could not build up enough supply of rock, so we switched to sand. We bought the sand by the carload from Estil Springs. We unloaded it by shovels and hauled it by truck to our plant. Our block machines were hand operated and we could make about three hundred blocks in a half a day. That was all the steel pallets we had. We sold the blocks for seventeen cents. Not much money, but we could have made it if we had gotten the buyers.

When we started in the block business we needed someone to help us out so we hired Chuck Burdette's son. He was a colored boy about fourteen years old. His job was to take the blocks out of the machine and stack them in the shed to dry. We had warned him many times to keep his hands out of the mixer. Both of us did this many times a day, checking the consistency of the cement. One day this young fellow put his hand into the mixer and the rotating blades caught his hand and clipped the end of one finger. For some reason, I was not there when this occurred. Bryce took him to the hospital in Shelbyville and the doctor got him fixed up. Someone told us that the boy, being a minor, could sue us and we might be in trouble. We didn't have much money, as we put about all we had into the machinery. The first thing I thought was to transfer what little we had to our wives. Both Bryce and I had been in the army for years and during that time Bryce had bonds taken out of his pay and sent to his wife. He thought he would have a nest egg when he got out of the service. He didn't know that Doris, his wife, was cashing the bonds as soon as she could. When he got home from the service and found out what happened, he was really upset. So when I suggested that we transfer our money to our wives, Bryce said he might as well let the boy have the money, as it would be gone if Doris got it. We paid all the doctor and hospital bills and were never sued.

CHURCHES

There were two churches in Haley during this period. One was located next door to the school house and across the road from our house. The other one was just across Rocky Branch at Aunt Aurie's. I can barely remember one church service at the church across the road from our house. I do remember us kids playing in the church, beside and under it. One time when I was coming out of the front door of this church and a piece of glass from the window above the door fell and it hit and struck in my right arm. It was nothing serious, but it did hurt for awhile and left a scar that is still there today. One time Fizz and I were playing and we got wet. We thought by crawling under the church and getting the dry dirt on our clothes our mothers would not notice. It didn't work with my mother. No doubt, I looked like a pig that had been wallowing in mud.

We played many games under this church, such as marbles, and our heads would hit the floor joists. My head still has many knots to remind me of those days.

Beside the church there was a big flat rock which was between the Robert's fence and the church where we made a jumping area. By placing a cane pole between the church and the fence on some nails, we would jump the pole. This was from a running start. If we cleared the pole, it would be raised to the next higher nail. Both boys and girls would line up and take turns at jumping the cane stick. One of the girls broke her arm at this game and we had to stop this exercise.

Some of those who participated in jumping the stick were Reba and Boots Wynne, Lucile and Louise Hickerson, my sister, Mabel Anne, Sally Jenkins, Bertie Ruth Hickerson, Thomas Spiers, John E. Roberts and myself. I know there must have been others.

The other church at Rocky Branch was owned by Mr. George Hoosier. They would hold service there about once a year for a week. This is the church where the funeral was held for my brother, Horton, in 1932. His funeral was the largest ever held in the area. He was a well-known basketball player. This church was converted into a barn to store hay. It still stands today, but it is almost hidden by the grown up bushes and trees that have grown up around it.

Mr. Luther Gregory and Mr. George Gowan are two of the ministers who preached at Haley. There must have been others.

HALEY SCHOOL

The school at Haley goes back many years, just how far I don't know. I can barely remember the high school. I have seen in the paper and heard stories from people who attended school there, probably before I was born in 1919. At one time there was a basketball gym. This gym was down the road from the school near the Seahorn place. It was gone by the time I went to school. We had an outdoor court where we played basketball and tennis. I know that some of my brothers and sisters went to high school in Haley. I remember Mr. J.W. Simpson, who was principal, and his wife, Mrs. Kitty, was a teacher. Mr. Simpson was a real big tall man. I don't know if I went to school there when they were teaching.

I recall Horace Snelling and my brother, Horton, in a fight and Horace was older than Horton and he got the best of the fight. I know it was day or two later that Raymond beat up on Horace for fighting Horton. I am sure that Raymond looked out for Horton for many years while they were growing up and in grammar school.

The Haley School was located across the road from our house and next to the church, which I believe was Methodist. Between the school and the church was a big, rectangular-shaped rock about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet thick. It was raised in the air a little by being placed on other rocks. It was an ideal place to sit and talk and make secret plans. I guess you could call this the Secret Rock. While sitting on this rock, many stories were told, no doubt some romances started, big plans for the future were made, cussing of the teachers took place, and it was also a good place to eat your sack lunch. If this old rock could talk, no doubt it would embarrass many people, possibly the writer. During the school term some of the teachers would sleep and board at our home. If I ever got a whipping at school, I usually got another one at home.

There was one girl—I think she was in high school—that would occasionally have some kind of spell. Her name was Jamie Phillips and she and her family lived on the Russell farm. Their house was across the road from the beech tree and towards Dement's bridge, a hundred yards or more. When she would have one of these spells, the teacher would bring her over to our house and mother would get her calmed down and call her parents. During my school day at Haley I had many teachers, but I think Miss Alma Kimbro would have to be my favorite. Mac Dement and I went to her home and spent the night with her and her parents.

I spent the night with Jabo Holt many times on Friday nights and when I would get ready to go home on Saturday mornings, it would almost always mean a fight because Jabo didn't want me to leave. There will be a separate sheet for the teachers who taught at Haley.

Mr. Leland Jordan was our principal at one time. He was crippled from having polio, and he would use crutches to get around. In later years he became Postmaster in Shelbyville. Going to school in Haley was a lot of fun compared to what school is today. It was very primitive and simple, with nothing complicated or fancy. We had outside toilets with Sears catalogs for toilet paper, no electric lights, coal was used in the stoves for heating, no telephones, no school buses, no dining facilities, no place to wash your hands, and everyone drank out of the same dipper. There was nothing furnished, like pencils, books, or tablets. There was no sporting equipment of any kind. No janitors was there for cleaning. When you did something wrong, you got a whipping. There was no counselor you could run to for help.

Some of the kids, like James and Edward Arnold, James, J. D. Wilburn and Howard Atnip, James and Elizabeth Holt, Woodrow and Erline Ferrell, Glendon and Shofner Meadows, Willard and Grace Couch and no doubt many more had to walk to school and some of them about five miles. It didn't matter the

weather, you just had to go to school. There were no days off for bad weather. The school buildings were very hot in the summer and very cold in the winter.

In the winter, when I was going to school, I made the fires for the two rooms before school started in the mornings. I think I got about a dollar a month.

Most of the kids brought their lunch wrapped in newspapers or in a brown sack. I was lucky by living across the road from the school, I had to walk only a few feet for lunch. There was one toilet for the boys and one for the girls. They were located about a hundred feet apart. There was a coal shed located about 75 feet from the school building. During the day the teacher would tell some boy to go and get a scuttle of coal for the room. Always on Halloween someone would turn over the toilets and the school boys would have to upright them. One year Frog Hickerson and I were making fires at the school and after school we would stay and bring in kindling and coal for the next morning.

One afternoon we decided to burn some holes in the floor in one of the classrooms. By using a red hot poker through a pine knot, it was very easy to do. We selected the area near the stove where the teacher usually stood to teach the class. This was actually the classroom of Miss Frances Faulk. A few days later, Miss Dickerson sent Jabo Holt and me to get some coal for the stove in our room, which was next door to Miss Faulk's room. While we were down at the coal shed we decided to take a look up through the holes in the floor. We crawled under the floor very quietly and I was looking up through a hole and Jabo kept punching me, wanting a turn at looking. Everyone that knows Jabo Holt is aware of his big round eyes. Later in years he was called Perch Eyes. I moved away and let Jabo take a look and about that time Miss Faulk looked down and she probably saw what looked like a big fried egg, sunny side up. She immediately called out, "What are you doing under there?" At that time I took off and ran back to my room, and when I entered Miss Dickerson asked where was James. I told her that James didn't want me to help him with the coal bucket. Jabo had to pass right by the door to Miss Faulk's room and she was waiting for him and started asking questions and the first thing Jabo told her was that I was with him. We both got a whipping and were told to fill up the holes.

Any kind of social event in Haley was always held at the school, such as ice cream suppers where many people would bring ice cream in the old hand-turned freezers. They would donate the ice cream to whatever the cause. The ice cream was about five cents a cone and a little more for a dish. People would come from near and far, most by buggy, walking, and a few by car. In addition to the ice cream, they would sell boxes of cookies and cakes to the highest bidder. Usually, if you bought a box you would share it with the one who had prepared it.

Sunday School was also held in the school on Sunday morning. Alvis Nelson

was the President of the Sunday School. He also taught the older boys class in one of the small front rooms of the school. I don't think these boys learned very much about the Bible. There was a lot of smoking taking place in this room during the class period. Miss Floy Spencer played the piano for the service. This is where I learned to like the first and last verse of songs. I don't know if we ever sang all the verses in a song. I wish it was that way today.

Most of the time I was going to school in Haley the building had a total of seven rooms, counting three classrooms, one hall, the auditorium and two little rooms in front of the auditorium.

In the wintertime everyone had to move up close to the stove to keep warm. You also wore all the heavy, warm clothes you had to school.

There was an old hickory tree that stood on the right of the main entrance, when facing the road, a big oak tree in front of the school near the road, and on the left near the front of the building was a large elm tree. The drinking water was obtained from a well, which was just across the fence on the Everett Roberts place. There was a stile over the fence. You would pump a bucket of water and take it to the school and set it on the porch upon a shelf. There was a dipper and everyone drank out of the same dipper, and needless to say, that when someone in the school got some kind of sickness, all the rest of us got the same thing.

The county did have a nurse that came around once or twice a year, mainly to give us some kind of shot. We sure didn't like to see her arrive on the scene.

As this was a country school, most of the boys wore overalls. We would go to school pretty clean and neat, but by the end of the day we were usually pretty dirty. Most of the games we played were down in the dirt. A lot of the games were played with marbles. We played rollie-hollie, which you first must dig one hole, about three or four inches in diameter and about three inches deep, and then another hole on the same line and then two or three holes at a right angle. The holes were spaced about four feet apart. If you were able to shoot your marble into a hole on one shot, you could continue to the next hole until the last one and then return back to the first hole. If you missed getting the marble into the hole on the first shot, you had to remain in that spot until it was your turn again. The fellow that made the round trip with the fewest shots won the game and he would finish first. If you made a hole in one shot, you got a span for the next hole to shoot from. A span was made with four of your fingers extended and your thumb was the anchor, and you made a circular movement with your fingers, and from this extended line you could shoot at the next hole.

There were other games we played with marbles, one I recall was called "Keepers" or "Knock Them Out." This game was played by drawing a circle about six feet in diameter and in the center making a short straight line. Then

each player would make a shot at the center mark, trying to get as close as possible.

The one who got the closest to the center mark would get to shoot first. Each player had to contribute the same number of marbles to be put on this line. You tried to shoot as hard as you could to try and knock a marble completely out of the circle, and if you did this you got another shot from the position of your marble as the result of your first shot. You had to knock a marble out of the ring before you could claim it. When you missed, then the next fellow got to shoot. All the marbles you knocked out of the circle were yours to keep. I lost a lot of marbles in this game and I think Fizz Roberts got a lot of them. My brother, Horton, was good at this game and I found his hiding place and borrowed some from him.

As stated before, most of us wore overalls, not only in school, but about everywhere we went. You always had two things with you, and that was a slingshot and a pocket knife. To make a sling shot, or flip as we called it sometimes, you had to have a forked stick, two good pieces of rubber about six inches long and about one-half inch wide, and a piece of leather about three inches long and a little less than two inches wide. The fork was about four inches on each prong and the handhold was about the same length. You attached the rubber bands to each fork with good string and the same to the leather pocket. You put a small pebble or cork into the pocket and then pulled back on the pocket and aimed at your target. A quick release, and you should come close or hit the target. By getting the ends that were cut off from the horse shoes, which we called corks, made the best ammunition for shooting straight.

Before I get away from the school, there are some other things that I want to mention.

When in the classroom and you needed to go to the toilet, you held up your hand and snapped your finger. The faster you snapped the more urgent was the request to be excused. Sometimes it was an excuse just to get out and go smoke in the toilet. The teacher was aware of this operation and sometimes she would refuse to excuse you. Joe Tom Brown held up his hand and he gave the urgent signal, but the teacher would not pay him any attention. He finally got so desperate that he jumped up out of his seat and took off for home. They lived at the Raney place. He didn't even get out the front door until he started leaving a trail. He didn't return to school that day.

On another day, James Carl Jenkins, or Jenks as we called him, went to the back of the classroom where there was a big Webster's dictionary. He had planned to break wind, so he thought he would drop the big book and at the same time break wind. It didn't work out this way. He dropped the book and

everyone in the classroom turned around and then he broke wind. His face surely turned red. He was never allowed to forget this incident.

A game we played at school as anti-over. You took a tennis or rubber ball and chose sides, with one group on one side of the building and the other group on the other side. You threw the ball over the roof to the other side and if they caught it before it hit the ground, they got to slip around the building and try to tag a player. If they were successful, then that player was out of the game. You tried to throw the ball over the roof where no one was standing. You cheated a little here by peeping under the building so see where the people were standing. Both boys and girls played this game. The school building was perfect for this game.

HIGH SCHOOL

After we graduated from grammar school at Haley, we had to go to high school in Wartrace. This was after they shut down the high school at Haley. There were no school buses furnished by the county, so you had to get to school the best way you could. Some of the older students rode the train home in the afternoon. We had an old open touring Dodge sedan that Raymond, Horton, Melvin and, I think Margaret in her freshman year, rode to school. Horton would drive most of the time, and coming home they would hit Rocky Branch so hard that they would get home and turn the car around before it would drown out. The battery was never very good, so they would push it off the hill in front of our house to get it started.

When I went to school the first two years, I rode a bus driven by Dennis Hodge, then his brother, Dance, and later it was driven by Mac Dement. This was a home-made bus and now it would not be allowed on the road, let alone to carry school kids. There was a plank down each side and a plank down the middle, which we called the rail. The bus originated in Normandy, down through Cortner Station to Haley, then to Wartrace via McLeans bridge over the Garrison River. The last students to board the bus were Allen and Adele Shofner and then Edgar and Vedora McLean.

This same old bus was used for us to make trips for various sporting events. The last two years in high school I rode to school with Jerry Ayers in his 1928 open Chevrolet touring sedan. This was one cold vehicle in the winter. We put on about all the warm clothes we could find, but still the wind would blow through the curtains. Jerry was a real good driver, but for some reason we could never get to school on time. I think we made it one time, and the principal, Mr. Stevens, made an announcement in the auditorium before the whole school congratulating us on getting to school on time.

One morning we were running late as usual and we were crossing Knob Creek at a pretty fast rate, and this was a pretty sharp turn, and we hit the gravel and we started to slide and we wound up going through the fence at the house just across the creek. No one was hurt, so Jerry backed out and we continued on to school.

Tech Gentry from Haley had a nice black pony called Black Beauty, and he drove the pony and buggy to school in Wartrace every day. I rode with him a few times, especially coming home after ball practice.

There are so many stories about going to school in Wartrace that it would take a book to describe them all, so as this story is about Haley, the rest of the story will have to be left untold.

I might add that if it hadn't been for the students from Normandy, Cortner, Roseville and Haley and some of the other places, the sports program at Wartrace would not have existed. In our family alone there were five of us that participated in sports. Horton was probably the best of our group. He was a real ly good basketball player.

ATHLETES FROM THE AREA

Haley and the surrounding area produced many of the athletes that played football and basketball for Wartrace High School during this period. I will mention those that I can remember.

ALDERMAN——David, John, James

AYERS——Jerry, Agatha, Phil

BEASLEY——James, Charles, Grace and Junior

CORTNER——Gerald, Katherine Grey and Pete

CROWELL——Lora Mae

DEMENT——Mac, John and Joe Jack

DEMENT——Kenneth

GENTRY——George

HALL——Thomas, Leo, Leon, and Glen in Shelbyville

HICKERSON——J.W.

HICKERSON——Porter

HICKERSON——Leonard

HICKERSON——Tom

HITT——Owen

ISOM———Raymond, Horton, Melvin, Margaret and Wiley
JENKINS——James Carl
KIMBRO——Jack and Van
LOCKE——George, Alla Mae and Alfred
MEADOWS——Mary
McLEAN——Mary Ruth, Vedora and Edgar
PARKS——Leon, Lawrence and Robbie
ROBERTS——John E.
ROBERTS——Marvin and Donald
SIMPSON——Billy
SPIERS——Helen

Wartrace High had some good teams during these years. I recall my brother, Horton, playing on a good basketball team in 1931. After this team had won the district tournament, they went to the state tournament in Knoxville. The first game, they drew the tournament favorite, Memphis Tech. They beat this team and were then dubbed the dark-horse to win the tournament. In the semi-final game, they lost to Lenoir City. The members of this team were: Cecil Armstrong, Jack Keeling, Horton (Pos) Isom, Joe Sutton, Porter Hickerson, Johnny Charles, Stanley Grubbs and Ralph Baucom. Their coach was Archie Grant. Horton was six feet and four inches tall. This was real tall for a boy at this time.

Even today I am approached and asked if I was any kin to “Pos” Isom.

In 1936, I was a member of the team (basketball) that won the district tournament in Manchester. We went to Murfreesboro to play in the state tournament where we lost our first game. The members of this team were: John E. Roberts, George Gentry, Ralph Uselton, Charles Beasley, Roscoe Stephens, Wiley Isom, Bill Griffith, Bob Carter, Owen Hitt and Van Kimbro. Our coach was Grey Dudley Sands and our manager was James “Mickey” Stephenson.

THE PEOPLE

If you have never lived in a place where you could count on your neighbors for help, just like they were members of your family, then you have missed one of the most rewarding experiences of your life. In this day and time you may live next to someone for years and never know anything about them. Living in Haley was like having one big family, and the people cared and helped each other. I know the boys that I grew up with, and there were several, some older and some

younger, but all like brothers. Of course, we had differences, but when the chips were down they could be counted upon. You didn't have to go and ask someone for help. If it was known that you were sick or in some other need, they were there to lend a helping hand. This was true for all the people that lived in the area. Among the boys there was always a lot of kidding and playing tricks on each other, but no serious problems. If someone was driving to town (Shelbyville), you were always welcome to ride with them if there was room in the car. There were not many automobiles around at this time so people shared.

The farmers would pitch in and help out a neighbor. This was just one thing to do and no questions asked. One year I worked on a thresher crew for Mr. Thomas Ayers, and when we moved onto a farm to thresh the grain there would be several wagons already loaded by neighbors waiting their turn to unload at the thresher. If you needed to borrow something, that was no problem. They would go out of their way to help you. If they didn't have what you were looking for, they could direct you to someone who did. The people were very patriotic, and your word was your bond. On rainy days, when all the farm work was caught up, they would come to Haley to shop, loaf and tell big tales. The boys actually looked forward to these kind of days. I really got a good education from listening to the farmers telling interesting stories about what had happened. You could also hear some good jokes. Mr. Judge Brown was always around and he was always giving advice as when to plant various crops, when it was going to rain, whether the moon was right for planting, how many frosts could be expected, how many snows would come in the winter, and about anything else you wanted to know. I don't know just what percent of his predictions came true or how much attention the other farmers paid to this advice. He was a fixture on the porch of Uncle Arthur's store.

The women of the Haley community belonged to their club, and they met once a month at a different home. Each member would bring a dish of something. It was a feast, no matter in whose home they met. I know I would get stuffed when the club met at our home.

In Haley if someone got sick and they couldn't get to a doctor right away, on many occasions they would come to our home or mother would go to their place. My mother was always available night or day to help someone in need.

My mother seemed to know just what to do in about any circumstance, especially where children were concerned. Having given birth to ten children, and at least one sick at all times, she gained a lot of experience. Actually, out of the ten children, only six of us lived to be teenagers, and only four lived to be adults. Some of my brothers and sisters died when they were infants. They died from various causes, but I would guess pneumonia claimed most of them. I know my sister, Mabel Anne, died of pneumonia when she was thirteen, and my

brother, Horton, died of a ruptured appendix when he was twenty. I know of many occasions when someone would call on the telephone and ask if my mother could come and help them with someone sick. I never knew her to refuse to help anyone. She was especially good with sick babies. I know these statements to be true because I drove to many homes that called and asked for her help. She was a good mother, and there are no words that I could use that would describe the love she had and showed for all of us children.

I remember one evening about dark when James Carl Jenkins came rushing to our house holding his ear. A bug had somehow got in his ear and he was about to have a fit. He said it was buzzing inside his ear. Mother poured some kind of oil in his ear and in a few second he said the buzzing had stopped. Also, on another occasion, one afternoon Albert Shofner came to our house to see mother. He was bleeding in the seat of his pants. He said he had been whittling with his knife and when he got ready to close the blade, and as most of us do, he placed the knife blade against his rear to close the blade, but this time it didn't work and he sliced a fair size hole, or gash, in his rear. Mother told him to pull down his pants. Albert, being a grown man, hesitated, but finally agreed, and mother put something on the cut and bandaged it up. Albert was known to have a few nips and today was no exception, so this might have had something to do with his accident.

During the depression of the thirties, there were many people out of work and moving from one place to another. We called a lot of them hobos, and they rode the trains and at times would come and knock on our door wanting something to eat. My mother always gave them something to eat.

When the school was going on if one of the kids got sick, the teachers would bring them to our house and mother would take care of them until their parents came for them.

All the people in this community were really hard workers. I will mention only a few that stand out in my mind other than my father and mother. The first person that I want to mention is Mrs. Bernice Hickerson (who later married Mr. Thomas Ayers). She operated the store and post office and milked several cows by hand twice a day. She got up about 4:00 a.m. to do the first milking. In addition, she raised two children, Thomas and May June. She was also my teacher at one time at Haley. Her first husband, Mr. Tom Hickerson, passed away when her children were very young.

Another lady that I thought worked really hard was cousin Beulah Gentry. Her husband had died and left her with a young son, George. She also milked cows and tended to them for many years. George was about my age and we grew up together in Haley. His nickname was "Tech" and "Burhead," but most of us called him "Tech." His name will be mentioned many times in this story. We

were very close friends, in fact, we were like brothers and we are still that way today.

I could mention many other women who worked very hard during this period. In fact, you could say that all the women who lived in these hard times had to work hard to keep the family going.

As for the men, it is hard to pick out one that worked harder than the others, but if I had to I would say Mr. Jim Arnold would be that man. Although he lived a few miles from Haley, he was always around doing work for other farmers, as well as his own. I recall him bailing hay on some of the farms from daylight to dark. Two of his sons, James and Edward, were his helpers when they were not in school. I know that the people, especially the farm people, will remember the hard work of Mr. Arnold.

There are others, and like the women of the area, if you wanted to survive you had to work. My Uncle Arthur Hickerson was also a hard worker. In addition to tending to the store, at one time he was looking after two farms. I recall him coming in from the farm to the store about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and he had been up since before daybreak down on the farm tending to the sheep during the lambing season.

Like everywhere else in the world, we had people being born and people that were passing away. If there was a death in a family, the neighbors were right there to help out in any way they could. We didn't know what a funeral home was in those days. The undertaker would come and get the body and take it to his place and do the embalming and then return the body to your home. The only undertaker I recall in our area was Mr. John E. Justice from Wartrace. When the body was back at home, then someone sat with the corpse, both day and night until the funeral, which was usually held at the home.

I want to mention here about one colored lady who meant a lot to our family. When I use the word "colored" in writing this story, I want it understood that in no way does it mean any disrespect to the Black race of people. I may also use the terms Uncle and Aunt when referring to the elderly Black people. I have never figured out how you can make the difference between your own real Aunts and Uncles when writing a story. I know that most people that will read this story will know the difference. Aunt Cindy was a very special person that worked for my family, even before I was born, helping my mother with all the household chores. She started to work for us when our family was on the farm near the place called Shiloh. Where this name came from I don't know, but it is about seven miles from Wartrace, three or four miles from Fairfield, and five or six miles from Haley, close to Union Ridge. This is where my father and mother started out on the farm. A little information about Aunt Cindy. When she was about nine years old she was a slave and this was during the Civil War.

I recall my father saying that while living at the Isom Hollow place and Aunt Cindy was working for them, he asked her one day what she had rather have if she had one wish. Dad said that Aunt Cindy did not hesitate in saying that she'd rather have a gold wedding band than anything else she could think of. She was married to Uncle Silas Murphy, and she said when they got married they did not have money to buy a ring. I do know that when they lived in Bugscuffle, Uncle Silas got some kind of a pension from the government and it was for something connected to the Civil War.

I don't recall the elapsed time from Aunt Cindy telling Dad about the ring, but he did get her a gold wedding band and he said when he gave it to her that she jumped in the air and started hugging him. He thought she was about the happiest person he ever met. She helped my mother raise Raymond, Horton, Melvin and Margaret. They were all born on the farm at Isom Hollow. I was born in Haley, as was my younger brothers and sisters, so I don't know if Aunt Cindy helped with us or not. She was getting pretty old about that time. I do know that she would come and visit my mother on occasions. When Dad passed away, Aunt Cindy came to the house, and while standing by the casket and looking down at Dad, she told my mother that she sure did love that man, and he was so good to her.

Aunt Aurie is another person who helped my mother and after I got married she helped my wife with our two oldest children.

I must mention Aunt Alice Shelton, who did a lot of washing clothes for us. I recall her well because I had to make the fire under the big black pot in the back yard. This pot was used to boil the clothes. This pot had a crack in the side and when the fire would get hot, the crack would open up and then the water would leak on the wood and sometimes it was hard to keep the fire going. Aunt Alice would sure let me know when the fire needed some wood, or when she needed more water for something. I had to draw the water from the well and this was a job, as you could only get about a gallon each time you pulled the well bucket up. Aunt Alice would bring one or two of her girls with her sometimes to help out with the washing. The hardest part was the scrubbing of the clothes over the scrub board. This board had rough ridges that you had to scrub the clothes over and it was rough on your hands and the strong soap didn't help either. This was a hard, back-breaking job.

I remember Aunt Alice making some hominy one time in this big old pot. I don't recall the recipe for making hominy, but I do know that you use so much wood ash in the corn and you boil it. I don't know if you use anything else or not. The hominy you buy in the store is much better than what we made.

RECREATION

There was not much recreation for the older people except to play cards and get together and tell big stories. But, really, as everyone was so busy trying to make a living, when nighttime came it was time to go to bed. The women did have their club that met once a month. This gave them the opportunity to catch up on any gossip. The older men could loaf at the blacksmith shop and have an occasional game of pitching horseshoes. The place where they pitched horseshoes was west of the blacksmith shop, near the sidetrack. Sometimes there were ten or more people watching this game. Even the younger men would engage in this activity when they didn't have anything else to do. Mr. Wes Brown, the blacksmith, was usually busy, but occasionally he would play this game. Most of the people were farmers, so they had something to do almost every day besides loaf.

The boys and girls could always find something to do or some reason to have a party, especially for birthdays. Each age group had their own parties. I will try to list all the names that I can recall that were near my age. Boots, Reba, and Sarah Ruth Wynne, Sally Jenkins, Thomas Spiers, Fizz Roberts, Tech Gentry, Edward Burgess, Jabo Holt, Lucile and Louise Hickerson, Glendon and Shofner Meadows, Billie Simpson, Tom and Mary June Hickerson, Virgie and Bertie Ruth Hickerson, Bailey Raney, Albert and Mattie Prince, Charles and Elsie Stone, Edward Merritt, Joe Tom Brown, Ethel Bonds and my sister, Mabel Anne.

The older group consisted of Paul Brown, J.W. and Christine Hickerson, Leonard and William Hickerson, Helen Spiers, Porter Hickerson, A.D. King, Jr., Charles and Floy Spencer, Floyd, Earnest and Alice Bennett, Alvis Nelson, Edward and Kathleen Nelson, Maurice Brown, Mary, Lora Mae and Charlie Crowell, Stacy Shofner, Elizabeth Holt, Marion Hoosier, Kittie and Eugene Simpson, Mary Meadows, Frankie Merritt, Hoyte and Dillard Hastings, Amanda and James Carl Jenkins, Raymond, Horton, Melvin and Margaret Isom.

I am sure that I have left out some names, but I find it is hard to recall names, especially since it has been many years and contact has been lost.

Some of the games that we played at these parties were Spin the Bottle, Drop the Handkerchief, Post Office, Put the Tail on the Donkey, and London Bridge is Falling Down. There were some others that I don't recall. Going to these parties was fun, but it meant putting on better clothes than the overalls we usually wore, and that was a big drawback. Some of the older group would go to dances, hay rides, wiener roasts and card games. I went on some of the hay rides and dances, but I was too young and bashful to try getting out on a floor to dance. Some of us would go and peep into the windows and watch the others

dance. We would also watch where they would hide their moonshine whiskey, and after they left, we would go and sample it.

Some of this stuff was really potent, and it would take your breath. If you drank very much of it, you wouldn't be standing very long. On a couple of occasions we drank all the booze and then urinated in the bottle or jar and put it back where the owner had it hidden. We would then hide and watch the owner and his friends when they came out for a short snort. It was dark, but with the moonlight you could still see them raise the bottle and take a big mouthful, then all of a sudden, blow the stuff out of their mouth, spit, cuss, and threaten to kill whoever did this dirty trick. I want to make it plain while writing this, I am not owning-up to doing anything like this because some of those people may still be around and that threat may still be good. The Streater brothers from Wartrace played for most of the dances. I believe one of them played the fiddle and the other one the guitar. They were really good. I know they didn't get much money, but they could have all the booze they could drink. These dances were held mostly by Mr. Chester Spiers and Mike Faye.

I have mentioned in this story about my mother, so this is a good place to insert a few lines about my father. My dad worked for the railroad (NC&St.L) for over fifteen years, and he had to quit and go back to the farm to look after Grandmother, as the other two boys had left home; Uncle John to the railroad and Uncle Will to California. I don't know just how long he stayed on the farm, but they moved to Haley and Dad went back to work for the railroad and put in fifteen or more years. On his last tour with the railroad he was working as the conductor on the Wartrace-Shelbyville branch. He was examined by Dr. Connell and found to have high blood pressure, so he was forced to quit again. The railroad would not give him credit for the first years he worked, so he didn't get any kind of a pension. This was before Social Security, so he didn't get any kind of pension. He never had a vacation that I can recall. He did get close one time as he got passes for Mother, Mabel Anne, me and himself to go to California to visit his brother, Uncle Will. About the time we got ready to go, we heard from Uncle Will that they were coming to see us about the same time, so our trip was cancelled. There was so much sickness and death in our family that, no doubt, Dad felt like he had to work all the time. Although we would go to Isom Hollow to pick up hickory nuts or to hunt, Dad would never go back.

Dad was a very strong man and he proved it to Raymond and me one time when we were trying to push the car out of the barn, which we used for a garage. We couldn't get the car to move and Dad told us to get out of the way. He stuck his shoulder to the radiator and walked that car right out. This instilled into my mind that when he said jump, I would immediately look for a place to land. Our

parents loved all of us very much. We also knew that they were the best parents that anyone could have.

FARMING

Although I was not raised on a farm, as my father was a railroader, I did grow up with farm boys, and when I got old enough, I worked in the summer for many of the farmers in the area. My Dad was raised on a farm at Isom's Hollow until he got a job on the railroad. I do know enough about farming to understand that it is very hard work and the hours are from daybreak to dark, no matter what you are doing and that there is always something to do. The going rate of pay was ten cents an hour, and you worked ten hours a day and you made one dollar. This was not very much money, but during this period of time there were not any good paying jobs, especially out in the country. This was in the depression years when many, many people were out of work. If you could find any kind of job you were lucky. You could tell it was hard times, as every train that came through Haley had a group of hoboes, maybe fifty or a hundred on each train. In our area the people who were not farmers worked on the railroad, which at that time was called the NC&St.L, which stood for Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis. There was no such thing as unemployment insurance, food stamps, or Social Security, so if you didn't have a job, you just plain didn't have any money. Our father was lucky enough to keep his job as a brakeman on the railroad during this tough period. He didn't work on a regular basis. He was on what you call an extra board. We had plenty to eat and other necessities, but that was it.

The type of work you would do on a farm depended on the time of year. In the winter no one hired any extra help. I worked mainly in the summer during planting and again when it was harvest time. I never worked regular for any farmer. I did look some mules in the rear a few times plowing up the earth. One time Albert Shofner asked me to do some turning for him when he lived on a farm near Bugscuffle that bordered on the Garrison River. This was a farm named for Shofner that was different from Albert's family. This was turning bottom land, that had Johnson grass higher than my head, and the temperature must have been around one hundred degrees. This was probably the first time I had tried this type of plowing. Albert went down to the field with me and made a couple of rounds to show me what to do. Actually, it didn't look that hard, so he left me after I was sure that I could handle the work. I soon found that I was working myself to death because when I would get to the end of one side of the rectangular field and had to make a right or left turn, I was dragging the heavy

plow around the corner to go up the next side. This was tough and really tired me out. I would stop the team just as we came to the end where I had to make the turn, but one old mule that had a flop ear wanted to go on, but I wouldn't let him until one time I just let him go and when we got to the end to make the turn, he went a little farther and then turned. This way the team pulled the plow around and all I had to do was back it up a little. This old flop-eared mule knew more about this work than I did. I was awful glad when this day was over.

Another time I doing this type of plowing for Mr. Martin Bonds on a field that was on the east side of the mouth of the Garrison River. I got so hot and sick that I tied the team up to the fence and walked home through the fields. When I got home I called Mr. Bonds and told him that I got sick and I tied the team up to the fence. I hated to do this, as I always tried to finish what I had started.

This was before tractors and a field like this would take several days to turn.

HAYING

I never got to use a mower or a hay rake while working in the hay fields. I did shock the hay and pitched it up on the wagon. Taking up hay usually involved three men, a team and wagon. One fellow stayed on the wagon to guide the team, plus place the hay on the wagon in the proper place and tramp it down. There was usually one man on each side of the wagon, and when you got to a shock, you would use the pitchfork and lift the hay up and onto the wagon. The wagon was driven across the field between two rows of shocks. After the wagon was loaded, you followed it to the barn where you had to unload it. If it was a big barn, they had a fork that was lowered down to the wagon and it was jabbed into the hay and locked to keep the hay from falling out when it was raised. On the other end of the barn there was a mule or horse attached to a heavy rope by a single tree, and when the fork was locked, then by voice, you would yell okay and the animal would pull the hay to the top of the barn. Once it reached the top of the barn, it hit the track and then would run on the track until the man in the loft would trip the ford which released the load of hay. The horse or mule pulling the hay load would then be turned around and go back to the starting point for another load. This procedure would be repeated until all the hay was unloaded. Then it was back to the field for another load.

If it was a small barn or there was no fork, the hay had to be unloaded by hand. This is a slow, hot, and tiring job. In a small barn with a low tin roof, the temperature in the 90's and you are taking up bean hay, I can't think of any farm job that is much worse. I had such an experience one time with Fizz Roberts. We were both back in this small barn and someone was pitching the hay to us

inside the barn. I don't recall who was pitching the hay to us, but we had all we could do to stay and keep going. This was bean hay and that made it worse. This barn was beside the house where Cousin Emma Ayers lived, across the road from the entrance to the Old Thompson place. We were working for Uncle Arthur Hickerson at the time. I think that old barn is still standing, as well as the house.

BAILING HAY

The hay balers were horse-drawn and put out a rectangular-shaped bale of hay. When I think of baling hay, the first person I think of is Mr. Jim Arnold.

Two of his sons, James and Edward, helped him in this work. When they would finish baling their own hay, they would travel around to the other farmers and do the same for them. It was hard work from early morning until after dark.

This type of hay baler was crude compared to the ones they have now. You had to haul the hay to the baler and feed it into a hopper and then a chamber where in a rectangular square box like a metal compartment it would be compressed, forming a bale about 18 inches by 18 inches by about three feet long. Then by hand two strands of baling wire, one near the top and the other near the bottom, was wrapped around the bale and tied. While the bale was being tied, it was under compression. Then after it was tied, the pressure was released and you could then handle the bale without it breaking.

Mr. Jim Arnolds and his brother, Lon, had a threshing machine that was powered by a steam engine. They would go around to various farmers and thresh their grain.

THRESHING

The first threshing machine I remember was powered by a steam engine. It was operated by the Holt family. I think Doyle Holt was the operator of the engine. They were threshing wheat at the George Hoosier place on a hill just behind the house. I could hear the steam engine from our home, so I walked over to see what was going on. There was about a half dozen wagons in the field loading up the shocks of wheat. When the thresher was about to run out of wagons they would blow the whistle on the steam engine. It made a loud noise and you could hear it from far away. While I was there, they blew the whistle and it scared me. Cousin George's team nearby started to run and they headed for the gate that led out into the woods. The driver could not slow the team down and they were leaving the country. The horses and wagon made it through

the gate, but there was a tree and one horse went on one side and the other horse on the other. The horses were slowed a bit when they hit the tree, but they kept going, stripping the harness and breaking the single trees. (Note: a single tree is what the traces are hooked to.) The tongue of the wagon was also demolished. They did get the team rounded up after awhile and the wagon repaired. No more whistle blowing at this farm. When they finished threshing at the Hoosier place, they went up the road past our house. I was really curious about this machine, so I followed it to the Sam Holt farm. I was about eight years old at the time. The blowing of the whistle, no doubt, is what made me want to follow them. I didn't know at the time, but in a few years I would be working on a threshing machine, going from one farm to another. We wouldn't have the steam engine, but a diesel-powered tractor. The thresher was about the same.

I must add here that prior to threshing, a lot of hard work went into plowing, dicing, planting, cutting and shocking the grain. In case of wheat, oats and barley, they were cut with a binder, which tied up a bundle (about an arm's load) with twine. The portion of the straw that contained the grain was always at the same end of the bundle. It was then shocked by being put into round stacks, about three or four feet in diameter. The top of the shock was covered with a couple of bundles, so placed that most of the rain would be diverted. Clover was left in wind rows and picked up by the wagon crews and brought to the thresher. You had to try and get clover threshed as soon as it dried after cutting. If it got wet, it was a big problem and if not turned over and over to dry, it would mold. Then you would lose the entire crop; it would be of no value.

One year I was hired by Mr. Thomas Ayers, who had formed a company to thresh grain for farmers in the area. When I started, the crew consisted of Mr. Ayers, his son, Jerry, and possible his other son, Phil, Mr. Bob Holt, James Carl Jenkins, John E. Roberts, Flip Rippey, and myself. We moved from farm to farm, threshing whatever the farmer wanted threshed. This was a very hard, hot, and dusty job, and the pay was the going rate of ten cents an hour. We usually worked ten hours a day, and this amounted to one dollar. Usually, in farm work, it was the custom that where you worked, the farmer would provide the dinner meal. In this operation we had to take our own lunch. I must add here that it was a known fact that when you worked for Mr. J.S. Spencer, you could count on getting a good meal.

Everyone on the crew had a specific job, but occasionally we would trade around, just in case someone was absent and one of us had to take over. My job was operating the sacking of the grain. On a thresher, there is one main pipe, or chute, where the grain exits the machine. A few feet above the ground the chute splits into two pipes. At the bottom of these pipes you attached a sack to

each pipe to catch the grain. Just above the split in the pipe was a lever and you could switch from one side to the other to direct the grain to the sack. This feature prevented the grain from spilling onto the ground while changing sacks. When a sack was filled, it was removed and set in an area where the sack stitcher could sew the top of the sack. Fizz Roberts was the fellow who did the sewing on the sacks and we worked side by side, helping each other.

Once we were threshing oats on the R.E. Ayers' farm and the oats were coming out at such a rate we had trouble keeping up. It was awfully hot and dusty. Fizz and I were talking about quitting then and there. Mr. John Atnip overheard us talking and he gave us a pep talk as to how tough we were and that we could do the job. We did stay with it, but we coughed and blew black stuff out of our nose and mouth for a long time. Flip had the job of feeding the thresher from a little platform that had a small shelf on each side where the bundles were tossed. As they were tossed, he cut the twine before the bundle went into the thresher. Sometimes he would cut the bundle while it was in mid-air. One time I was doing Flip's job and he was unloading off of a wagon. I was not near as good at this job as Flip, and when he tossed a bundle at me I hit it in mid-air, but I also hit his hand and sliced a big gash in it. The blood really poured. The operation was stopped while Mr. Ayers got a bucket of kerosene and dipped his hand in it and then bandaged the hand. Flip kept working, but I know the hand was throbbing and giving him a lot of pain. He has that scar today if he is still living. I got shook-up and went back to my regular job. As I think back on this operation, I am sure Phil was around and, knowing his Dad, he was kept busy doing some kind of work.

Jenks quit after a week or two, and Fizz quit after the bad encounter we had with the oats. I stayed with the crew until we finished the season. Now, over fifty years later, they have a combine that cuts the crop, threshes and blows the grain into a truck alongside, and the straw is deposited on the ground. Now it takes two men to do the work, one to operate the combine and the other to drive the truck. The combine is air-conditioned, has padded seats and a radio.

GATHERING CORN

When I was too young to really work, I would go and hang around with Frog and Pap Hickerson. They had to work pretty hard almost every day. When it was corn gathering time, I would go and help them by driving the wagon. Actually, the team would have got along just as well without me. Mr. Luke Hickerson, the father of Frog and Pap, worked behind the wagon which straddled one row, which he would pick and Frog would pick one side and Pap the other, as they moved across the field. Picking corn is not an easy job, as you

have to pull each ear off the corn stalk and toss it into the wagon. When the wagon got full you went to the barn and unloaded and then went back to the field.

Now they have corn pickers that will pick several rows as they are driven across the field—and even shell the corn and blow it into a truck that is driven alongside.

One of the cornfields that Mr. Luke tended was along Duck River and it was real rich bottom land. He always got a good crop from this one field. There were also good crops of cockleburs in almost any field where corn was grown. These burrs would stick to your clothes and they could be a real nuisance. Farmers used the corn to feed their livestock, especially horses and mules, and for fattening hogs. They would also have some of it ground up for chicken feed. A small portion was usually taken to the mill and ground up for meal to make bread. Farmers and their families ate a lot of cornbread. Good cornbread with butter is hard to beat.

CUTTING WOOD

As most of the homes were heated by wood, it took a lot of wood to last a family an entire winter season. Most of the cooking was also done on wood cook stoves, and they consumed a lot of wood, as they were kept going most of the day. So when it was too wet to plow or some of the other work, it was wood cutting time. So again, you would hook up the team to the wagon, load up the saws and axes, then head to the woods. The wood for the fireplace was usually large pieces, about three feet long, where for the stove, it was much shorter and smaller in diameter. Some green wood was usually burned with seasoned wood and in the fireplace the largest piece of wood was placed in the back of the fireplace. This piece was called the back log. The farmer would pick out a tree and then the cross-cut saw was put into operation by one man at each end of the saw. One would pull while the other would push, and this continued until the tree fell. By notching the tree in the right place, you could make the tree fall just about where you wanted. Once the tree was down, then the axes were used to trim the limbs. Pieces of the fallen tree were cut according to whether it was for the fireplace or the stove. It is no easy task pulling one end of a cross-cut saw all day long. Once you got the wood cut, then you had to load the wagon and go to the house to unload. If you had time, you headed back to the woods for more sawing and cutting.

Now, there are gas and electric chain saws that are so fast that you can cut the wood in a fraction of the time it took by using handsaws. Also, today you can heat your home with electricity or gas, and very little wood is needed. Some

people even in cities now have fireplaces where you can burn wood, although it is very expensive.

HOG KILLING

Usually after the first frost and the weather looks like it is going to stay pretty cold, most farmers would be ready to kill hogs which they had been fattening for several months. This would be the meat for the family for the coming year. It would take several people to kill, clean and dress a bunch of hogs in one day. First, you had to have a big vat or scalding vat, as it was called. They were about three feet wide, two feet deep and about six feet long. Usually this vat was lined with tin so it would not leak. You set this vat upon some rocks or bricks and made a place beneath so you could build a fire. You had to fill the vat about half full of water and get a good fire going. Alongside the vat you had a flat surface, usually made of planks, for scraping the hair off the hog. To kill a hog you wanted to get him close to the scalding vat so you wouldn't have to drag the hog very far. Most of the people killed hogs by using a .22 rifle. Some others would use the back of an ax and hit him in the head. This didn't always kill the hog and he would run around squealing and you would have to chase him and hit him again with the axe. I was a pretty good shot with a .22 rifle, so I got asked to shoot a lot of hogs. If you shot a hog and he dropped in his tracks, you were considered a good shot, but if he squealed, you were not too good. Once the hog was killed, his throat was cut so that he would bleed good. Then you had to drag him over to the scalding vat, dump him in the water and keep turning him over until you were sure he was scalded good. The hog was then pulled out of the vat and onto a flat surface where all the hair was scraped off using real sharp knives. After scraping, the hog would be hung up to a pole that had been anchored between two trees about six or eight feet off the ground. The hog was hung, head down, and then split down the middle and the insides removed. Usually the liver, heart and sometimes the intestines were all saved. The intestines would later be cooked and called chitterlings. The fat would be removed from all the intestines and placed in a container. This fat would later be made into lard. The hog would then be butchered into various parts and if the weather was not freezing, the pieces of meat would be put on the roof of the house or some other place where cats could not get to it. It would take a night or two to get all the heat out of the meat. Then in a day or two the meat would be packed in a big box with salt all around it. Many people had their own way of curing the meat. After the meat had been in the salt a couple of weeks, it was taken out and hung up in the smokehouse to finish curing. Some people would smoke their meat by building a fire in the smokehouse and burning

hickory wood. Then other people would eat the meat just as soon as it came out of the salt. I think most hams are a bit too salty. But in my estimation, there is nothing better than country ham, fried eggs, red-eye gravy and hot biscuits for breakfast or any other meal.

Some people would make a lot of sausage out of the meat. I think the best sausage I can recall eating was the canned sausage J.W. Hickerson use to bring on camping trips.

MAKING MOLASSES

The only person in the area that I recall who made molasses was Mr. John Snelling. He lived on the old Brown farm near Bugscuffle. I know that he had two sons and I can't remember any other children, but chances are that there were others. The two boys were Horace and Carl. Carl was the younger of the two and we were in the same grade in school. Sometimes I would go home with Carl after school and watch them make molasses or sorghum, as some people called it. The operation, as I remember, was a mule tied to a long pole about ten or fifteen feet long. The mule was attached to one end and the other end was attached to a shaft. The pole end where the mule was attached was in front of the mule.

The mule went around in a circle about thirty feet in diameter. The shaft that was being turned had some gears with an opening where the stalks of cane were fed into the gears. The stalks were squeezed and the juice would flow out and run down a pipe or trough into a vat. This vat had a fire under it and the juice was cooked for several hours until it got to the right consistency and taste. The foam that formed on top of the juice while being cooked was removed by a dipper and wasted. If you were lucky enough to get a biscuit and some butter and then put some of the hot molasses on it, you had some good eating.

I think many of the farmers would bring their cane to Mr. Snelling for him to make molasses. I don't know if he charged them so much or just worked on a share basis.

HONEY

Pap Hickerson and I found a big tree on the Roberts place where honey bees were making honey. This property was owned at the time by Mrs. Bernice Hickerson. We watched the bees for several weeks and when it turned a little cold, we decided it was time to get the honey. First, we asked and got permission from Mrs. Bernice to cut the tree down. One evening as it was getting close to

dark, we started cutting the tree down using a cross-cut saw. The tree was full of bees and honey. The bees wouldn't fly much, they would crawl around on the ground. Soon we were getting them up our pants legs, and we were getting stung pretty often. We would take our pants off and shake them, but in a few minutes they would let us know they were back. I don't know how many stings we got, but it was plenty. We got a wash tub and a lard stand of honey. We also mashed a lot of bees in the honey as we were not very careful when removing the honey from the tree. We split up the honey and went home. The next morning we had honey for breakfast. It was real good and I know that Margaret and I both ate a big batch of it. In about an hour both of us had severe stomach cramps and we were really sick. We were told that it was the poison from the bee stingers mixed with the honey that made us sick, so we threw all of the honey away. I talked to Pap in a few days and he said they got sick the same way and they threw their honey away too. It was real good looking honey and tasted just like any other honey.

POLL TAX

When each male person in a family became a certain age, and I think it was twenty-one, he had to work so many days on the roads in the area, or pay a poll tax. I don't recall the amount you had to pay. So in our town, none of us had the money, so we worked on the roads. If you had a team, wagon and driver, you didn't have to work as many days. I can remember working for my Dad's tax, along with my brothers, Raymond and Horton. I know that I was not old enough to be subject to the poll tax law, but I wanted to work for my Dad and he would get credit for both of us. One year I recall there were Frog and Pap Hickerson, Albert Shofner, Raymond and me, and I am sure there must have been others. Pap drove Mr. Luke Hickerson's team and Albert Shofner drove his dad's team. Mr. Thomas Ayers donated the gravel which was about two or three hundred yards above Three Forks Bridge. The wagons had a special bed made of slats of 2"x4" on the floor and they were not nailed down. The outside of the bed was about eight inches tall. The wagons were loaded by hand using long-handled shovels. You could not load the wagons down too much as there was a steep grade going off the bridge toward Haley. When the wagon got to the spot the driver picked out to unload, he would stop the team in the middle of the road and get on the ground and start raising the two by fours and shaking them to let the gravel fall on the road. Maybe the driver would smooth out the gravel a little, but not much. So you can see what kind of road we had to drive or ride over. Some of the rocks were as much as six inches in diameter. About once a month the county road grader would come over our road and level it up

a little. Needless to say, we had a lot of flat tires and blow-outs. All the roads were mainly one lane, and if you met another car, wagon or buggy you had to about stop to make sure you could get by. I know we had lots of flat tires.

ROCKY BRANCH

This small creek has its headwaters on the Carouther's farm, just north of Haley, past the section houses. It is a small spring flowing under the railroad, across the Gentry farm, Hoosier farm, across the road to Shelbyville at Aunt Aurie's, then down through the Dave Hickerson farm where it empties into the Duck River. In a real dry summer it will go almost completely dry. On the Gentry farm there is another spring that furnishes more water for the stream. This is the spring where Mrs. Beulah Gentry kept her milk and other items cool in the summer. It is said that this spring has caused some people in the area to get typhoid fever. On the Hoosier farm there are two more springs that add some water to the stream. There are two more sources of water that are added to the creek in wet weather. One is a dry creek that originates on the Bill Hickerson farm and is joined close to Haley by a dry ditch that comes from about the spot where the old depot once stood. These two dry beds join and flow under the railroad between the Eason and Roberts tracts, joining Rocky Creek just about where it enters the Hoosier place. There is another spring that empties into the creek, and that is from the Raney place which is just next to the Hoosier farm. On the Dave Hickerson place, another two springs furnish some water to the creek.

In the summer when it is real hot and dry and there is little rain, this creek system will go dry. Sometimes there are some deeper holes in the creek bed that will hold water unless it is a severe dry spell. It is in these holes where the crawfish, minnows and small perch would gather to survive until the next big rain. During a big rain storm this creek gets out of its banks and floods along its route. It would flood the road at Aunt Aurie's so you had to wait until it receded. When the creek would get up high, some of us kids would go for a swim. I guess that is where most of us learned how to swim. It was dangerous when it got up high as it was a swift current stream. As far as I know, nobody drowned in Rocky Branch. We did not have swim suits, just our overalls or our underwear, or nothing at all. In the winter we would gather at the creek when it was frozen over and slide on the ice in our shoes. We didn't know anything about ice skates. This was not dangerous, except to your rear end for falling, as the creek was not deep if you broke through the ice. It was on this creek that many of us learned how to fish. The perch you caught were always small, but it was fishing. I would take my perch home and mother would cook them for me.

We always seined this creek to catch bait for the trot lines that we put out on the river. There were a few water moccasins along the creek, but they would get out of your way. I never heard of anyone getting bit by a snake. I am sure that Rocky Branch holds many memories for those of us who were lucky enough to have been raised in Haley.

GARRISON RIVER

This stream originates in the area of Beech Grove and is usually a slow meandering stream. It is much larger than Rocky Creek, but still smaller than Duck River. When the rains come, and especially after a couple of days, this river becomes a swift and dangerous stream, overtopping its banks and flooding farmland along its route. This stream winds its way through the town of Fairfield, and its course takes it close to Wartrace, passing under Sims Bridge, then on its way passing underneath the railroad bridge just north of Bugscuffle. It is soon joined by the Wartrace Creek, then on under McLean's bridge, and down to Cannon's Bridge before joining Duck River. The junction of these two rivers is known as three forks, and is a little over a mile west of Haley. At one time there were three dams on this river which were used to furnish power for grinding of grain for the farmers. The Fairfield Dam is still in place, but the mill is out of order. The fish are the same as in the other rivers in the area. One time I was fishing on shoal for suckers and I caught this odd-looking fish. I took it home and showed it to Mr. Dickey, and he said it was a drum. I never heard of another one being caught in this area. During the months of March and April the fish (Suckers and Red Horse) spawn in this river and if you are lucky you can catch several of them. It is an art catching fish on shoal and there are several people in this county who are experts in this type of fishing, even today.

This river furnished water for the locomotives of the railroad. They had a big pump in the river at the bridge near Bugscuffle, and they would pump water to a tower in Wartrace where the steam engines would fill their tanks. I recall one serious accident on the river that happened above the dam at Fairfield. This was a favorite swimming place for the local residents and Horton Uselton dived into the river and hit his head on a rock. I don't remember just how they got him out of the water. I do remember it was a real serious accident and they had to put a steel plate in his head.

There used to be lots of mussels in this river. We could always find sacks of them when we wanted to set a trot-line. Today, you can't find one mussel in the river. They disappeared, but we never knew exactly why. We always thought the tannery at Wartrace dumped some kind of chemical into the stream that wiped them out. But they also disappeared from the Duck in the Haley area.

The Garrison is a shallow river and you can wade it for almost its entire distance, except possibly in the mill pond above the dam in Fairfield. This is also a stream that has been seined by many people because you can wade it. This seining is usually done at night and when the river is muddy. I guess the McLean Bridge is the oldest bridge on the river.

DUCK RIVER

This river originates in Coffee County near the town of Manchester. In fact, there is also a stream that is a fork of the Duck in this area that is called Little Duck River. The Duck flows near the towns of Normandy, Cortner's Station, Haley, Shelbyville, Columbia, Centerville, Grinders Switch, Only, and empties into the Tennessee near New Johnsonville. This story is only about the Duck River in Bedford County, mostly in the Haley area. In this area during the period I was being raised, there were three dams in Bedford County: Corner's Mill, Mullins Mill and the dam in Shelbyville. Later on, the TVA built Normandy Dam which is a few miles above the town of Normandy. Many years ago, and before my time, there was a dam on the Duck just below Three Forks Bridge. When the water is low, you can still see the remnants. Duck River has a lot of history. Many, many years ago large boats or barges went up and down the river. This was before the dams were built. Columbia was a port city and they came up the river to Shelbyville and even farther toward the mouth of the Garrison. They would get hung up on shoals and have a hard time going up and down the river due to its shallow depth. Before Normandy Dam was constructed, the river would get real low in the summer and in the rainy season it would flood all along its route. If the Garrison and all the creeks that emptied into the Duck were running at flood stage, then the Duck would get out of banks and it would be a very swift and dangerous river. There would be several floods each year, especially in the city of Shelbyville, which would inundate many homes. There was one flood that I remember was the highest in my time and the river got to within one foot of the bottom of Three Forks Bridge. This same flood also forced Mr. Dock Hickerson to move out of his home which was located about the mouth of Rocky Branch. The river had the branch backed up at Aunt Aurie's, and no bridge was there at the time so you couldn't cross. When the Duck got up to flood stage, it formed a barrier at the mouth of the Garrison, and the Garrison would then back up under Cannon's bridge and then on up to McLean's Bridge, which flooded the road and you could not pass. When both rivers got up at the same time, this spelled big trouble for the people in Shelbyville. My wife's aunt, Lillie Nelson, would get flooded out at least once a year and on occasions more than once. She found out by calling Mr. Andy

Cortner at Cortner's Mill. He could give her advice as to how high the water would be in Shelbyville. This would give her a few hours before the flood reached her home. This flooding has almost been eliminated by the new Normandy Dam and the dikes and pumps in Shelbyville.

Three Forks Bridge was visited by many people during the summer, as it was a good place to go swimming. During the hot summer months it was not unusual to see a hundred people in swimming or just sitting on the bank. The boys of Haley built a long slide under the bridge. You could climb up and get on the slide track and sit in a little box affair and you could get up a good speed because the track was on a steep slope. You would land a good way out in the river. We made swings out of ropes and cables and constructed diving boards. The next time a flood came along, all our work went down the river and next year we would rebuild. Only two people I know have jumped off the bridge: A.D. King, Jr. and Robert Moore. It was about a twenty or thirty foot drop before hitting the water which was six feet deep. The bottom was solid rock and smooth like concrete. I don't recall anyone drowning at this swimming hole. I do know that Mr. Thomas Ayers was walking up the river under the bridge and some girls were swimming and they were in trouble. Mr. Ayers jumped in with his clothes on and pulled two of the girls to safety. No doubt he saved their lives.

The building of Normandy Dam and the release of the cold water from the bottom of the lake into the stream has stopped the swimming in the river. The water is so cold, even in the summer months, that Duck River is now a trout stream down to three forks. The shoaling of red horse and suckers has stopped above three forks. A lot of people now float the river from Dement's Bridge to Three Forks Bridge or on down to Shelbyville. The dam at Mullins Mill has been breached, so there are no obstructions except logs and shoals along this route.

FISHING

Duck River has always been my favorite place to fish. You never know what kind of fish you are going to catch when fishing in this stream. It could be a black perch, red horse, suckers, bream, sun fish, catfish, creek perch, crappie, or even a carp. If you are fishing at night you may even catch a water dog. Along with most of the boys at Haley, I fished every hole in the river from Cortner's Mill to Searcy's Bluff which is about a mile below the mouth of the Garrison. I also knew the depth of the river in this area and the shoals that were difficult to cross in boat. I must add in this story that it was through the teaching and watching of my brother, Raymond, that I learned the best way to hunt, fish and trap, along with other skills of the outdoors. Most of us boys spent so much time

on the river that it seemed like a part of our home. I recall my sister, Margaret, telling someone that when her brothers died, they didn't want to go to Heaven, they wanted to go to Duck River. The boys of Haley did spend a lot of nights on the banks of this river trot-lining, fishing, frog hunting, and camping.

Fishing for red horse on shoal has always been a big event on this river, not only for us local boys, but other people from different parts of the county. Several years ago, *True Magazine* sent some people to Bedford County to get a story on this type of fishing. It was printed, along with pictures, actually showing men shoal fishing. Really, the fish are spawning, but in this area we call it shoaling. I assume it is because the fish spawn at a shoal in the river where the water is swift and running over gravel where the eggs are deposited. There were two ways to fish on shoal. One way is to sight fish, and this is where you actually see the fish and you drag or let float your hooks into the fish and give a snatch. If you catch the fish in the mouth area, chances are good that you will land the fish, but if you snag the fish in the side, you may lose him. Some people use several hooks with a sinker about six inches above the hooks. The other way to fish is called blind dragging. For this type of fishing, you put the sinker below the hooks and you pitch in above where you think the fish might be and drag downstream. The number of hooks you use is up to the individual. For sight fishing, you try to find a tree or make a scaffold so you will not be visible to the fish. For blind dragging you don't care if the fish see you or not, just as long as they stay on the shoal and you can fish for them. It is better to fish at night or when the water is dingy when blind dragging. During most of these years it was unlawful to fish by these methods while fish were shoaling. This never seemed to stop any of the fishermen in this county. There is one fish story that will always live in my memory. This story involved several people and they will be identified as the story unfolds. J.W. Hickerson, Stacy Shofner, Raymond Isom and myself started the day fishing for suckers on a shoal a few hundred yards above Three Forks Bridge. Jay had stayed out of school, Stacy had quit school previously, Raymond had graduated a year or two before, and why I was along, I don't even know today. I must have been about ten or eleven at the time. I was just tagging along, as Raymond was always good about letting me go with him most anyplace. I was probably along just to run errands. Fishing wasn't very good at this place and it was difficult to sight fish as no trees were handy. While we were here, Jay fell out of a tree about twenty feet and hit on a gravel bar and it knocked the breath out of him, otherwise he was okay. So they decided to move on down the river toward the mouth of the Garrison. Just below Three Forks Bridge, Mr. Dave Hickerson owned the bottom land and, with Edward Nelson, they were plowing the field. We had to go right by where they were plowing and Mr. Dave saw Jay and he asked him why he wasn't in school. I don't recall just what he told him, but Mr. Dave said if you are not

going to school you might as well be here plowing and I wouldn't have to hire someone. After this conversation we went on down toward the mouth of the Garrison. About two hundred feet above the mouth we found a shoal of suckers and this place looked pretty good. There were a couple of sycamore trees you could fish from after some limbs were cleared. This was in early April and it was still pretty cool and we had some coats. It got a little warmer so all of our coats were off and laying in a pile. I was in charge of the coats. I think we had caught about six fish and had them on a stringer in a little puddle of water away from the river. Then all of a sudden we heard what sounded like an Indian war-hoop. We started looking around and Jay said that was my Dad and something is wrong. About that time we spotted this man in a white shirt about two hundred yards up the river. We knew right away that this was, no doubt, the Game Warden, Warren Waite. We knew we had to get out of there in a hurry. Stacy was about twenty feet in the air on a sycamore limb and he said, "If that SOB catches me, he is going to be a good one." He threw Jay's long yellow fishing pole out into the river, and he leaped out of the tree, hitting the ground running. All the rest of them were leaving and I was gathering up the coats. Raymond kept saying, "Come on Slick, let's go." We left the fish and I was really in the rear until I found a cedar bush that I tossed the coats under and then I could move with them. We ran to the bluff which was behind the house where Jay lived. We scrambled up that bluff and we had a good view of the field. In a few minutes we watched the Game Warden come out of the trees and approach Mr. Dave and Edward Nelson. He had in his hand Jay's yellow pole and the six fish we had caught. We found out later that Mr. Dave told the Warden that it looked like he had a pretty good day fishing. Mr. Waite said no, the pole and fish were evidence as he was after some boys. Mr. Dave said it don't look that way to me. After this conversation, Mr. Waite went on to his car. We had watched all of this and as soon as he had left in his car, we left for Haley. We had got to Haley and were sitting on the depot steps when here comes the Game Warden in his car with Jay's yellow pole tied on the side. Actually, he had gone by way of Roseville and Dement's Bridge, and here he passed right in front of us and someone said, "Jay, there goes your yellow fishing pole." It was quite awhile after this that all members of the fishing party, except me, were served with a warrant for illegal fishing and Mr. Dave Hickerson and Edward Nelson were served with a warrant for interfering with the law. We never knew for sure just who turned us in to the law, but we all had our suspicions. Everybody in Haley knew about the story so it could have been almost anyone. We never knew why I was never served with a warrant. It could have been that I was too young.

A trial date was set in Shelbyville. Mr. Edward T. Nance, a well-known attorney in Shelbyville, contacted the boys and told them that he would repre-

sent them in court and it wouldn't cost them a cent. (My sister, Melvin, would years later go to work for him in his office).

On the date of the trial, the Judge asked Mr. Waite a couple of questions. First, he asked if he knew any of the boys personally and Mr. Waite said, "No." Then he asked him if he could identify any of the boys at a distance of, I think it was two hundred yards, and again Mr. Waite said, "No." The Judge then said, "Case dismissed." At the same time the case against Mr. Dave and Edward Nelson was also dismissed. Before the trial someone would ask Ed Nelson what they had arrested him for and he would say, "Ferrence, Ferrence of the law, and all I was doing was plowing with a pair of mules in a field." This would normally be the end of such a story, but in this case it was not yet complete.

A few days after the boys went free, Mr. T.B. Spiers of Haley who had heard all about this operation, had a warrant issued for the arrest of Warren Waite for fishing illegally. He had a hard time finding someone to go on his bond. I believe Mr. Dan Parker finally went on his bond and kept him out of jail. Mr. Waite was not liked very well in the county as a game warden.

The trial was held in a grist mill in Roseville before a magistrate who, I believe, was a Mr. Jenkins. All of us who were involved, plus many other people of the area, filled the building. Mr. Waite was sure in a bind as both Mr. Dave and Ed Nelson testified that they had seen Mr. Waite come away from the river with a pole and some fish on a stringer. Mr. Waite said this was only evidence that he had got from a bunch of boys that had been fishing illegally. The magistrate then asked him to produce the evidence. Mr. Waite said he could produce the pole, but not the fish. The magistrate then asked him if it was not true that he had cooked the fish and invited a neighbor to come over and eat the fish. The magistrate said that he had never heard of a law enforcement officer eating the evidence concerning a case. At this point there was no doubt that Mr. Waite was in serious trouble. There was a short recess in the trial and Mr. Spiers and the magistrate had a short meeting. After the meeting, the magistrate told Mr. Waite that Mr. Spiers had decided to drop the charges. He just wanted to show that the arrest of these young boys was not in the best interest of serving the law. Mr. Waite sure did sweat during this trial, as it didn't take him long to realize that he could be going to jail. We were told that sometime after this trial, Mr. Waite had arrested Mr. Parker for some kind of illegal fishing. This was the man that had gone on his bond to keep him out of jail.

ANOTHER FISH STORY

This story started one afternoon as it was getting late and would soon be dark. James Carl Jenkins, J.W. Hickerson, T.O. Wynne and myself were sitting on the

steps of the depot in Haley when another bunch of local boys came by and asked if we wanted to go seining. Seining the river for a mess of fish was something that took place occasionally, although it was illegal and you could be fined as much as \$500. We said that we were thinking of going to town. They continued on up the road towards Dement's bridge. They had not got out of sight when one of us said, "Let's go scare them." We all agreed that this would be fun. I went home and got our old single shot shotgun and a flashlight that was worn out. Boots went home and got his dad's pistol. We got into Jay's car and drove to where we thought they would be going. We noticed their car parked in some bushes so we started walking down the river. This was along the bluff behind Mr. Arthur Dement's garage. Along the trail we met Frog Rippey who worked for Mr. Arthur and we asked him if he had seen some fellows going seining. He said they were down the bluff a short distance. In the group that was seining was Edward Nelson, Alvis Nelson, Ray, John E. and Marvin Roberts, George Gentry and possibly a few more. We walked on down the bluff and there they were in the middle of the river. The moon was shining very bright and we could see them real good through the leaves on the trees, but there was no way they could see us. Alvis Nelson had just said, "I'll stay on this bank until you come back across the river." This was at a shoal and the water was pretty swift and Alvis couldn't swim. At about this time, Jenks disguised his voice and said, "Alright fellows come on out, we have you covered." To this day I can still hear the pitiful "huh" that Ray Roberts uttered. All the fellows were standing still in the water. At this time Boots fired his pistol and I soon followed with the shotgun. There was a big echo and a streak of fire about three feet long came out of the barrel.

We could see them standing perfectly still and not making a sound. Boots and I fired again and that river turned into a white foam as these guys were taking off in all directions. I think Alvis Nelson even went across that shoal. All of them were running except one fellow, and he was behind a tree and kept peeping around the tree. We then would shoot every time he stuck his head around. He stood it as long as he could and he finally took off. We could hardly control our laughter, but we knew we had better not give away who we were. Even a few minutes after we had stopped shooting you could still hear them running and wire fences squeaking, water splashing, sticks breaking and way down the river you could hear someone running on a gravel bar. We waited a few minutes and then decided we had better get out of there. We knew if they caught us we were in for big trouble. When we got back to their cars, they were unlocked and their clothes inside. We propped up a hat and a coat so that it looked like someone was in the car. We then put the old flashlight on the floor and it just silhouetted the hat and coat and really did look like someone sitting in the car. We then got in Jay's car and drove to Haley. We knew they would

stop in Haley by the depot and let Fizz Roberts out, so Jay took his car and parked it in the lot beside our house. We then sat on the depot steps talking about what we had done. We agreed that we could not tell anyone that we were involved. When we were shooting it was about nine o'clock, and when it got eleven we were getting anxious, so the others were asking Boots and I if we were sure we had shot in the air. We both said yes. It was about midnight when we saw these headlights coming toward Haley, so all of us got under the depot in a hurry. We wanted to hear what they said when Fizz got out of the car. When he did get out of the car we heard that they had caught only one fish and Fizz got it. Fizz said, "The next time I go I'm going to take my pistol and there will be some shooting both ways." After they left, all of us went home after agreeing not to mention this to anyone.

The next day I was riding to town with Fizz and Tech and I noticed Fizz's arms and legs were scratched up pretty bad. The three of us were riding in the front seat. Tech was driving, Fizz was in the middle, and I was by the window. I asked Fizz what had happened to his arms and legs. (I knew what had happened). He didn't want to say anything, as he knew that a \$500 fine was hanging over his head so he just said he got in some bushes and got scratched up. I had to turn my head and choke back the laughing at this explanation. There wasn't any mention of this incident from either side for about two or three months. Then one night while we were loafing at the depot one of them started telling about their scare while they were seining the river. It was now funny to them. They told us they were late getting back to their cars because they had to wait for Fizz and Marvin to return. Seems they had ran to the small town of Roseville, which would have been about three miles from the river. Then after getting back they saw what they thought was a man sitting in the car. They had to creep and crawl up to the car to find out it wasn't a man. They said while Fizz and Marvin were running Marvin kept saying, "What is Papa going to say?" (Marvin's parents were very religious). Fizz said to him, "To hell with what they are going to think, let's run, boy." The fellow we saw behind the tree said he thought he could stay put, but when the 3rd and 4th shots were fired, he just couldn't keep his legs still any longer. Even Alvis, who couldn't swim, went across the river like a shot. They told of running into fences, drifts of trash and debris, and what gave them the most trouble was the saw-briars. One fellow said he was running so fast and he came to this little lake or stream and he thought it must be at least waist deep, so he jumped in from a high bank and the water was about two or three inches deep, and it almost broke both legs. Another said he was running across this creek and the bank on the other side was straight up and he ran smack into it and skinned up his chin. After listening to all the stories, and we were laughing with them all the time, we told them that it was us that gave them the scare. At first they wouldn't believe it could have

been us, but after telling them what we had witnessed, they were convinced. They said if they could have caught us that night they would have killed us. We got a lot of good laughs out of this episode. This story was a main topic for years and even today when we see each other, this night may be hashed over again. If it had been on film, we all would have been rich.

SEINING

I guess most every boy around Haley has helped seine both the Duck and Garrison Rivers. The Garrison is a shallow river and there are few if any holes that are over your head. The Duck is a different story, as it has many holes that are over your head and you can't seine. As stated before in another fish story, it is illegal to catch fish in this manner. It is permissible to seine for minnows and crawfish with a minnow seine. The first thing you had to do when you wanted to go seining was to get a seine. Mr. Tommy Shofner and Mr. J.W. Caruthers were the only two people that had a seine in our area. They would always get a mess of fish for the use of their seine. The seine was about twenty feet long and five or six feet high. There was a good pole at each end where the seine was attached. It took two good strong men to handle the ends of a seine. When I went it was usually J.W. Hickerson and my brother, Raymond, that handled this tough job. Then you had to have two to four fellows that would beat the lilies, punch under rocks and the banks to scare the fish toward the seine. It was best to do the seining while the river was dingy or muddy, as the fish couldn't see what was going on. The two men pulling the seine would get it set a few feet from the bank and the drivers would go to work scaring the fish toward the seine. Then the seine was raised and the fish removed and placed into a burlap sack. Sometimes when the seine was set, the pole men would feel a big fish hit the net and they would raise the seine quickly to get the fish. We always seined downstream and I still don't know why, except going upstream you had to pull the seine through the current. Going downstream the current helped move the seine. After you were through seining, you would get out on the bank in a small clearing and separate the fish into equal piles, one for each family, plus one for the seine owner. One fellow would walk away a few paces with his back to the group and another fellow would point at a pile and the other fellow would state whose pile it belonged to. This was a fair way of distributing the fish. I think the first time I went seining was with my father, Raymond, Horton, Mr. Wes Brown and his two sons, Joe Tom and Paul, J.W. Hickerson, Everett Fuller and maybe Lester Fuller, and no doubt there could have been others. You were always on the lookout for the game warden, because that \$500

fine was always hanging over your head. I don't think any of us could have paid such a fine. I think it is still illegal to catch fish in this manner.

TROTLINING

This is another way of catching fish, and this method is legal. This is a favorite way to catch big catfish and redhorse. To set up for this operation entails quite a bit of work. First, you must have a good boat, then about three trotlines, then you must catch the bait. To make a trotline from scratch, you get a strong cord or line about 100 or 150 feet long and stretch it out, say from one tree to another. You then cut enough drop lines, so you would have one about every three feet along the cord. These drop lines are about three feet long, and you attach a good hook to the end hanging down. About every 25 feet you add a line about 3-1/2 feet long to use as an anchor. This is usually a rock that weighs about two or three pounds that will keep the trotline on the bottom of the river. You tie one end of the line upstream to a good green limb that will bend without breaking, then you angle downstream, going across to the opposite bank where you tie the other end of the line on another green limb. Then you go back upstream in the boat and you start baiting the hooks. When you get all your lines set, then you go to a spot upstream of the lines and get on the bank and wait. If you think you can catch some fish with a hand pole, you pass some time this way. You wait about three hours and then run your lines and remove any fish on the line and rebait. Usually we would run the lines a couple of times and go home and get up early and come back and run the lines about daylight. If you decided to spend the night on the river, you run the lines often as you think is necessary. You can tell by looking at the bush or limb the line is tied to as to whether you have got a fish, as the limb will be shaking. Usually the bigger the jerk, the bigger the fish. You can catch about any kind of fish using a trotline, depending on the bait you use. Catfish will bite on most any bait. For redhorse, you need worms or mussels. For bass and black perch, minnows are usually the best bait. Using worms take a lot of time to bait the hooks. Crawfish are a good bait. Most of the places you can count on catching at least one water dog. These are a four-legged underwater creature that resembles a catfish and in addition to four legs, they have a tail. They are not good for anything except to eat your bait. Some people use chicken guts and liver. This bait will almost ensure the catching of one or more water dogs. If you don't have a boat and want to fish on a smaller scale, by marking the line shorter you can throw it out in the stream from the bank, and tie it to a limb where you can reach it. You pull it into shore and rebait and throw it out again.

HUNTING

I first started hunting with a slingshot. Almost every boy in the country had a sling shot, or a flip, as they were often called. To make one of these weapons you get a forked limb, about one-half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The two top prongs should be about the same length. You then find an innertube that has been discarded and the rubber is still good. You then cut two strips of rubber about a half an inch wide and about eight inches long. Then you have to have a leather pocket. The leather out of shoe tongue makes a good pocket. You cut a piece of this leather about one and a half inches wide and about three or four inches long. At the end of the pocket you make a slit so that the rubber band can be tied using coarse sewing thread. When you get both bands tied to the pocket, you then tie the other ends to the ford of the stick. Everything must be tied very secure, or when you pull back to shoot they will slip out of place. To shoot, you load up the leather pocket with a small pebble or one of the iron corks from a horseshoe. You hold the pocket near your eye so you can aim and point the fork toward the target, and then you pull back on the pocket, holding the fork steady, then release the pocket. Then if your aim has been good and you did a good construction job, you should hit or come close to the target. It takes a lot of practice to be real good with one of these flips. The best ammunition for a flip comes from a blacksmith shop like the one we had in Haley. When Mr. Brown was ready to shoe a horse, he would make the shoes fit the horses by getting them red-hot and beating them into shape on the anvil. He always had to cut off about one-half inch of the metal, and this is the cork and it was just the right size to shoot in our flips. When Mr. Brown cut them off, the shoe was red hot and the cork hit the ground in the same way. We would almost fight to see who was going to get the corks. We would have to pour water over them before we could pick them up. Mr. Brown was pretty nice to us most of the time, but when we got in his way he let us know, and sometimes run us out of the shop. If you shot a bird or rabbit with an iron cork, more than likely they would be killed or injured real bad. The last birds I remember shooting with my flip was next door at the Hoosier place, and I believe Mr. Wynne and family lived there at the time. There was a big mulberry tree in the back yard and the berries were real ripe and the tree was full of birds eating the berries. I think I had about five or more birds I had shot in a pile, either hurt or killed. All of a sudden I looked down at them and I asked myself, why, why was I trying to kill these birds. All of a sudden I felt so bad that I think I cried. These were good birds, like Redbirds, Mockingbirds, Robins, and Cat-birds. I think I would have still shot at crows, blackbirds, starlings and the like. We spent a lot of time shooting at the insulators on telephone poles. With a pebble, you seldom broke one, but with the cork, they would break almost every

time you hit one. Somewhere along the line I graduated from a flip to a BB gun at Christmas time. I remember Fizz had also got one for Christmas and we met and went hunting on their place up near the old Taylor house. This was where Dr. Taylor lived before he moved to Wartrace. No one lived there at the time and this was a spooky place. One time Fizz, Joe, Tom, and I went into the house and looked in all the rooms and closets. We went upstairs and there was a door to a closet or something and we opened the door and there hung a full-size skeleton. You are talking about three boys flying down some steps, running over each other, and not stopping until we were a good distance from the house. We talked it over and decided the best thing to do was to stay away from that place.

Back to the hunting with the BB gun. Like all boys, I thought my BB was my pride and joy. I don't think I ever killed anything with it, as it didn't have much power. I know I could shoot it on top of my foot and it wouldn't hurt. The slingshot was more powerful. This was a Daisy BB, but it was never very powerful no matter how many times you cranked or pumped it up.

I don't recall my age when I was first allowed to use a .22 rifle. This is a dangerous weapon and I got a lot of lectures from my father and brothers on how to use it. I was taught never to point a gun at anything unless you wanted to kill it. I hunted rabbits, mostly, when I first started using the .22. There was, and still is, a hedge row between the Hossier and the Shofner place. During this period of time you could walk down a path between the two rows of hedge apple trees when it was cold and maybe snow on the ground, and you could see many rabbits sitting on the sides of the path, about two to eight feet away. They were easy to shoot, and we ate many rabbits as this was during the depression days and you didn't waste anything. They were real good eating, especially the way my mother would fix them with tomatoes and onions. I got to be a real good shot with the .22 and I could hit an empty .22 shell from about thirty feet away and strike a match stuck in a tree, even holding the rifle upside down. But this was nothing, as most of the boys could do the same thing. Later, I started to use the .22 to shoot squirrels, and even today the .22 is still my favorite gun. I can still hit a squirrel today with a .22.

I don't recall my age when my father let me take his 20 gauge shotgun hunting, but I do recall it was with Fizz Roberts and we went squirrel hunting just above Three Forks Bridge at Dead Negro Island. I think I killed three squirrels that we ate. I don't recall how many Fizz killed. You always wanted to kill young squirrels, as they were tender and real good eating. For a long time it didn't matter to me, I was just happy to get any kind. When I did kill old squirrels, I would usually stop by Aunt Aurie's and give them to her. She was always happy to get any kind of meat.

QUAIL HUNTING

My brother, Raymond, had a bird dog (female) named Ellen. He got the dog from Alvis Nelson when she was a pup. She was a good bird dog and liked to hunt. To shoot quail you first must have a good gun, then a good dog, and be able to walk over hills and through high weeds. I guess it is most important to hunt in an area that has quail and be a good shot to bring down the quail. I was never a big quail hunter because I didn't like all that walking and then I wasn't a real good accurate shooter when it came to quail. Quail was usually found in a covey of from six to thirty birds. When they are flushed, they fly in all directions, and not too far off the ground. I don't know exactly how fast they fly, but it has been described like a bat out of hell. They are good eating and they are, no doubt, worth all the trouble and hard walking. There are several kinds or types of bird dogs. The ones we were used to seeing were the pointers and setters. Raymond's dog was a pointer. I must point out here that his dog sure liked eggs. If there was a chicken nest around, she would suck all the eggs in the nest. She would bust the shell a little and then lap up the rest. I know that Raymond tried every trick in trying to break her from sucking eggs. I know one time he took an egg and punched a small hole and drained all the egg out of the shell, then he put the contents in a bowl and mixed every kind of hot stuff he could find with the egg, then put it back into the egg shell and placed it in front of Ellen and she lapped it all up and looked for more. Nothing worked, so we had to build the chicken nests up higher so she couldn't get to them.

DEER HUNTING

While I was growing up in Haley there were no deer to be found anywhere in the area and I don't think in the county or any of the counties nearby. The first deer I saw in the Haley area was, I think, in the early 70's. My wife and I were going to Haley for something, probably to the cemetery, when a deer jumped in front of us and in about two leaps crossed the road near Aunt Aurie's place. It was good to see that the deer had returned after being away for so many years. I don't even recall my Dad talking about deer being in the area during his time. Now deer are plentiful all around the county and state. I will mention here that the wild turkey came back to the area about the same time as the deer, and they are getting more plentiful every year. Just recently, I counted 17 turkey waiting to go through a hole in a fence while I sat in my pickup truck.

OPOSSUM HUNTING

This type of hunting provided many of us with a little money during the winter months. We call it opossum hunting, but really it covers other fur-bearing animals like skunks and raccoons. This was a nighttime operation, as that is when the animals would come out to feed. We would usually hunt from about 8:00 p.m. until midnight, but on some occasions we would get up about 3:00 a.m. and go hunting. I hunted mostly with Pap Hickerson. They had a dog named Casey. He was a good hunting dog and would tree almost anything from a skunk, opossum, or a coon, and on a couple of occasions he treed odd things like an ear of corn on a stalk and a crawfish. Then again he would just stand under a tree and bark, and there was nothing in the tree. We called this lying. One other time he treed a buzzard that was on the ground or up in a tree. If it was on the ground, you had to run and get to him as fast as you could because some dogs would get the animal and shake him and tear his hide, then, too, the animal might escape if you didn't get there pretty quick. Usually if it was a fast bark, the animal was on the ground and if it was a slow bark, it usually meant it was up a tree. On a hunt we would be lucky to catch a couple of skunks and two or three opossums. If it was real cold, we would put the animals in a burlap sack and when we had two or three we would stop and build a fire and skin them. If you held a skunk by the tail and not let his feet touch the ground, you were safe, but if his feet hit the ground, you would get a spraying that you would not soon forget. Once they were in the sack there was no problem, but you had to be careful getting them out of the sack. We would put both skunks and opossums in the same sack. Sometimes you would hear bones cracking from them biting each other. On some occasions I have had that perfume to get into my eyes and that is really an unpleasant burning situation that you will never forget. You will be on guard to see that it doesn't happen again. When you get this odor on your clothes, it is almost impossible to get the odor out. By burning green cedar limbs and standing in the smoke would help a little. I know a few times I went to school with this odor on my clothes and I was sent home by the teacher. One time, Fizz and his cousin, along with Pap and me, went hunting back on Uncle Arthur's place. He was supposed to have a bad bull. We were out in the bottom field alongside the river when we spotted something black and we were sure it was coming toward us. We turned the speed on and raced for a fence, which was about a quarter of a mile away. We got over that fence and we had to rest for a long time, as we were out of breath. That wound up the hunting for that night. A few days later I was in the same field and saw what we had run our tongue's out for, and it was only a haystack.

Another event I want to mention happened one night when Frog, Pap, Jay,

Ed Nelson, and Fizz were hunting on the Russell farm. They were hunting along the creek, just behind Mr. Russell's house. They had the usual oil lantern along for the hunt. All of a sudden the dogs treed, and they knew that the dogs were close to the house so they debated a few minutes as to whether to call the dogs off or go up and try to get the animal they had treed. Jay and Frog decided they would go and investigate, leaving the other fellows down by the creek. They found the dogs by the fence around Mr. Russell's garden. It was a big opossum on the other side of the fence and they didn't know whether to climb the fence or not. They had the lantern with them. About this time, they heard Mr. Russell say, "Who gave you permission to hunt on this place?" Jay answered him by saying, "Mr. Russell, we have been hunting on your farm for years and you never said anything about it." They were standing there, not too far from the house with the lantern burning, while the other fellows were down by the creek listening to this conversation. About this time, Frog and Jay were going to walk away and leave the opossum. Then Mr. Russell said to someone standing beside him, "Shoot that damn lantern out." No one had to tell them to blow out the lantern and start making tracks.

There was a shot or two fired and I guess the boys were really racing to get away from that place. By now they were really scared, and the fellows that stayed down by the creek heard them running and they started running. They didn't know who was chasing them, so they were actually running from Jay and Frog. They had quite a foot race for about a mile, when Jay and Frog caught up with them. They sat down to rest and talked it over before deciding to call off the hunt and head for home. They knew that Mr. Russell like to drink and they were sure it was his bootlegger that was with him and that did the shooting.

I tried to teach my dog, Coalie, to hunt with us, but all he wanted to do was trot along behind me. The other fellows called him the lantern carrier. Raymond's bird dog would hunt skunks and when she would bark after finding a skunk, Coalie would run and join her and he would really do a lot of baring. My dad got Coalie for me when he was just a small pup. It was wintertime and it was real cold and I wanted to bring the pup into the house, but dad said the place for a dog is outside. That's where Coalie stayed for his entire life. He grew up to be a tough dog and he would watch for any dog coming up the road. He would start a fight and usually he would get the best of the other dog. One day, Mr. Low Shofner came up the road on his wagon and he had a big German shepherd dog that following along, and when Coalie saw him he started toward him at full blast, but when he got close to the wagon and saw the big dog, he was going so fast he slid in the gravel trying to stop, but it was too late and that big shepherd almost ate him up before he could get back to the house. I think from then on he would take his time going after another dog.

Paul Brown was courting my sister, Margaret, about this time and he would come to the front door and knock. Coalie would not bother him until he started to step inside, then he would bit Paul on the heel. When Paul would leave at night, Coalie would follow him along the fence barking until Paul reached their house, which was the Raney place.

Coalie did not like Albert Shofner, and when he came up the road, Coalie would bark at him all along our front fence. This dog would play hide and seek with us kids. I would throw a rock or stick as far as I could and he would go chase it and we would all go hide. He would find everyone, unless he found me first, then the game was over. I don't recall him biting anyone, except the nip he would give Paul as he came in the door. Most everyone was scared of him, except all of us kids, and I think they liked Coalie about as much as I did. Dad would throw his panama hat at Coalie and the chickens if they got on the front porch or even in the front yard.

Someone didn't like Coalie because they tossed a biscuit or something into the yard that had ground glass in it. He didn't last very long.

It was sure a sad time for me. We buried Coalie in the back lot. All of us kids had a funeral for him and placed some wild flowers on his grave. I think that I knew the person that did this awful thing, but there was no way of knowing for sure. Now back to the opossum hunting.

Jay had a dog named Trixie, which I think really belonged to his sister, Bertie Ruth. This was a small black dog and very gentle. I don't know his breed. He was a good hunting dog and he seldom lied. He was better at coon hunting than Frog or Pap's dog, Casey. One night, Jay, Raymond, Tech and myself were hunting and we were on the north end of the hill behind Mr. Caruthers when Trixie treed. This was a tall tree and had hardly any limbs until you got about twenty-five feet in the air. It was almost impossible to climb. Using a flashlight, I think Jay or Raymond spotted the eyes of something. One of them fired off a shot with the shotgun, and a young coon hit the ground. I think this is the only animal we got that night. I think it was about two nights later and the same bunch, using the same dog, and we were in the same area when Trixie treed again. It was up the same tree where we got the coon on the last hunt. We could see a bulk of something, but never any eyes. Usually, when you put a light on something at night you could see the glare of the eyes, but we couldn't see anything this night. A shot or two was fired but nothing fell. Tech and I were elected to walk to Mr. Caruthers house and borrow an ax. We made our way to his house and got him out of bed and told him our story and he let us have an ax. Tech was his nephew. We struggled back up the hill and let Raymond and Jay do the cutting. When the tree fell there was a coon in it and he was hung over a limb so he couldn't fall. We soon realized from the odor that this

coon had been dead for awhile. No doubt there were two coons up that tree that first night and they were both killed but the one couldn't fall.

PAUL AND RAYMOND AT ISOM HOLLOW

Raymond and Paul Brown went on a camping trip to our old farm place, which was near Shiloh and not very far from where Bedford Lake would be later constructed. The access trail, or road, if you could call it that, was via Union Ridge Road and turning left through a gate at the Jernigan place. You then follow this road around the top of a couple of hills and then descend between two hills into the hollow to the Isom place. The old house and barn were in very bad shape. The house still had a couple of rooms where you could stay fairly comfortable. The main room had a big fireplace. These are very steep hills and I can remember my Dad saying that he would drive the wagon along the top of the hill and look down the chimney and see what was being cooked. They took some traps and Raymond's bird dog. After a week we went to check on them. Paul was ready to leave, but Raymond said he was going to stay. Usually he would have let me stay, but not this time. Horton was just the opposite; he didn't go in for this kind of stuff. He wanted to play some kind of ball or chase girls. I think he might occasionally try hunting or fishing, but this was not his cup of tea. I liked to do anything connected with hunting, trapping, or fishing. The older boys would usually let me and Tech tag along, I think to run errands, build fires, get the wood, etc.

Raymond stayed the full month, and he said after Paul left he didn't see but one person in three weeks. He did catch a few furs in his traps, including a fox squirrel which was almost white.

TRAPPING

I guess I got started trapping when I was in grammar school. I would set some traps for rabbits where they would go through the fences. Then I got a lot of good experience following Raymond up and down the Duck River and over some of the big hills near Haley. He was a good trapper and knew just what type of set to make to catch almost any kind of fur animal. He read a lot and I guess that is where he got his information. There is a lot of skill in making the right set for the various kinds of animals. You also should have knowledge of the various tracks the animals make with their footprints. If you are going to do any good trapping, you must be able to identify the footprints of the creatures that walk in the area you are trapping.

I trapped mostly along Duck River from just below Three Forks Bridge to behind the old Thompson place. Maybe this distance around the river is two or three miles. I caught many muskrats, opossums, skunks, and several minks, coons, weasels and foxes. In addition, several rabbits, squirrels, birds, and I even caught a black perch in a trap I had set for mink in the edge of the water. Sometimes I would set a trap in a den, on a log, under a fence, along rocky bluffs, and in the edge of the water. In setting a trap, if it is for a mink or a muskrat, it is usually on a log, or along the edge of the bank. The muskrats make a slide off the bank and there is a good place to make a set. The better you can disguise the trap, the better your chances of catching something.

When I was in high school, I guess I had about twenty or thirty traps in the line that I ran almost every day after school. Along with the hunting at night, this is the only way you could make some money in the winter time. On the weekends I ran my traps in the morning. I would skin the animals on the river or sometimes bring them home. After you got them skinned, you had to put them on a board and stretch them out until they dried. I sent most al of the furs I caught to Sears-Roebuck in St. Louis, Missouri. On the furs that Pap and I shared, we would split the money when we got the check from St. Louis. The biggest catch I made in one day was two minks and some muskrats. A good mink was worth a little over twenty dollars, and a good muskrat about one dollar and eighty cents. Opossums were cheap, from twenty to ninety cents, a red fox, five to ten dollars, and a grey fox, slightly less. Skunks were about two dollars, depending on how much white hair they had. More white the less money. I really enjoyed trapping and roaming up and down the river. You could see many interesting thing in nature if you kept your eyes focused and looked around. When it was cold and windy, it was pretty miserable, and with the wind blowing snow in your face, made it worse. I found in trapping, if it was really cold and the water on the river was freezing, you were less likely to find animals in your traps. They, too, did not like the cold.

When you caught an animal in your trap and he was alive, you had to figure out how you were going to get him out of your trap without getting bit. You didn't want to shoot them, as this left a hole in the pelt and it would be worth less money. You had to maneuver the animal so you could get a lick at him and knock him cold. For a skunk it was more difficult as you would likely get sprayed. Lester Fuller and I went in as partners on a trap line one year. We made a few bucks. You have to always stay alert for someone stealing the animals out of your traps. They would also steal the traps. With mink and muskrats, you set the trap near the water and add some wire to the chain to give them room to get out in deep water and they would drown. I usually took a .22 rifle along with me and I could almost always get a squirrel or two before I got home. My mother would cook almost anything we brought home. I remember Raymond bringing

a groundhog home once for mother to cook. It was so fat you could see nothing but grease in the water. That animal got tossed out.

I should have mentioned that for all the dogs people kept around their place, buying food for them was unheard of. The dogs got what was left from the meals we had and sometimes that wasn't very much. One time I pitched biscuits from the back porch to the bird dog and she could catch them in mid-air and swallow them, probably without chewing.

ELECTRICITY COMES TO HALEY

I don't recall the exact date that we first got electricity in our town, but I do know for sure that it was during the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, but as he served for many years, that does not mean much. I'll just guess and say it was around 1936 or 1937. Before they built the line, the TVA came around and asked the people if TVA brought in electricity, what kind of appliances would you use. I think people told them they would use all kinds of electrical equipment just to get the power. In those days TVA was really constructing big dams on the Tennessee River and its tributaries. I think one of the first dams that TVA built was Joe Wheeler in Alabama. The price of this TVA electricity was real cheap. But even cheap didn't mean much to people in these times as they just didn't have very much money for anything. We had just had Herbert Hoover for our president and things had gotten real bad. At that time, we also had Governor Horton in Nashville and he didn't help matters. I still recall people saying, "Hoover, Horton, Hell and Hard Times." TVA did build the lines and we did get the power. Mr. L.E. Durham and Frank Crowell wired our house for the electricity. What a relief to flip a switch and light up a room. After all those years wandering around in half darkness taking with you from one room to the next a kerosene lamp. First we got the lights, then a radio with lots of static, and later on an electric stove and refrigerator. I still remember my Dad sitting beside the radio listening to the news, and as soon they paused for a commercial he would flip the switch to off, and after a few seconds passed he would flip it back on. He got real good at timing the commercials. It was good to say goodbye to the kerosene lamps, ice boxes, irons heated on the stove, and the oil cooking stove. Those kerosene lamps were not very safe. If you stumbled and fell while going from room to room, it meant you had a big fire on your hands. You also had to be real careful when you blew one of those things out because if you blew too hard, you were apt to blow the blaze down into oil and it could blow up in your face. When this happened we would hurry to the door and throw the lamp out into the yard after removing the mantle. We had

one old lamp that got tossed into the yard many times. We were lucky as we never had one to explode.

When we first got the electricity, they had to turn the juice off many times for some kind of problem. They did try to give us a warning because they would cut the juice off and on two or three times, and we knew it would soon go off for a longer period of time. This was when we would have to go and find the old kerosene lamps again.

When TVA first put up the lines, no doubt they made many mistakes, probably due to inexperienced workers. I remember one such mistake they made at Mr. P.T. Wynne's home. Boots Wynne was in their backyard talking to their wash woman and he decided to lean over against the guy wire. This is a wire that extended from the pole to the ground for support in steadying the pole. When he touched the cable, he could not turn it loose and he was getting shook up pretty bad. Mr. Wynne heard the commotion in the back yard and went out to see what was happening. After he realized what was happening, he backed up and got a running start and with his shoulder he hit Boots, knocking him loose. My Wynne was a big man, weighing well over two hundred pounds, so when he hit Boots, something had to give. They took Boots to the doctor and found he was really shook-up, but nothing really serious. I think the TVA gave Mr. Wynne around five thousand dollars and Boots got about half of the amount to do with as he pleased. So for a few months, Boots had lots of money to spend, and spend he did. One time we were in Shelbyville and he rented one of these outdoor roller skating rinks for a bunch of his friends for several hours. None of us could skate on these wheels, but we sure did have a lot of fun trying. No doubt, looking back it was a waste of money, but I don't think Boots ever regretted it.

During this period, Carl Throneberry moved into the Hoosier house next to us. He had the house wired, but for some reason TVA was awful slow hooking his house to the main line. So on day Carl decided he would throw a wire line over the main line, which was about thirty feet from his house, and hook the line into the house that was already wired. He was real lucky because he could never get his wire across the main line. He could have gotten electrocuted.

The electricity in our home put an end to me going to the store and getting a gallon of oil and a dozen eggs. I still had to get the eggs, but the kerosene was finished.

We later got some electric fans, as our house was like a furnace in the summertime, and that sure helped. We never heard of air conditioning at this time. We sat on the porch at night until the house cooled off so you could go to bed and try to sleep. In the winter it was cold and we heated the house with coal in the fireplaces. There were four fireplaces in our house, plus a coal stove

in the kitchen. It was some time before we got some of the little electric heaters. Now we look back and don't know how we made it without electricity.

CASCADE WATER

It was also about 1938-39 that we got piped-in water that came from the Cascade Springs located a couple of miles above Normandy. This is something else that President Roosevelt did for our area. This water system serves Normandy, Cortner, Haley, Bugscuffle, Wartrace, Bell Buckle, and many people along the route of the main line. This meant no more drawing water out of wells or running to the spring. Our water supply came from a well just a few feet from our back porch where we had a well house. The well was about thirty feet deep and the water was sulphur. Most of the wells in the area had a sulphur smell and some were a lot worse than others. Mr. Dave Hickerson, who lived off the road down by Aunt Aurie's, had a strong sulphur well. Also, Uncle Arthur Hickerson drilled several wells between his house and the store and all of them hit sulphur that was really strong. Smelled like rotten eggs. The couldn't use the water from any of the wells. So the Cascade water was a real blessing when it came to our town. Getting this water meant that now we could have an indoor toilet. This may be the biggest blessing of all. No more night buckets or slop-jars, or outside toilets. Goodbye to the Sears-Roebuck catalog toilet paper. Of course, we had to have a sewerage system installed. I think we called them sewer tanks, but they were pits dug in the ground.

We had a big iron pot in the back of our house that we would fill with water and then build a fire around it and get the water boiling for the washing of our clothes. We had a colored lady, Aunt Alice Shelton, who would do our washing, but it was my job to keep the fire going. Now with the Cascade water it was easy to keep the pot full. I think it was octagon soap that was put in the water with the clothes. It was real strong soap, and it would clean about anything. You had to stir the clothes to make sure they were exposed to the soap and water. After they boiled for awhile, they were taken out of the pot and put into a tub, then scrubbed by hand over a scrubbing board. Then they were wrung out again and rinsed in clean water, and then hung out on the clothesline to dry. Depending on the size of the family, this procedure had to be repeated, to get all the clothes cleaned.

No doubt the best two things that ever happened to Haley was the coming of the electricity and water. The water was said to be 99 and 44/100 percent pure coming out of the spring. I guess the arrival of the railroad was also a big thing when it was constructed.

LAKE BEDFORD (NOW GAITHER-BEDFORD LAKE)

When the news broke that the State was going to build a dam on Doty's creek above the Gaither farm to form a lake for fishing, I think everybody in the area was all excited. First the State had to sell lots around the lake to help pay for the construction. I don't recall the price they put on the lots. Some were higher than others due to the location. Many people bought more than one lot. The lake is actually located on the old Joe Isom farm. Some of the adjacent farmers also sold or contributed some of their land for the project. One of the springs that supplies the water for the lake comes from a spring that is located on what used to be my Grandfather's place called Isom Hollow. The lake covers about sixty acres. Some of the other structures were a manager's house, a covered picnic and barbecue area with tables, a ramp and a floating dock, an office with bathrooms for the public, and a real nice clubhouse was built on a hill overlooking the lake. The clubhouse was never used and later it was torn down. A road was also constructed that winds around the hill to the top and exits near what was once called Shiloh store. Another access is through Haley and over red hill. After the lake was built, a few people brought in their motorboats and they would speed around the lake at a high rate of speed. The state finally stopped this practice as they feared the wave action would damage the dam. Gasoline-powered boats were banned. Only electric motors and hand-paddled boats have been permitted since this regulation went into effect. Also, at first, swimming was permitted, but this soon got out of hand and this was stopped. I recall swimming from the boat dock to the dam, which was a long swim. I look back now and think this was a pretty stupid thing to do. I believe it was about five years after they stocked the lake before they would allow anyone to fish. The state appointed Coy Gaither as the first manager. This was in 1939, the year the dam was constructed. He continued in this position until he passed away in 1960. He and his wife, Alafair, were really dedicated to caring for the lake and the people that went there to fish. In the early part of 1992 I started a drive to get the name changed to honor Pistol (his nickname). After several months of opposition from one of the county commissioners that represented that part of the county (Roy Ferguson), the name was changed to Gaither-Bedford Lake. It was made official by the State Assembly through the help of Clarence Phillips.

There have been several managers since Coy's death, and the lake has actually lost its reputation as a good place to fish.

When the lake first opened, it was really a good place to fish and people would come from many distant places to wet a hook. I think some record bass were caught in the lake during its first years of operation. The state has tried to improve the fishing by draining, building hideaways for fish, and restocking, but

it has helped very little. Some people, like Wade Arnold, can still go and catch a mess of bream.

After selling all the lots around the lake, not one person has constructed any type of cabin. I understand the state will not allow septic tanks to be installed and there is no running water. Why they sold the lots in the first place is hard to understand.

I think when the older people think about Gaither-Bedford Lake, their first thoughts will be of Coy Gaither.

MR. TOMMY SHOFNER

Story No. 1

Mr. Tommy Shofner came to Haley one day to go to the store, and after he finished shopping, he started home in his green, one-seater, Model A, Ford. Just as he got on the main line of the railroad tracks, his car stalled and he could not get it started. Mr. Tommy was about eighty years old at the time. Stacy Shofner (some relation) was sitting on the depot steps at the time, so he went over and asked Mr. Tommy if he would like for him to see if he could get the car started and off the tracks. Mr. Tommy told him that he could not drive his car as it was a one-seater and the car that Stacy's parents owned was a two-seater. With the help of the other boys, they pushed the car off the tracks.

Story No. 2

One night an intruder came to Mr. Tommy's home and was going to rob him. He hit Mr. Tommy on the head with a club or stick and knocked him cold as a cucumber. His wife stepped in about this time and she took the club away from the would-be robber and he fled on foot. Someone called the Sheriff and he arrived with a tracking dog. The dog led them to a house that was almost in the city limits of Wartrace. The individual in the house claimed he didn't know anything about the attempted robbery. According to the story we later heard was that Mr. Russell, who ran the C.M. Dean store in Wartrace, vouched for the man and claimed that he knew where this individual was when the robbery attempt took place. No one was ever arrested for this incident. I am not mentioning this man's name, but the people that lived in Haley at the time will recall the name of the individual.

It is reported that Mr. Tommy once said, "That if he had all the money in the world except one dollar, he would work just as hard for the last dollar, as he did for the first one."

HALLOWEEN

This was always a big night in Haley for the local boys. We would gather about dark at the depot and figure out just what we could do to cause some excitement. I know a few times we dismantled the wagon that stood in front of the depot that Dan leaned against. We would take it piece by piece on top of the depot and reassemble it. Mr. L.E. Durham was the railroad agent, and he knew that we did this deed, so he would tell us the next day that we would have to get it down, or that he would have to contact the railroad authorities. We always scrambled upon the roof and got it down, piece by piece, and then put it back together.

The toilets at the school were turned upside down. This was a regular event that was done very year. Usually, the kids at school would get them back in the proper position. Another trick was to tie a string to a corner of someone's house and thread this string through a box. Then by putting some wax on the string and moving the box back and forth binding the string, caused a weird noise. Raymond and some of the other boys hooked one of these gadgets to our house one Halloween. Mr. Judge Brown always warned the fellow that he would shoot at anyone he saw fooling with his gate. We never paid much attention to him, and sometimes we would wire his gate real tight or put a lock on the chain around his gate.

We had a red cow that roamed the roads around Haley and I had a lamb that followed her everywhere she went. So on Halloween they would take all the gates off the scales and stockpens and make an enclosure right in the middle of the road beside the depot. Here I would find our cow and lamb the next morning. Uncle Dan Swing was always around when we were doing these things. He knew that we would never do anything to harm him. So he would never say anything even though he knew what we were planning may result in the joke being on him. All of us liked him and we would not really do anything to harm him.

He used the railroad toilet, which was located up the tracks from the depot about three hundred yards. It was dark most of the time and Dan could not see very well anyway. We would stretch a small wire between the tacks and Dan would go in a hurry to the John and hit that wire, causing him to stumble or fall. He would never say a word.

CAMPING

Every year in the summer most of the boys would get together and go on a

camping trip for a week or two somewhere along the river. The favorite place was above Riley's Creek Bridge on the Duck River and a few miles from Normandy. Mr. Tommy Shofner had a large tent that he would let us have for camping. Usually, straw was put on the ground for the floor in the tent. Everyone brought their own quilts and sleeping gear. This was not the best bed, but it did serve the purpose. I don't think there were any sleeping bags in those days. If there had been any, we would not have been able to afford them. Everyone would bring as much food as they could get from home. I think there was a collection of about fifty cents from each person to buy stuff like sugar and bread. I will name as many people that went on these trips at one time or another as I can remember. No doubt, I will probably leave out somebody. Porter Hickerson, J.W. Hickerson, Leonard Hickerson, William Hickerson, R.E. Ayers, George Gentry, Ray Roberts, Edward Nelson, Alvis Nelson, John E. Roberts, James Carl Jenkins, Raymond Isom, Wiley Isom, Horton Isom, Stacy Shofner, and Paul Brown.

A few days before we would go, some of us would take a minnow seine and catch a lot of minnows and crawfish. Also, we would get a couple of burlap sacks of mussels. This would be the bait for the trotlines that we would set. It was always nice if there was a cornfield close by, as fried corn was one of the things we cooked most. Raymond would do a lot of the cooking.

In the daytime we would lay around and try to sleep, play some cards (poker) or shoot dice. No one had much money, so there were never any big stakes. Some would fish with a pole. At night we would run the trot lines, fish with a pole, sit around a fire and talk, and some would go to Tullahoma with Bull Dog Ayers, as he always brought his car. He brought his colored worker with him one year and he camped with us.

Also during this period of our life, Joe Tom Brown, Tech Gentry, Fizz Roberts and myself would sometimes go camping down on the creek near Joe Tom's house. We made a tent out of burlap sacks that looked like the pup tents the army used, except ours was not waterproof. We would usually eat at home and camp at night. We would sit on the tent and talk and smoke cigarettes and tell big tales. Once or twice we got fuzz on the sacks on fire inside the tent and we had to hustle to get out before we caught on fire. When it rained, we just got wet and usually ran home. Boots Wynne and Thomas Spiers camped with some of us along this creek.

On another camping trip on Mr. Dave Hickerson's place down at Searcy's bluff on Duck River, there were the following fellows: J.W. Hickerson, Edward Nelson, Paul Brown, Joe Tom Brown, George Gentry and myself. We set trotlines at night and fished with a pole during the daytime. What I remember most about this trip was that Paul was smoking Sir Walter Raleigh pipe tobacco.

All of us smoked some of it, rolled into cigarettes. Anyway, all of us got the runs, especially Paul, and we called the tobacco, "A smoking laxative."

Camping was a big thing for all of us and we looked forward to the adventure each year.

On the night of my graduation from high school, along with fellow classmates, Jerry Ayers, Fizz Roberts and Bob Carter, we spent the night on the river at the mouth of Thompson's Creek near Mr. Joe Shofner's place. Fish were supposed to be on shoal, but we didn't catch a fish. My mother really got mad at me for going.

HUNTING AT ISOM HOLLOW

My Dad owned an interest in the old farm at Isom Hollow, which was and still is located near Shiloh on Union Ridge. This farm is really isolated, being about two miles back in the wood with a very limited access. You could hardly get over the roads in a car. When we were growing up, no one had lived on the farm for several years, although the land was rented for growing corn. It was very hilly and every direction you went, you had to climb a hill. It was really a good place to go squirrel hunting. One morning, Fizz Roberts and I got up real early and drove up to the farm to do some hunting. It was a little before daylight when we arrived and Fizz said he would go on up in the hollow to hunt. I decided to stay close to the car. Actually, I was near the spring which was just above the old house. I was sitting on the ground, and it was just about daylight, and all of a sudden I heard a strange voice say, "Boy, what are you doing up here?" I looked around to see who was talking and there stood this real ugly, dirty-looking fellow with a patch over one eye and a .22 rifle pointed right at me. I answered him by saying that I was squirrel hunting. He said, "I think you had better leave." I told him my father owned the place. He said, "I don't give a damn who owns it, I think you better go now." Having been raised in Tennessee, I knew when to sit and when to move, and this was one of those times to move. I then blew the car horn, which was a signal to return to the car. Fizz showed up in a few minutes. I explained to him what had happened. No doubt the guy was around someplace watching us. We got in the car and left in a hurry.

Later, I told my Dad about what happened and asked him if he was going to do something about this man. He said, no, this was just a moonshiner, and he had a still nearby, and if he ran him off, another one would take his place.

WARTRACE FAIRS

Every year we had two fairs in the county that we really had to attend because these were about the biggest thing that would happen all year. The Wartrace Fair was mainly a carnival with various rides, shows, and games that were rigged to get your money. Not many people could afford to waste money in such a manner. If we got fifty cents or a dollar we were in high cotton. This fair ran for about a week and it was located beside the freight depot close to the railroad tracks. The pump house was a central place to meet and to get a drink of water. We would always say if we get separated, we will meet at the pump house. I think the rides were about ten cents. There was a midway with tents and shows on each side. You could walk up and down the midway and look at all the stuff, wishing you had some money to invest. They had all kinds of games, such as throwing at milk bottles, to a tiny crane in a glass enclosure which was manipulated by hand with levers to try and pick up coins. They also had all kinds of weird shows and freaks. The hamburgers with onions were the favorite, along with roasted peanuts, popcorn, cotton candy and ice cream.

I remember one night a boxer came out on the platform in front of a tent and the announcer said he could whip anyone in the county. It so happened that my brother, Raymond, had a reputation as a good boxer. He was there, along with my other brother, Horton, and a friend, Carl Throneberry. I was tagging along. When the announcer made this statement that he could whip anyone in the county, Carl told Raymond that he could whip that guy with one hand behind your back, and Horton said, "If you can't whip him, both of us can." They went into the tent and I was scared to death that this guy would half kill my brother. I was so scared I stayed outside the tent. They wanted to fix the fight and Raymond would have no part of that kind of a setup. Raymond wanted the agreement to be that the winner would take all the gate receipts. I never did know just what kind of agreement they settled on. I found a hole in the tent which I could watch through. They got in the ring and the fight started. The first time Raymond hit the guy, down he went. They guy got up knowing he was in trouble and he started fouling. The referee would not even warn the guy, so Raymond clobbered him again and then quit. I don't know how much money he got, if any. Anyhow, that night he was awful sick and vomiting. Dad told him that it was good enough for you if you didn't have any better sense than to get in a ring and let someone beat your head up.

Raymond was a good boxer and that is where he got his nickname, "Demp" from Jack Dempsey, who was the world heavyweight champion about that time. I don't think he ever boxed again after the night at the Wartrace Fair. Several years prior to this event, Dad had given Raymond and Horton a pair of boxing

gloves. They were always sparring around with each other and other boys in Haley. Both of them tried to teach me something about boxing, but all I ever got out of this sport was a big headache. Even today if I put on a pair of boxing gloves, I would probably get a headache. Anyhow, the fair was always a big success, especially on Fridays and Saturdays and the nights were always crowded. I don't recall when they stopped having the Wartrace Fair, but it sure was a big event in our lives.

BEDFORD COUNTY FAIR

This was really the big deal for the whole county, and I think about everyone in the county attended at least one day. The fairgrounds were located on the Wartrace Pike coming into Shelbyville from the east. There was a big grandstand with lots of seats where you could watch a lot of the events. There were other buildings which held the displays of various products such as canned foods of all kinds, quilts and other crafts. Then there were stalls for many horses, and provisions for other farm animals such as sheep, hogs, and cows. I remember Alvis Nelson would always show some big horses, but I don't recall the breed. Horton and Stacy Shofner would go with him and help in getting them ready for showing and maintaining the stables. I think Alvis always won first place with these big horses. I went to the fair one time with John E. Roberts and his father. I had just gotten a new suit. I wasn't in love with the suit, as the pants were what you called knickers, that were above your knees. But I had to wear them or I couldn't go, so wear them I did. Somehow I got some tickets for the drawing of a new automobile. It was a green convertible and I think this was in 1929 or 1930, so it was brand new. They drove it around the track in front of the grandstand and it sure was a beauty. They called the number, and I believe it was a six digit number, and I was sure I was going to win that car as they called the number and I had the first five numbers, but I missed the last number. I was sure let down.

Of course, they had a big carnival at the fairgrounds, and it is hard to mention the carnivals at Wartrace or Shelbyville without mentioning Mitch Phillips. Mitch was a good boxer or wrestler, and he would get in the ring with about anyone. I don't know how many of his bouts were fixed, but he would always come out on top. Mitch was a big fellow, and when he was going to school in Wartrace, the principals had their problems with him.

In later years, they tore down the grandstands and sold off the lots for houses. Now you can't tell the fairgrounds ever existed, as houses are all over the area.

CAR WRECKS

In the early days of the automobile there were not many serious car wrecks. Many of the cars would run into ditches and trees, which would bend a few fenders, but as the speed was not very fast, there were not any serious accidents. Also, the roads were in such terrible shape that you could not go very fast. The roads were very narrow and usually only one set of tracks that you could follow. No paved roads in our area, but some in Shelbyville. There were also some toll gates where you had to stop and pay a small fee to continue on that road. If two cars met on one of these narrow roads, it usually meant that one would have to get off and maybe go into the ditch so they could pass.

The first car wreck that I can recall was when my sister, Melvin, my Mother, and I were in the car with Gus Couch and we were going to Wartrace. I believe his car what a Whippet. Just after we had crossed the bridge over the Garrison River at the Sim's farm, we ran head-on into our own car on a small culvert. My sister, Melvin, was the only one hurt. Her lip was cut pretty bad. We went to the doctor in Wartrace, which was either Dr. Connell or Dr. Taylor and they sewed her lip up. I don't think either of the cars were damaged. Cars were made out of thicker and better material in those days and they could stand a lot of abuse. Raymond and Horton had taken our car, which was a 1929 touring Dodge sedan, with a bunch of boys to play baseball on Knof Creek at a farm either owned by Dave Jones or George Fergerson. They had been to Wartrace and were returning to the game site. I think Stacy Shofner was driving our car. If this wreck would happen today, it would not doubt total both cars.

The worst wreck that ever happened in Haley was the car-train crash at the main crossing in Haley. It was between 1931 and 1933, I don't know the exact date. I was in school in Haley and passenger train No. 95 came through about 12:30 p.m. every day on the way to Chattanooga. This train travelled at high speed and did not slow down or stop in Haley. On this day we heard the train as the whistle was blowing continuously, then a loud noise and the screeching of the wheels on the track. Then we heard the train whistle blow a certain series of blasts which indicated an accident. Dad had taught us about trains and signals, so I told the teacher that the train had hit something. I wanted to go to Haley and see, but the teacher would not let any of us go. No doubt this was a good decision, as kids had no business around such a scene. Mrs. George Fergerson, along with three other women friends, were on their way to the store in Haley. They were driving alongside the railroad in front of Slater's store and the road makes a sharp turn across the railroad tracks. The train was proceeding in the same direction, blowing the whistle, and they turned right on the tracks in front of the engine. No one knows, but you can assume the women were talking and

not paying attention. I don't think it was ever determined exactly why this accident happened.

The car was an open, two seat touring sedan and I believe it was a Chevrolet. It was completely demolished and landed about 100 feet up the track and off to the right from the impact. Two of the ladies were killed, Mrs. Willie Shofner and Mrs. John Stephens. The other two ladies, Mrs. George Fergerson and Mrs. David Alderman, were seriously injured. The smell of this wreck lingered for a long time. My brother, Raymond, was at the blacksmith shop along with some other fellows and they saw this car go up in the air from the impact. My mother and two sisters, Melvin and Margaret, drove to the river every day to go swimming and they would go to Uncle Arthur's store for some gas before leaving. When Raymond saw this car in the air he was sure that it was our car and he almost went nuts before they could calm him down and convince him it was not our car.

The residents of Haley felt pretty sure that if Uncle Dan Swing had been there at the time, he would have flagged them down and there would have been no accident. He had stopped many people from crossing in front of trains at this crossing. I don't know where he was on this day.

FIRES IN HALEY

We had two fires in Haley during this period that I recall. One was Mr. Slater's house which was located just behind his store. The other fire was Spier's Store, which was located up the lane near the stock pens and scales. This store was owned by Mr. T.B. Spiers and run by Bill Raney. I don't know if they ever did find out just what started the fire. We must have been away from home, as I don't remember going to see it burn. It was completely destroyed. I did go to the site the next morning and I found a few coins that no doubt came from the cash register. This store was never rebuilt. My Dad was on the railroad and they traded at Couch's Grocery in Tullahoma. Mr. Couch told my Dad that he was looking for someone to run the store, so Dad recommended Bill Raney. Bill got the job and was soon the manager, and in later years he bought the store from Mr. Couch. Ethel, who was Bill's wife, also worked in the store for many years.

The other fire was Mr. Slater's house which was located about two or three hundred feet up the road from our house. I don't recall, or maybe never knew, just what started this fire. I do know that it burned to the ground. There was a lot of excitement this night. I think everyone there will remember Marion Hoosier crying, yelling and running from one place to another while the house was burning. There were a lot of people gathered in the road in front of the

burning house, but there was nothing anyone could do, as there was no water available except from a well. I don't recall when the house was rebuilt on this lot or where Mr. and Mrs. Slater stayed after the fire. It is possible that Mrs. Bernice Hickerson and her two children were also staying with her father when the house burned.

MY MODEL T FORD

I purchased a Model T Ford, 4-door touring sedan from Mr. Arthur Dement for the sum of twenty-five dollars. This is the car he had used on his honeymoon driving to Knoxville. The car needed some repairs such as a magneto, spark plugs, coil, battery and four new tires. It had been sitting idle for several years. It must have been around 1939 or 1940 when I got the car. I had to spend a lot of time learning how to drive the T, as it operated different from other cars. There were three foot pedals, one for the clutch, the center one was for reverse and was used as an emergency brake, and the pedal on the right was the foot brake. The emergency hand brake was used also to put the car in high gear once you were going the proper speed. I think it would be difficult to try and drive a T today without some practice. I had a lot of help from some of the other boys in getting it into top shape and painted. The floorboard had rusted out, so we made one out of wooden planks. We used the T for many things, but it was best for dating girls. All the girls that rode in the T put their autograph on the dashboard. There was no top, so when it rained you just got wet and when it was cold, you just put on more clothes. I didn't have much money to buy gasoline, so we hit upon an idea of mixing a gallon of gas with a gallon of kerosene. Gas was about twenty cents a gallon and kerosene about ten cents a gallon, so we would mix them together and have two gallons of fuel for thirty cents. Two gallons of each and we could go a long way. It was hard getting it started using this mix so we would pour a little straight gas into the carburetor to get it going and then it was okay. The motor would get real hot using this mixture, but it would keep going. One night a bunch of us boys were on our way to town and in the T with me were Boots Wynne, Thomas Spiers, Lester Fuller and Herbert Fann. We were just starting down the hill where the Haley Road joins the Wartrace Pike at Ben Faulks, and smoke started coming up in our faces in the front seat from the floor. I guess we were going about twenty miles per hour, so I slowed down to about ten miles per hour and told everyone to jump out. I headed for the ditch and I jumped out. Just as soon as it stopped, I think it was Boots that grabbed the burning floorboard out and put it on the ground. In a few minutes the fire was out and we pushed the car back out on the road and

we continued on our way to town. It was the mixture of fuel that got the exhaust pipe red hot and caught the floor board on fire.

It was never much trouble to find dates when we were in the T. Sometimes we had some explaining to do when we didn't get the girls home on time. Our excuses were usually real and most of the time was the result of some kind of car trouble such as flat tires, the car wouldn't start, the lights wouldn't work, or it was raining. One night we had to push the T from Coney Island to the Wartrace Road. The lights were never very good and at night the battery would go down fast.

Boots and I started using the T to gather black walnuts. We took out the back seat and drove out in the woods and filled the back seat with walnuts. We would get about three loads in a pile at home and then we would start the hulling process. We made a wooden trough about six feet long and jack up the back wheel of the T and put the trough under the tire, and then jack up the car until the tire was about the thickness of a walnut from the trough. Then we would crank up the T and put her in high gear and then feed the walnuts under the tire. We made a backstop out of burlap sacks and put it up a few feet behind the wheel. The biggest job was then separating the hulls from the walnuts. We hulled many loads of walnuts. You had to let them dry for a few days before you could sell them. I think we sold them for about \$1.50 for a 100 lb. sack. The tires for cars were not very good and, due to the road conditions, you could count on one flat no matter where you went.

I believe it was about this time that World War II was getting hotter and hotter, and we would soon be involved. I joined Battery B, 191st Field Artillery unit in Shelbyville, along with several other boys from around the area, but most of them were from Shelbyville. I guess I had been in the unit for about a year when we were told we would be going into Federal Service for a period of one year. I got married on the 21st of February 1941, and on the 24th of February we went into Federal Service. When we had about ten months of the time served, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and I didn't get out of the service until March 1946. A long year. Just before I went into Federal Service I told Thomas Spiers that he could use the T while I was gone. I don't know just how much use he got out of it before he had to go into service. Somehow while I was still in the service, someone told me that the T had been sold to Bill Baker. I guess that Mr. Tom thought the T belonged to his son, so he sold it to Bill Baker. When I heard of this, I wrote a letter to Mr. Spiers stating that I wanted the T back on our lot when I returned home from the service.

One other story about the T that I must add before I go on to another story. I had graduated from high school but the football team was playing Sewanee Military Academy up on the mountain at Sewanee. A group of us got together

and decided we would go up there to see them play. I don't recall just who went with me. I do remember we got about halfway up the mountain and the T slowed down almost to a stop so some of the fellow had to jump out and push. We would go a short distance and stop and rest, then get back to pushing. I think we got to the game when it was about over. Returning home was no problem as it was all downhill. That was the longest trip that we ever took in the T. The old T sat outside and the wheels were buried up to the axle in the mud. It had rained and snowed many times on this fine automobile and my young son, Sam, had pulled and pushed every lever and pedal. It looked like this vehicle would never run again.

After the war, Bryce Gardner and I decided to go into the concrete block business. We found a machine shop that would make a block machine and mixer for us. We had a problem in finding an electric motor to power the mixer. We kept looking at the T and we would shake our head and say it would never run again. We finally reached the point that we had to give it a try. We visited Mr. Arthur Dement and told him what we had in mind, using the T for power. He said he would be glad to help us and try to get the T to run. He put in a new magneto, some spark plugs, a distributor cap and we drained the oil, which was all water, and put in new oil and hooked up a new battery. Mr. Arthur fired her up, and after a couple of turns, she started backfiring a couple of times, then running pretty good. The seats were all rotten. We moved the T into position and lined it up with the mixer, then jacked up one of the rear wheels on which we had installed a pulley, then connected it with a belt to the mixer and the GI Block Company was now in business. First we had to crush some rock that we would mix with cement to make the blocks. Here again, Mr. Arthur furnished us with a crusher and a tractor to power it, and even the limestone rock. We got B. Smith to do the blasting for us and help us in the crushing operation. As you can see by reading about this operation, Mr. Arthur Dement sure did come to our rescue many times and I know there was some cost involved. Bryce and I tried many times to pay him and he would say, "I'm glad to help you fellows out, and I just hope you can make a go out of this operation." He did say that he was thinking about building a barn later on and we could help him with the blocks. He never got around to building the barn. We made a lot of blocks and sold them to the people in the surrounding area. When they got all the blocks they wanted that was the end of our business. We had a lot stacked full of blocks. We had to call it quits after all the hard work. If we had located in town where there were more people, we possibly could have made a go of it.

The old T stayed in the barn at Haley for a long time, and one day I got a telephone call from Mr. Modrell in Murfreesboro who wanted to buy the wheels for five dollars each. I told him he could have the entire car for twenty dollars. I think he gave me twenty-five dollars. Mr. Modrell worked with my Dad on

the railroad, so I was glad to see that someone would get some use out of this old relic. I know that Mr. Modrell was rebuilding old cars as a hobby. It was sometime later that Mr. Arthur Dement called me and he wanted to buy back the old T, as it had been his honeymoon vehicle. I told him that I had sold it several months ago. In later years, I have wished that I had kept it.

HOBO FOUND DEAD

One hot summer day a hobo was found, or rather seen, from a passing freight train by a member of the crew who notified the railroad agent in Wartrace. The agent, in turn, notified the sheriff in Shelbyville. I think the sheriff stopped in Haley enroute to the site and asked if anyone wanted to go and help remove the dead person. Some of us boys followed the sheriff to the field on the left just before you cross Dement's Bridge. There we left our cars and walked across the field toward the railroad. Several hundred feet from the railroad bridge, across Duck River, toward Haley and down an embankment, and beside the wire fence that ran parallel to the railroad, was this partially decomposed body of a man. He had been there for a long time, as you could hardly breathe due to the terrible odor. As we picked him up to get him over the fence, one of his shoes fell off with his foot inside. After getting him back to the road where an ambulance had arrived, we were all about sick. I don't think we ever did find out just how he met his death. He could have been pushed off the train, or went to sleep and fell off. I believe eventually they did get his name and found out he was from Georgia.

CLIFF REED HITS CREEK IN CAR

I don't recall just when this accident occurred, but it was sometime in the 30's. Seems Cliff was driving pretty fast in an open Chevrolet touring sedan going toward Roseville. He had to cross Shipman's Creek. This was before the bridge was built. Cliff drove pretty fast most of the time and this creek was about two feet deep at the crossing. With a country ham laying on the back seat he hit the creek at this fast speed and it was like a sudden stop and the ham flew forward and hit him in the back of the head, almost knocking him cold. He took a lot of ribbing for this incident.

DIRECTIONS TO NORMANDY

Many people would come through Haley and ask for direction to Normandy.

The correct directions were to go straight up the road that parallels the railroad tracks, turn right at the big beech tree, continue across Duck River at Dement's Bridge, then left at the next road which was in front of Mr. Miller Dement's home, then on to Cortner Station, where you turn right just before crossing the railroad, then shortly you would be in Normandy. The total distance from Haley to Normandy was about three miles. But on a lot of occasions, and especially if Junior Wynne was giving the directions, it would be to continue on the road parallel to the railroad tracks and take the first road to the left and continue taking each road to the left. Usually in about twenty minutes the person would again come through Haley. If you had given these directions, needless to say you would be hid when this car came back through town.

THROWING ROCKS AND ROTTEN EGGS AT HOBOES

During the depression, when unemployment was very high and people were traveling from one place to another to try and find a job, they would ride the rails. Sometimes you could count a hundred or more on one train. They rode on and in box cars, on the side of oil tank cars, and any other place they could find a seat to ride.

One day Fizz Roberts and I were throwing rocks at the hoboes and the caboose came up and we didn't see it in time and Fizz threw a rock that went right in the little window at the top of the caboose where one of the trainmen sat. I know that the trainman must have been really shocked, but I think we were more shocked. We took off running and ran to Mr. Roberts' barn where we hid and discussed our problem. In a few minutes this train came backing into Haley. We were peeping through the cracks in the barn, and we knew they were coming back for us and we really were about to panic. Then after a few minutes the train again went on toward Wartrace. We didn't know it at the time, but this was a work train and this is the way they operate. I knew that I was really in deep trouble if my Dad found out, as he worked on the railroad. It was a mighty long time before we would talk about this experience before anyone. Nothing was ever said about the incident, so we got off lucky and it taught us a lesson to be sure and watch for the caboose.

Junior Wynne collected all the rotten eggs from Uncle Arthur's store. This was when the farmers brought their eggs to the store to sell or trade. Uncle Arthur would candle the eggs to see if they were good or bad. You held the egg up to a hole in a board which was in a fixed position, and behind this hole there was a real bright light and it would show if the egg was good or rotten. In the summer when it was so hot it wouldn't take long before an egg would go bad. So while he was checking these eggs, he would set aside all the bad eggs and

Junior Wynne would pick them up and take them to the depot and store them. When a train came through with a lot of hoboes, he would throw the rotten eggs at the hoboes. He became a good marksman and hit many of the hoboes. When a hobo got hit, you could see him waving his arms and no doubt cussing until the train got out of sight. At this time the depot was vacant and not being used.

One day, one of the hoboes that had been hit by one of these rotten eggs came walking through Haley and there were some of the fellows loafing at the depot and this guy said where is that little SOB that throws those rotten eggs. It seems that no one knew what he was talking about and Junior was not there at the time.

TRAMP WALKING DOWN THE ROAD

One afternoon this dirty, long-haired, bearded man with very ragged clothes appeared, walking down the road in front of our house going toward Three Forks Bridge. He was mumbling to himself and seemed to be off his rocker. There were some of us kids around and he would say that he was JESUS CHRIST. I don't know if I was guilty of throwing any rocks at him, but I sure hope not. I have wondered many times about this man. What if he really was JESUS CHRIST? If he did come back in this manner, would he be treated this way. Even today, while writing about it, I can only ask for forgiveness if I was really guilty of trying to harm this man. He certainly was not doing anything to justify being treated in such a manner. As I have stated many times in writing about Haley, in this depression period there were many people that were wandering from place to place looking for work or something to eat. My mother never refused to give food to those that came to our door.

HOPPING ON AND RIDING SWITCHING TRAINS

Haley was a thriving little town and known as a livestock center. Many loaded rail cars of hogs, sheep, lambs and beef were loaded and sent to the livestock yards in Nashville. At one time most of the livestock was bought and sold by Mr. Tom Spiers and Mr. Everett Roberts. They would ship three or more cars of livestock at one time. They broke up their partnership, but Mr. Spiers continued to pursue the business. When the trains came through to pick up the livestock, this meant they had to do quite a bit of switching the cars around from one track to another. All of us boys would hop on the train and ride it a ways, jump off and run back and get on another one. We would do this until we got tired or until a trainman would run us off. One day some of us were doing this

riding and I jumped off right in front of one of the trainmen. He knew my Dad. He asked me what I was doing, and didn't I know that this was something very dangerous. I felt very bad about this, as I knew that he would tell my Dad and I would get a whipping. He very seldom gave us kids a whipping, but when he did, you knew it, as he used a leather razor strop. You knew you would have a sore rear for a few days after this encounter. When he gave me a whipping, I had to take my pants down and I got it on the bare skin. I knew he was coming home the day after I was caught by the trainman. I was prepared to meet my Dad, as when he opened the door, I was standing there with my pants down and my bare rear end waiting. For some reason he did not give me a whipping this day, but he sure gave me a lecture on how dangerous this could be. He said if I wanted to ride a train, he would get me a pass and I could ride inside on a seat. I remember that lecture until this day, and I never did hop on another train in this manner. I must add that I never got many whippings from my mother or father, but the ones I did get made an impression, not only on my rear, but on decisions I would make later in life.

No doubt, I deserved all the whippings that I did get and probably a lot more. My mother and father loved all of us kids very much. They believed in discipline, which they taught all of us. I tried to pass this one to my children, as it is very important in your life. It doesn't hurt anyone to say, "Yes, sir" and "No Ma'am" and do what you agreed to do.

SHOWS THAT CAME TO OUR TOWN

Sometimes we would have a small medicine show that would stop in Haley for a day or two. It might be they would play some kind of music, or they would try to sell some kind of tonic, medicine, or candy. The medicine they sold would cure about anything, so they would tell you. Sometimes they would have some kind of game to get the local people to take part. One time they had a cigar smoking contest and the winner would get a pair of shoes. It was to see who could smoke the cigar up in the shortest time. Once the cigar was lit you could not touch it with your hands. You could not take it out of your mouth to spit, so you would turn your head to one side, bend over and let it run out. When you first started you got to bite the end off the cigar. I think the fellow that beat me bit off more of the cigar to start with than I did. He did win a pair of shoes, but they were baby shoes. I know that my mouth was sore for several days after that ordeal. They would have fortune tellers that would tell your fortune for twenty-five cents, but twenty-five cents in those days was a fortune.

Some man came through town one time and he had a bunch of small dogs. They were really trained well and would do anything he told them. Some of

these shows were real good and others were just to get some money. Uncle Dave Macon put on a show at the school house one time and he sang and played many songs with his banjo. He was famous for being on the Grand Ole Opry, and was well-known throughout the state. I guess he had a guitar player that helped him with some songs. He also had a magician who asked for some volunteers from the audience that wanted to be hypnotized. Frog and Pap Hickerson and some others went up on the stage. The room was full of people. It didn't take long for Frog and Pap to be hypnotized. He gave Pap a broom and told him that it was his girlfriend and to give her some kisses. Pap would hug and kiss that broom until he told him to do something else. He then told him a swarm of bees was after him, and that he should swat them. He started swinging that broom all over the stage. Everyone knew that Pap was really hypnotized, as he was a bashful fellow, he would never do these things on his own, especially on a stage in front of a lot of people. The people really roared while Pap was putting on this show. When he went to Frog, he had him to stretch out on top of three straight-back chairs which were lined up side by side. I think he had been lying on these chairs all the time Pap was performing.

He said something to Frog and then removed the center chair from under him. He was now stretched out with his head in one chair and his feet in another and nothing supporting his middle section. He then put all his weight on Frog's stomach section and Frog didn't budge a bit. I still don't know how he did this trick, if it was a trick. After both of them were brought out of the hypnosis, they did not remember one thing about what they had just done in front of all the people.

CHORES

Some of the chores that I was expected to do while growing up in the country were similar to the ones other boys were expected to do. No doubt, those that lived on farms had many more things to do and, not doubt, much harder.

We had a cow that was almost completely red, except under her stomach where it was white. I don't know just what breed she belonged to, but whatever it was, she didn't give much milk. Our lot behind our house was not very big, so she just wandered about anywhere she wanted to go, along the roads or railroad. Seems like her favorite place to go was the section yards. She would get into the gardens of these people and on many occasions they shot her with a shot gun to run her off. She grazed along the railroad and everyone thought she had a train timetable, as she seemed to know when to get out of the way of a train. As far as I know, she never got hit by a train. When I would go and look for her at milking time she would hide in the bushes and I could walk right by her and

she would not move. She never gave much milk and what she did tasted a lot like wild onions. Her milk did not have much cream and it would not produce much butter. Churning the milk every Saturday morning was another one of my chores. I really hated this job. It would take about an hour or two to get the butter to come to the top. One time my Dad said he would give me something if I made her give more milk. I didn't know just how to go about this operation, but I was determined to make her give up more milk. I thought the secret was to give her more feed. I think we were giving her about a teacup of cotton-seed meal twice a day. I increased this amount to two or three cups twice a day. Immediately she got sick and Dad had to call the vet. He said she was bloated from all that meal so he punctured her with a needle and let out that gas. She was okay in a few days.

Mr. T.B. Spiers was making a shipment of sheep to Nashville one day and he noticed one of the sheep had a small lamb. He gave me the lamb. I raised that lamb with a bottle and when he got older, he followed our old red cow everywhere she went. I think the cow thought that the lamb was her calf and the lamb thought the cow was his mother.

One Halloween the boys made a pen right in the middle of the road beside the depot and put the old red cow and the lamb in it.

All the traffic had to detour around them. When I got up to milk, I found them in this pen. This lamb grew up to be pretty big, and all of us kids played with him. If you were standing around, he would try to butt you, so we would run to the fence and climb out of his way. I think he really enjoyed finding someone bent over because he really would blast you in the dirt. One time Jabo Holt and I were wrestling and I was down and Jabo was on top of me and the lamb saw him bent over and he gave Jabo a blast in the rear. When this happened I got up and we started all over again, and soon Jabo was on top and the lamb gave him another jolt. Jabo said later, "I can't whip you and that lamb both at the same time." The lamb got so big and was pretty mean so Mr. Dave Hickerson traded me a big pig for him. I raised the pig to about two hundred pounds and sold him. I think he brought about twenty or thirty dollars. Horton got a new suit of clothes and I don't think I got anything.

Another job I had was bringing in the coal to keep the fires burning. I also had to cut up some kindling to start the fires every morning. We banked the fires at night and sometimes you could get the fires going without kindling. There were four fireplaces in our house, plus a stove in the kitchen. We usually had a fire only in the kitchen, the living room, and in Grandma Isom's room. Her room was the coldest room in the house. It was on the north side of the house, and in the winter you could hear the north wind howling around that end of the house. After Grandma passed away, Raymond, Horton, and I slept in

that icebox. We would put so many quilts over us you could hardly turn over in bed. Sometimes when it was really cold we would heat up a flat iron and wrap it up in something and put it at the foot of the bed under the cover. This worked pretty good.

Going to the store was another thing I had to do. I know I must have carried a train load of eggs and coal oil from the store to our home. The coal oil was used in the cooking stove. We ran a charge account at the store and we had to take a little book for Uncle Arthur to write down each time just what we had bought. It was about every two weeks that Mother would go and settle up the bill. We ate so many eggs that it will take many more years to get all that cholesterol out of our system. We did not know about that stuff clogging up your veins. All of us liked eggs, and still today, I think I could eat them three times a day. While Dad was working on the railroad, he would come home and when he went back to work, he would take several dozen eggs back with him for the crew to eat.

Gardening was also one of my chores in the summertime. We would always have a garden. Before Dad would leave to go back to work he would lay out the work for me to do before he got back home. I would wait until the last day and I would really have to work hard to get the work done before he arrived. Our garden soil was not the best, as it was mainly clay and it was hard to plow or hoe when dry. We did dump ashes from the fireplaces in the garden and it helped, but there was not enough to do much good. We did grow a lot of vegetables, and Mother would can some of the stuff. We put the canned stuff in the cellar and would eat it in the winter. We had a few fruit trees, such as apple, pear, peach, and a damson. Lots of us kids in the area would come to our house when the apples were still green. We would eat them and get a belly-ache.

The girls had to help Mother with the cleaning of the house, dish washing, cleaning and mopping, making beds, and ironing.

FIZZ ROBERTS AND I WERE GREAT BUDDIES

Mr. Everett Roberts (Fizz's father) had three or four horses running loose in a pasture directly across the road from our house. Fizz and I decided we would try to catch one of the horses to ride. We tried everything we could think of to get up close to one of the horses but they would just run away. Finally, one of them got tangled up in some telephone wire that was strung out on the ground. The horse was slowed down enough for us to get a hold of the wire, as it was tangled up around one of his legs. The horse ran all over the pasture with us hanging on. Finally, his leg got loose and away he went, so no riding that day.

Another time we were both on a horse bareback in their back lot. They had a bull that was pretty mean so we were going to play cowboy. We would run up close to the bull and he would bawl and paw the ground and we would take off. We got tired or scared in chasing the bull so we took off on his horse at full speed. We had to go under some tree limbs so Fizz said to duck as I was riding behind him. I did duck, but I raised my head up too soon and a limb caught me right under the chin and I went right off the horse in a hurry. When I fell, I hit the ground on my back and my neck hit a rock. I thought I had broken my neck and I couldn't move. Fizz was going to leave me, and I begged him to stay with me. In a few minutes I was able to get up and walk home. When I got home, I told my mother what had happened and I was really hurting. She called Dr. Taylor and he came and looked me over and told me to stay in the bed for a week. Even today when I get a headache or neck ache I blame it on falling off that horse.

Fizz and I rode this one horse a lot. We never had a saddle, it was always bareback. We would be in the back lot and head home and always as fast as the horse could run and when we got near the well pump and stiles, I would just slide off the rear of the horse and hit the ground running. Fizz and I would meet at the fence just across the road from our house. He would be on one side of the fence and I would be on the other. We would sit there and talk for hours and plot many thing and make lots of plans. One time we thought about running away from home. We didn't have any particular reason. We could work out most things, but when we thought about it getting dark, we could never figure out just what we would do. Where we would get something to eat was another problem. So we would put off this adventure until another day.

One time Fizz swiped two packs of Camel cigarettes from his Dad. He got in touch with me and we went over behind their barn and sat down and smoked one cigarette after another until we smoke both packs. We didn't know anything about inhaling so we didn't get sick. We just puffed them and blew out the smoke.

One time we were playing out beside their barn which was close to their house. There were several cedar fence posts stacked up that formed a shape like a tent. We were inside this stack of posts one day and all of a sudden they started to fall. I managed to get out, but one of the posts fell on Fizz's arm and had him trapped. I tried to lift it off, but there were too many, so I ran to their house and got his mother, Mrs. Annie. She came out and got the post off of him, but his arm was broken. They took him to Wartrace and the doctor put a cast on it.

Another time we were picking blackberries on Mr. Spencer's place back toward the river, which is about a mile from our house. I guess we had about a

gallon of berries each when a small green lizard got on his arm and he thought it ran under his overalls down about his crotch, where he grabbed this spot of his overalls and we started running toward home. At that time we thought all lizards were poisonous so we wasted no time. We jumped fences and ran through bushes, but Fizz never turned loose what he thought was that lizard in his pants. When we got to his house, he told his mother what he had in his hand and told her to get some scissors and cut around the spot he was holding. When she got through, he threw the wad down and there was nothing but a piece of his overalls. So he had a new pair of overalls with a patch near his crotch he would have to wear later. We also didn't have any berries as we spilled them on that fast run.

MULE DAY IN COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE

I don't recall the exact year that Charlie Crowell, J.W. Hickerson and myself went to the famous Mule Day in Columbia. I think it is always held on the first Monday in April, and on this particular day I think it was the first day of April, which is known as April Fool's Day. There were mules all over the place and thousands of people. Of course, this was in the period when most of the farming was done by mule power, and there were few, if any, tractors. Lots of buying and trading took place in a deal like this. I guess the three of us must have walked a hundred miles, from one place to another, and then around again. You can only look at a mule so long, and all you will see the next time is another mule. Several years later, I read a letter that my Dad had written to Raymond. In the letter, he said that Wiley, J.W. Hickerson and Charlie Crowell had gone to Columbia for mule day and he didn't know which were the biggest fools, us or the mules.

MOTORCYCLE STORIES

Jerry Ayers and I went to a basketball game in Manchester on his motorcycle. I don't recall if we were playing in the game or not. On our way home, on a dirt road, we were going along, I guess, about thirty miles per hour, when all of a sudden we hit a log or tree in the road and it dumped both of us. We were not hurt and the motorcycle was okay. The lights on Jerry's motorcycle were never very good, they would flicker on and off. They were never very bright. We made it home okay. I don't recall if his motorcycle was a Harley or Indian.

Marvin Roberts bought a Harley from W.A. Hoyle. This was when we were going to school in Wartrace. He had the motorcycle only a short time when one

day he was coming out of Gore's garage in Wartrace and he gave the bike too much throttle and he went across the street in a flash. He hit the C.M. Dean store, which was a brick wall. Someone said it plastered Red against that wall and he looked like a spider. He was not hurt very badly, and after getting his senses back, he rode the bike on to school.

Fizz was riding behind Marvin someplace and he got the heel of one foot hung up in the spokes and it shaved off some of his skin. He was hobbling around for quite awhile after that incident.

I know that Zion Bass also had a motorcycle at this time. In fact, I think the first ride I ever had on a motorcycle was behind Zion.

FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

One night J.W. Hickerson, Charlie Crowell and myself were in Nashville and we were at the airport (Berry Field then) watching the planes take off and land. We decided to go up in a plane. It would be the first ride for all of us. There was a flying service that would take you up for about fifteen minutes over Nashville for two or three dollars. It had always been my ambition to learn how to fly an airplane. This plane was a five or six seater and we were the only passengers on board. We got on board and strapped ourselves in the seats and we took off and circled around Nashville. The pilot knew that this was our first airplane ride so he was giving us some thrills. He would dive, make sharp turns, go almost straight up and every now and then you could hear the engines roar. When he was doing all these things we would yell, GASS-HER. We landed after a few minutes. As we were unloading, he handed us a card and his last name was GASSER. This was the Gasser Flying Service operated by two brothers. I believe this pilot's name was Albert. I guess this explains why, that after each time we would yell GASS-HER, he would turn around and look at us.

AVIATION GROUND SCHOOL

After I graduated from high school, I wanted to be a pilot and fly an airplane. Charles Lindberg was my idol and I remember when he flew across the Atlantic in 1927 in his one seater named THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, landing in Paris, France. His was the first flight non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean. I had a small book about him and his flight that I kept for many years.

I read in the paper where they were going to start an Aviation Mechanic's School in Nashville and Chattanooga. My mother gave me two of her silver

dollars she had been saving for my enrollment. I had to go to Nashville to enroll. The class was going to be held at a high school in the West End part of Nashville. This was a night school, so I could catch the train (No. 94) in Wartrace around 4:00 p.m. and I would return to Wartrace on No. 3 about 11:00 p.m. It was sort of a complicated affair making all the connections, so I transferred to the school in Chattanooga. This turned out to be much worse, so I decided to give it up.

MR. JUDGE BROWN

Mr. Brown is one of the people that comes to mind when the word Haley is mentioned. Seems he was always around, mainly sitting on the porch of Uncle Arthur's store chewing tobacco. I don't recall him ever having a job. I think he did clerk in one of the stores a little. He was full of information and could give you a weather forecast, tell you how many frosts and snows we would have in the coming winter months, what was the best time to plant anything, and when to kill hogs. He had a prediction for about anything and swore that his watch was the correct time. If he wasn't at Uncle Arthur's store, you would find him at Slater's store, at the Blacksmith shop, or pitching horseshoes. Sometimes he would handle the mail sack for Mrs. Bernice Hickerson who was our postmistress. The mail sack was hung on a contraption beside the railroad track so that a train not stopping could put out an iron rod and catch the sack.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were the parents of Maurice and Elizabeth. Mr. Brown owned a farm near Bugscuffle and he would often walk down there to check on it. Their home was on a hill near Mr. Luke Hickerson and behind the old Seahorn place.

DAD AND A DRIVING LESSON

We had a 1936 Ford, four door sedan. One day Dad said he wanted me to teach him how to drive. He called Mr. Thomas Ayers on the phone and told him he wanted to go down in his wheat field and learn how to drive our car. This field was down by Three Forks Bridge, and the wheat had already been cut and there was only stubble on the ground. Mr. Ayers said go ahead, its okay. It must have been in July because it was awfully hot. We got to the field and I explained to Dad about the clutch, the foot throttle, and the brakes, how to put it in gear and ease out on the clutch and at the same time give it a little more gas. We started around the field in low gear, and around and around we went, and the car was getting hot, so I told dad he would have to shift into a higher gear. He said he hadn't learned how to drive in this gear yet. So we made a couple of

more trips around the field and I told Dad the car was going to burn up if we didn't change to a higher gear. He said if it burned he had paid for it. So I said okay. After a couple of minutes he said he had enough and for me to get under the wheel and let's go home. He never tried to drive again. However, while riding with me I think he was constantly driving because he was telling me to stay on my side of the road, watch for this and that. Many, many times I drove him and Mr. Rutledge to Cowan. Both of them worked on the run called the South End Local, that ran between Cowan and Chattanooga.

COLLECTING BIRD EGGS

I don't recall when Raymond and I first started collecting bird eggs. I think he was doing this a long time before I got into it. We tried to get at least one egg from as many different kinds of birds as we could. Getting a bird egg meant you had to climb trees to get to the next, unless it was a bird like a Killdere or what we called Bullbat. After getting the egg, we would take a needle and punch a small hole in each end of the egg and then stick the needle down into the egg and break the yolk. We would then put the egg to our mouth and blow easy to get all of the egg yolk and white out of the shell. We would then take the egg home and paste it on a small piece of cardboard, putting the name of the bird and the date on the cardboard. The paste was usually made out of flour and water. We got about every kind of bird egg that was native to our area. I don't think we ever got a buzzard egg. The hardest egg to get was probably an owl. They usually stayed in a hollow tree and didn't come out until dark. The eggs were of all sizes and colors. I think it was about the time I was graduating from high school that I donated the collection to the school in Wartrace. I have asked many times about the collection and no one remembers the collection. Someone finally told me that they thought a student took the collection home. I don't know if this was with or without permission.

COLLECTING ARROWHEADS

I guess Raymond got me started in collecting arrowheads. We would be going fishing and across this one field, you could always find at least one arrowhead. This was a field that was owned at the time by Mr. Luke Hickerson and it bordered on Duck River and was later purchased by Mrs. Bernice Hickerson. This field is in a bend of the river and no doubt was a good hunting place during the time when the Indian's were living in this area. Actually, on the other side of the river is also a pretty good place to find arrowheads. I have walked across this one piece of land hundreds of times and still even today it would be unusual

not to find an arrowhead. The upper part of this field has a large, round, black-colored spot of ground. We have been told it is a place where Indians kept a fire burning all the time. After this field has been turned and a rain or two has fallen on it, you can easily identify this areas. Also adjacent to this field and in the woods a few feet was some mounds that looked like graves to me. I don't know if you could identify the area now, as everything has grown up. I always thought I would like to go there and do some digging.

BALL OF FIRE AT HOLT'S CEMETERY

This is a story that I have heard many times from all who witnessed the event.

Mr. Chester Spiers, who lived on a farm about a mile from the cemetery, was having an old country dance one night. It seems that Raymond, J.W. and Tech had left the dance earlier in the night and were returning around midnight and as they got close to Holt's Cemetery they saw a ball of fire come out of Russell's field and roll on top of a fence post and down the side of the post and then across in front of them and into the cemetery. No one has ever come up with an explanation as to what this might have been. All three swear that it really did happen.

WATERMELONS

A story about Haley or any other farming town would not be complete unless it had something to do with watermelons. No doubt the farmers around Haley that grew the melons were aware that once the melons got ripe some of them would come up missing. Two of the farmers that raised melons that comes to mind were Mr. Spencer and Mr. Holt. Actually, it was Alvis Nelson that raised them on the Holt farm.

One day Joe Tom Brown, Fizz Roberts, and I sneaked into a patch in broad daylight. The patch was some distance from a road or a house. We were wandering around the patch looking for a ripe melon when all of a sudden we heard someone yell at us. We knew it was Alvis, so we got down in a small ditch and crawled several yards to get out of the patch and into the woods. When we got to the woods we really took off for home. I am sure he knew who we were, but he never did say anything to us about it. We didn't get any melons that day. We would only get a melon to eat, so it wasn't a big deal.

Mr. Spencer always had a patch on a hill at the back of his place and it was some distance from his house and very difficult to see anyone in the patch as woods were all around. Close to the patch and just over the fence was Mr. Luke

Hickerson's farm and a cave nearby. This cave had dripping water and it was an ideal place to store a melon and let it get cool.

One night a bunch of us got into Mr. Spencer's patch and it was real dark. We got two or three melons and then got over the fence onto Uncle Arthur's place where we thought we would do some eating. I kept saying to the other fellow's that this sure did taste like pumpkin. No one had said anything about it except me. Finally, I struck a match and sure enough it was a pumpkin. I think I got almost sick.

FROG HUNTING

All the boys around Haley went frog hunting during the summer months. Usually we floated down the river in a boat at night. You had a gig and a good flashlight. One fellow would be on the front seat in the boat and a man in the back seat to row. If there were any others they were extra luggage and rode in the middle and looked for frogs. Once a frog was spotted, usually sitting on the bank, but he could be almost anyplace, in lilies or just floating with his head out of the water. Sometimes you could catch a frog with your bare hands, but you had to be quick and accurate. If you were going to gig the frog, the boat operator would ease the boat up close to the frog and the man on the front would stab the frog with the gig. Frogs are good eating. Some people don't like to cook them, as they quiver while being cooked.

One night, Jay, Robert Moore and myself, were floating down the river and we were behind Uncle Arthur's place just before you get to the Maupin farm. We had about twenty frogs in the sack. We came to this shoal, which was pretty swift, and Jay was paddling. The boat got sideways and with our light we could see this tree stump out in the water. We headed right for the stump sideways. We hit the stump at a good speed. Robert was in the front so he just stepped out on the bank. I had to hustle to get out as the boat was taking on water fast. Jay was in the back of the boat and he lunged and got his arms around the stump, so we were all out on the bank. We didn't have any idea as to how deep the water was in this spot. We saw this little sand bar just past the boat. It looked like a small island and there were frogs sitting all over this spot of gravel. We found the water was not very deep so we waded in and righted the boat, emptying out all the water. We also picked up all the frogs we could find. We then rowed to the other side of the river to go home, as we were wet and disgusted. About this time, Jay discovered that his wallet was missing. I think he said that he had about twenty dollars in it. We looked the best we could in the dark and couldn't find it. We then went home. We figured his wallet came out of his pocket when he jumped around that stump and it fell into the water. The next day Robert

and I decided we would go back to the spot and see if we could find his wallet. We thought we would go to the spot where Jay had jumped around the stump, and Robert would drop his wallet, after removing the contents. We would swim behind the wallet and maybe it would lead us to where Jay's wallet floated. It really sounded like a real good idea, so Robert dropped his wallet at the spot and we started swimming following it closely. We were going along pretty good when all of a sudden a small water moccasin snake came swimming toward us. While we were getting the snake detoured around us, we turned around and we couldn't see the wallet. We searched all over that part of the river, but no wallet. We had to give up and go home. After telling this story when we got back home, both of us sure did take a lot of flak.

RIDING HICKORY TREES

This is a sport, if you can call it that, which I have never heard of happening anywhere else in the country. In this part of Tennessee, we have a lot of hickory trees. It is not unusual to see squirrels or even birds in hickory trees hopping around, but a bunch of young men doing this, must even sound a little nutty. If you know anything about trees, you will know that hickory will bend, but not break. It is a very tough wood. They use to make baseball bats out of this wood in Tullahoma and sell them all over the country. At a baseball game, when a hitter would be at bat, the fans would yell, "Put the hickory to it."

Usually, on Sunday afternoons when we had nothing else to do, some of us would head for the hickory trees. There was a good stand of hickory trees behind Mr. Luke Hickerson's house, but on the Robert's place. There are a lot of hickory trees in the area. But for our use they had to be the right size. The trees we would try to ride were about twenty to thirty feet tall, green and easy to climb. To do this riding, you would climb almost to the top of the tree and reach up and grab the top portion of the main trunk, and holding on leap out holding onto the tree limb. If everything worked out just right, the tree or limb would slowly bend toward the ground. Sometimes, if the limb was not very limber, you would be left several feet in the air, then you had to either jump or fall to the ground or scramble your way back to the main tree trunk.

I talked to Tech Gentry not too long ago, and he said you can go to that area now and look at the hickory trees and they are still bent, even though they are huge trees now. As far as I know, no one ever got hurt riding these trees. Maybe a little scratched up, but not really hurt.

SWIMMING AND GOING BAREFOOT

We could hardly wait until the first of April so we could go swimming and pull off our shoes and go barefoot. It took some time for your feet to get toughened up so you could walk fairly easily on gravel. When you could run on a gravel road, you had it made. There were some hazards in going barefoot. You had to watch your step, especially when walking in grass because the danger was mostly honey bees. If you stepped on one, you would know about it pretty quick; seemed like you always got stung around the toes. They would swell up and be sore for a long time. You also had to watch out for stumping your toe, as this was another painful experience. You could always get something which they called a stone bruise. With all these aches and pains, it is a wonder that anyone would ever want to take their shoes off. I guess this was one way our parents could save a little money by not having to buy so many shoes. The biggest drawback to this barefoot deal was that you had to wash your feet every night before you went to bed.

Swimming on the first of April was a good idea when the weather was warm. But here in Tennessee, you could have snow in April so you had to use good judgment about taking your clothes off and jumping into the river. When we were back on the river and away from everything and everybody, we would go swimming in the nude. Once the weather warmed up in July and August, there would be many people at Three Forks Bridge swimming. The people that could not swim would go and stand in the water to stay cool. I recall my Mother, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Meadows, and Mrs. Bonds, all standing in the water about waist deep and talking for hours. People would come to this place from Haley, Wartrace, Bell Buckle, Normandy, and Shelbyville just to spend the afternoon trying to keep cool. Some of us boys would build a diving board, slide, and a swing. Every year the floods would wash them away and the next year we would have to rebuild. Many people would bring their lunch or have a picnic and stay all day long. To the best of my recollection, no one ever drowned at Three Forks Bridge. However, Mr. Thomas Ayers was going up the river from the bridge one day and he noticed a couple of girls in swimming and they were in trouble. Mr. Ayers didn't hesitate; he jumped in with his clothes on and got them to the bank safely. These girls would have drowned if Mr. Ayers hadn't been there. He owned the land around the bridge and was walking up the river to see how some farm work was progressing.

I know of only two people that have jumped off of Three Forks Bridge into the river. They were A.D. King, Jr. and Robert Moore. I would guess it would be around twenty feet from the bridge floor to the water. The water was about

five and a half feet deep below the bridge. It had a solid rock bottom and was very smooth.

GUN POINTED AT ME

One night while loafing at Haley some of us were sitting on the porch of Uncle Arthur's store and a strange car drove up and stopped almost to the porch. I stranger got out of the car and went into the store. Sitting on the porch with me were Jay, Jenks and Pap, and possibly one or two more. The car looked like it was new and we were guessing how many miles it had on the speedometer. I jumped down on the ground and walked over to the car and stuck my head in to see the speedometer. I noticed a bottle of whiskey on the seat. Just as I got my head inside, this fellow came out of the store and walked toward me and asked what I was doing in his car. I told him I was not in his car and that I had just stuck my head inside to see how many miles the car had on the speedometer. He said he had been checking up on us boys in Haley and he thought he would take me to jail. I was now pleading with him not to take me to jail, and that I had not done anything. He did show me a badge, but at that moment it could have been a Mickey Mouse badge. By this time I was really scared. He made some kind of movement like he was going to hit me, and that instant I broke loose from him and ran. The problem was I ran about ten feet and right into the fence that went around Mr. Bill Hickerson's house and I bounced back right to him. If I had gone the other direction, I would have been in Cortner's Station in a few minutes. Now he had a gun out and pointed at me. I was pleading with him not to shoot me. I can still see all those guys sitting on the porch and none of them were helping me in any way. I think they were dumb-founded and scared just like me. He finally let me go and said he would be back through Haley in a little while and check on us. He did tell me at one point that he was some kind of deputy sheriff from Nashville. I didn't care where he was from, as long as he had that gun he could have been from Mars. He was about drunk and I guess he was having a little fun. I don't know when I was ever that scared. After it was over, I found that my pants were wet, and believe me, that is being pretty scared. In a few minutes my brother, Raymond, came out of the store and he didn't know any of this had been going on, so I told him what had happened and he really got mad. He said, "Let's go home," and away we went. He got the shotgun and some shells and we went back to Haley. We sat on the depot steps and he said, "Just tell me when the man drives up." Then I was really scared again. Knowing my brother he would have shot that fellow. I prayed and prayed that he wouldn't show up. We stayed there for about two hours and he didn't come back and I was real grateful. The man had said he was going to visit

Mr. Caruthers. This taught me one big lesson, that is to know where you are at all times, and if you are going to run, pick out a route that does not have a fence close by.

RABBIT HUNTING

While we were growing up around Haley, rabbit hunting was a good sport and at the same time you got some food to eat. It was during the depression and any food you could get was appreciated. There were so many hungry people traveling all around the country looking for work that we were fortunate to have a home and parents to look after us. Any wild game, such as rabbits, squirrels, quail and fish were always a welcomed dish. Rabbits were plentiful and you could find them in any field and sometimes right in your garden. The best place to find rabbits were in the lane that was located between the George Hoosier place and the Doc Shofner farm. This lane went all the way to the Will Brown farm near Bugscuffle. This lane was lined on both sides with hedge-apple trees. In the winter when it was cold and snow was on the ground you could walk down this lane and kill all the rabbits you wanted. There was a bank along one side of the lane and the rabbits would sit there and I guess hope that they would be passed by. Sometimes they would dart out of the lane and escape. When Raymond was working in Chattanooga at a glass factory, he would come home on the weekends and before he would go back, some of the fellows would get their .22 rifles and we would go to the lane and shoot some rabbits. Raymond would clean them and take them to our grandparents in Chattanooga. My mother would fix a sauce or gravy out of onions and tomatoes and cook it with the rabbit and it was real good eating. I think it is called Creoled.

There was a rock fence on the Raney property next to us and we would go down there in the lot and stir up a rabbit and he would run to the rock fence and squeeze into a crack and think he was safe. We could get the rabbits out of the fence by pushing a stick in the crack and push it against the rabbit's fur and turn the stick and soon you would have a lot of fur on the stick and then just pull the rabbit out.

Many jokes were made about people eating rabbits during the depression. One I recall was this farmer got up in the morning and there was snow on the ground and rabbit tracks around the barn and he would tell his son to follow them tracks because on the other end is your breakfast.

HACKBERRY TREE

Standing near the blacksmith shop and beside the round concrete watering hole for horses and other animals was this big hackberry tree. The water supply for the watering hole originated from a spring on Mr. Bill Hickerson's place. The water from this spring flowed by gravity through pipes to Mr. Bill Hickerson's place and then to Uncle Arthur's house, then on to the blacksmith shop. The water ran all the time, except during a hot and dry summer. The watering hole had an overflow pipe that ran under the railroad and emptied into a watering trough on Mr. Everett Roberts' place. I think it would be safe to say that every boy that lived near Haley during this period climbed the old hackberry tree. I am sure that most of them carved their initials on the limbs of this tree. It was a good place to sit and watch the livestock being processed for shipment or just to sit where it was a little cooler. This old tree was a landmark and I cannot imagine a story about Haley without including this famous old tree. The tree has been dead and gone for many years. I suspect it died from all those initials being carved on it many limbs. I know that I sat in this tree many times watching livestock being loaded for shipment and also carving my initials.

FLOODS

I don't recall the exact date, but I believe it was about 1927 when we had the biggest flood that I remember on Duck River. It had rained steadily for several days and all the branches, creeks and rivers were flooding. When the Garrison gets up to flood stage it forms a barrier like a dam where it joins the Duck, that is if it gets up first. If the Duck gets up first to flood stage, then it acts like a dam, holding the Garrison back. On this occasion, both of the rivers were very high and out of banks and both of them were backed up. The water was about a foot from the floor of Three Forks Bridge. Between Mr. Martin Bonds' place and Mr. Tommy Shofner's house the water was over the road so high that no traffic of any kind could pass. The Garrison was over the road at Cannon's and McLean's Bridges so this part of the road was also not passable. The Garrison was also over the road at Sim's Bridge, on the way to Wartrace. When this happened, we were cut off in Haley and we could not go to school in Wartrace. During this big flood the Duck River backed up Rocky Branch at Aunt Aurie's and you could not forge the creek. Also, Mr. Dave Hickerson lived just below Aunt Aurie and it got up into their house. We helped them move some of their stuff out to higher ground. The water was about ten feet deep in their barn. Shelbyville really got hit hard in this flood, and many people had to move out

of their homes, including my wife's aunt. There was nothing unusual about the Duck and Garrison getting to flood stage when rain persisted for several days.

Shelbyville would get flooded about two or three times a year. My wife's aunt, who lived in Shelbyville, would call Mr. Andy Cortner at Cortner's Mill to see how high the Duck was going to get and if he thought she would have to move out. Based on his estimate, she would determine if she would have to move. By calling him, it would give her some time to prepare to move, as Cortner's Mill was upstream more than ten miles. In later years, the government built a dike to keep the river from flooding the city. Some huge pumps were also installed to lift the water over the dike into the river. These big floods seemed to always hit in the wintertime and when it was the coldest. When at flood stage, this river was swift and dangerous.

MILK TRUCKS

At one time we had four milk trucks running through Haley picking up milk from farmers and taking it to various plants for processing.

There was Lynn Daniels, who came from Normandy, over Red Hill, through Haley and on to Shelbyville. He had a loud and unusual horn on his truck and coming down Red Hill you could hear his horn blowing in Haley when the wind was in the right direction.

There were two Bartlett brothers from Shelbyville who made their pickups in the area and then to the milk plant in Shelbyville.

Paul Brown, who later became my brother-in-law, drove a milk truck for Mr. Julian Huffman. He would pick up milk in Wartrace, Haley, Normandy and points along the route, and deliver his load to the plant in Chattanooga.

There was one other driver that I cannot recall his name, and it is possible that he drove for one of the routes mentioned above.

These drivers could pick up a ten gallon can of milk with one hand and set it upon the truck. This was an art which they soon learned.

All of these drivers would let you ride with them. We rode to Shelbyville many times on these trucks. On several occasions I rode to Chattanooga with Paul to visit my grandparents.

MILKING COWS

I think most of the milking of the cows was accomplished by hand. I do know that Mr. Bill Hickerson had a milking machine for his cows.

To milk a cow by hand looks pretty easy, but when you first try it, you would be lucky to get any milk. It took a lot of practice to become good at this operation. You had to have a lot of strength in your fingers to milk several cows. Some cows would not be still and others would kick and sometimes knock the bucket of milk over.

The milk was usually kept in a spring house where the cool water would keep the milk from souring. The spring house was also a storage place for other items that needed to be kept cool in the summertime.

ICE BOXES

Almost everyone had an ice box in their home. This is where you kept a lot of stuff to prevent it from spoiling. The ice man would come around every three or four days and he would put the ice right into your box. Our box held a fifty pound block of ice. The ice box was usually made so that the ice was in the top section of the box in a separate compartment. We never had a refrigerator until we got electricity from the TVA. This sure made a big difference in our life after we got the electricity.

MAKING ICE CREAM

I don't recall the exact ingredients that it took to make ice cream, but I believe it was mainly milk, eggs, sugar, flavoring (chocolate and vanilla), and something called junkets. You mixed all this stuff together, using the right proportions, and then poured the mix into a metal container which was part of the ice cream mixer. This container held about one-half gallon. It had a paddle that fit in the center of the container and a square end protruded through the lid. The handle assembly fitted over the square section of the paddle that protruded through the lid. This turning assembly was fastened securely to the sides of the freezer. The freezer was like a big bucket and the metal container was inside this bucket. You then packed ice and salt around the container and you were ready to start turning the crank handle. It would take about thirty minutes of steady turning and adding ice and salt before the ice cream was ready. When the handle got real hard to turn, you knew the ice cream was ready to serve.

It was usually a special event when you made ice cream. We did have a lot of ice cream suppers. These were held at the school. A cone of ice cream would cost about five cents and a saucer about a dime. Sometimes they would have cake to go with the ice cream. These events were usually for something special where you had to raise some money for a specific project. Even today you can

see in the local paper where they are having an ice cream supper. I know that Mt. Olivet Church usually has one or more ice cream suppers per year. They serve real good ice cream at these places.

SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIES

Going to the movies on Saturday nights was the big highlight of the week. It was usually a western or a jungle picture with Tarzan. We saw a lot of Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Hoot Gibson, Hop-Along-Cassidy, and others. The Tarzan movies would be continued from week to week. I think at one time we saw about ten Tarzan movies in one series.

Getting the ten cents to get into the theatre was the problem. Some of us would go and stand in front of the theatre and as soon as it started and if there were any vacant seats, Joe Bailey, the manager, would let us go in free. He was sure a nice man, especially to us kids. The movies were in the Princess Theatre in Shelbyville. When I pass that theatre today, I think of Joe Bailey.

There was another theatre located on the south side of the square near Knox Pitts Hardware Store. I don't recall the name of this theatre.

HOME BREW

One time Raymond, Horton, Stacy Shofner, and, I think, Everett Fuller, made up a batch of home brew. They put it in quart mason jars with the lid screwed tight and they stored it in our cellar. The cellar was located under our kitchen. One night we were eating supper and we heard this noise which was like a small explosion. We went down in the cellar and found that the jars were exploding and hitting the floor of the kitchen. No doubt it was fermenting and the gas was causing the expansion which caused the jars to explode. They did not think of this when they canned the stuff. They didn't tell anyone they made the brew and put it in our cellar. We had a smell in the cellar for a long time.

HAYRIDES

During the summer months, we would go on one or two hayrides. Usually it was to Roseville or some other place nearby. It was mostly to some kind of church event. The wagon and team was usually furnished by Mr. Dave or Mr. Luke Hickerson. I think Alvis Nelson also drove a wagon a time or two. Jay, Frog and Pap Hickerson drove the wagon at times. This was a regular farm hay

wagon filled partially with straw. About 10 or 15 people could ride on the wagon. It was a dangerous operation, as the wagon did not have any lights except possibly a flashlight or lantern. On a real dark night a car could come around a curve and run right into you. There were not very many cars traveling at night, and they were not going very fast as their lights were never very good. There would be both girls and boys on these trips and there was a lot of singing and talking going down the road. It would take a long time to get where you were going and then you had the return trip home. These rides were enjoyed by everyone. There was usually a chaperone along to keep everyone straight. I think my Aunt Mattie Bell Jolly from Memphis went along on one of these rides as a chaperone. These hayrides would be planned several days in advance. It could be an ice cream supper, a church revival meeting, or just a hayride for a few hours. They would usually start before dark and it was about midnight before you got home.

When the roads got better and the automobiles were more plentiful, the hayrides tapered off.

WALKING HOME FROM SHELBYVILLE

Usually, when we went to Shelbyville at night, we made sure we had a ride home or we knew that someone from Haley would be in town and would be going home about eleven or midnight. On most occasions, we would catch a ride on the Bartlett milk truck when they came through Haley picking up milk around 5:00 or 6:00 p.m.

One night, Jenks, Fizz, and I got caught in town about midnight with no way home. There was no other way except to walk. It is approximately ten miles from Haley to Shelbyville, and on this night it seemed like fifty miles. It took us about three hours to make the trip on foot. After making this journey one time on foot, you made sure you had a ride home before you left. Jay, Porter, and Tech were the main ones we depended on to give us a ride home. We would stand on the corner at the light where the road goes out Depot Street for Haley. They would check this corner before they left town.

SKATING ON ICE AND USING A SLED

During the coldest part of winter, the river and creeks would freeze over hard enough so you could walk on the ice. We never had ice skates, and if we had, we would not have known how to use them. We used our shoes to skate by getting a running start and placing one foot in front of the other and slide across

the ice. Skating was on the creek and if the ice broke through, the creek was only about knee deep so that wasn't a problem. The only problem was trying to keep your feet warm. Usually we built a small fire on the creek bank to warm our feet. The leather soles on the shoes were better for sliding across the ice.

When there was enough snow, we would try and find a hill steep enough for us to slide down on a home-made sled. With all the hills in this part of Tennessee you would think it would be easy to find one for a sled. There were many hills around, but most had bushes and trees in the way. You sure didn't want to start down a hill and run through blackberry vines.

EDWARD ARNOLD STORIES

Edward Arnold told me that when he was going to school in Haley, he would take one egg from home and take it to Uncle Arthur's store and trade it for one marble. We played a lot of marbles at school and most boys had a tobacco sack full of marbles. One day Uncle Arthur told him that he would have to bring two eggs to get one marble. We even had inflation back in those days.

I have mentioned Edward's dad elsewhere in this book about how hard he worked. In addition to his other work, he found time to also make molasses for his family and for others. He also had two good hunting dogs and at night he would go out and catch some skunks and opossums, and maybe a coon or two. After the hides were cured, he would take them to the store in Haley and trade them for store items.

BASEBALL

Mr. Chester Spiers organized a team of boys from around Haley to play baseball against teams from some of the other surrounding towns such as Raus, Pleasant Grove, Wartrace, Fairfield and Shelbyville. These games were usually played on holidays or Sundays.

Mr. Spiers lived on a farm which was located past Holt's Cemetery and on the right before reaching the Couch or Roberts place. He scraped off a field near his home and this is where most of the games were played. Mr. Spiers had a two-ton truck that he used to haul livestock to Nashville. He also used it to transport the team to the other towns. I never did play baseball, but I usually went along to the games and sometimes I would keep the score and the lineups. Abe and Thomas Spiers, Boots and Junior Wynne, Lester and Charles Fuller, and possibly some others, also went along to watch the games. Before the team was organized, a bunch of boys would get together on Sunday afternoons and

play baseball on the Hoosier place which was next to our lot. They also played on the lot across the railroad from the Taylor place while Mr. Wes Brown lived there.

The day Horton came home from the hospital in Nashville from his appendicitis operation, there was a game being played at the Brown place. I stayed at home with Horton. He tried to get me to go to the game, but I wanted to stay with him. Later that day Dr. Connell came and examined Horton and said he would have to go back to the hospital, as he had an abscess. Dr. Connell was angry that they had let him come home in that condition. He said they should never have let him leave the hospital. Horton was really down-hearted about having to go back to the hospital. But he said he would do anything to get well. This was his last time at home, as he passed away not long after returning to the hospital. This was before some of the miracle drugs which we have today.

Some of the fellows that I recall playing baseball on this Haley team were A.D. King, Jr., Paul Brown, Raymond and Horton Isom, J.W. Hickerson, William Hickerson, Ray Roberts, George Gentry, Floyd and Earnest Bennett, John E. Roberts, George Locke, Alvis and Edward Nelson and Everett Fuller. No doubt I have left out some names.

I don't recall many names of the players on the other teams, except Carl Winnett and Horton Uselton from Fairfield. Carl was the manager of the Fairfield team. Horton Uselton was a good left-handed pitcher. There was also a Gallagher from Wartrace who was a real good pitcher, and I think he got a try-out with the Nashville Vols. There was a Lewis Hamilton who played for Shelbyville. I think they called him Red. Tech Gentry's two half-brothers played for Raus, Fred and Floyd. The pitchers for Haley were J.W. Hickerson, A.D. King, Jr., and Fizz Roberts.

The catchers were Paul Brown and Tech Gentry. I recall that Paul Brown liked a pitch about shoelace high, and he could throw it a mile. Horton Uselton dived into the Garrison River at Fairfield and hit his head, requiring a steel plate in his head. He had this accident the day Horton Isom came home from the hospital for one day.

SHOOTING CRAPS

One of the other past times, or vices, we had was shooting craps, or dice. Needless to say, there was never much money involved. It was mostly from a penny up to a quarter that was played. This, again, when the going rate for working was ten cents an hour for farm work and a little more if you worked in a factory. I am not going to put anyone's name here in print that participated,

but I will say that I don't recall any of the boys that did not participate. The main place where this game took place was in the depot and at Three Forks Bridge.

The sheriff was always trying to catch the fellow who took part in this game at the depot and at Three Forks Bridge. We always had someone as a lookout. If a strange car approached, there was an alert, and all evidence of a game was hidden. One time the sheriff walked right into the depot at Haley and he thought he had caught us, but there we sat just talking and laughing with no sign of any kind of game. I must say he looked pretty sheepish. The lookout had alerted the gang when he saw them coming.

Another time down at the bridge a bunch of the fellow were under the bridge having a little game when someone looked up through the cracks in the wooden floor of the bridge and saw people starting down. The group scattered like a covey of quail. I was not present for this operation, but I was told no one even got close to them as they ran in all directions. As far as I know, no one was ever arrested for shooting craps. Also, no one ever got rich.

SWATTING BUMBLE BEES

There were a lot of sheds on Mr. Everett Robert's place where they stored cedar fence posts. There were a lot of bumble bees that lived in these logs. I don't know if you call them a swarm or a colony. Anyhow, there were lots of them. These bees had a white dot on their face, I guess about where a nose should be, and they were really fierce bees. Sometimes on Saturdays or Sundays we would go to one of these sheds and swat the bees. We made a paddle about like a ping pong paddle. As they came after you, it was either get stung or swat them, as they were really mean. One time, Fizz, Frog, Pap, and me were swatting these bees and about three got after Pap. I think he killed a couple of them, but the third one stung him on the center of his nose. He sure did have a big swollen nose for a few days. Most of the time it was easy to kill a single bee coming after you, but if there was more than one, then you had a problem.

FLYING KITES

We did not have the money to get store bought kites, so we had to make our own. We would split a river cane down the middle and cut the size pieces we needed to make the skeleton for the kite. We tied the pieces together with string. We would then attach paper from a brown sack or sometimes use newspapers. We made the glue to stick the paper together by mixing flour and

water to form a paste. While we waited for the glue to dry, we would make a tail out of rags. The tail was attached to one end of the kite. This tail made the kite stable. We would then attach the string to control the kite from the ground. You had to have a little breeze before you could get the kite up in the air. One fellow would hold the kite and start running into the breeze, holding the kite as high in the air as he could, and the wind would catch the kite and up she would go. The string would be let out as the kite gained altitude. If you were a good operator with the string, you could make the kite do all sorts of tricks, like climbing, diving, and making flips. Also, if your string was all in one piece, you could put a small piece of stiff paper on the string and it would go right up to the kite. We called this sending messages to the kite. We would fly these kites mainly on Sundays if there was any wind. The best place to fly a kite was the Robert's place across from Mr. Luke Hickerson's house. It was a big field and had no trees or telephone lines for the kite to get tangled up in.

LOAFING

Loafing is something that most of us were real good at doing. We loafed the year around when we were not working. In the summer we usually sat on the depot steps. Sometimes we would loaf at Uncle Arthur's store. While waiting for the train to bring the mail, we would loaf at Slater's Store. In the wintertime when it was cold, we would build a fire beside the stock pen behind the depot. Uncle Dan would have a fire there usually, but we would round up some wood to keep it going. During these loafing sessions is where I heard many tall tales and learned a lot about life. This is also the place most of us learned to chew and smoke tobacco. We never heard of all the diseases that are now associated with the use of tobacco. We did know that it was not good for you, and many people would develop a deep and rotten cough. At these gatherings a lot of jokes and tricks were played on each other. It had to be real extreme weather to keep you away. Fellows would come from all around the area to loaf. I know J.W. came from their farm which was across Three Forks Bridge. He would ride his grey horse to Haley and turn him loose in the stock pen until he was ready to go home. On a still night you could hear Jay when he crossed the bridge on his horse on the way home. Three Forks Bridge was about a mile from Haley.

PUTTING BREECHES ON A CALF

Mr. Judge Brown had rented the Roberts' place for his cows. Elizabeth, his daughter, did all the milking and looking after the cows. She milked them in

the big barn. There was a small barn a hundred yards or so behind the big barn and when a cow had a calf, that is where she would put the calf.

One Sunday afternoon, Fizz, Joe Tome Brown, and I went over to the barn. We would scare the calf with a pair of old overalls and the calf would bawl and here would come the calf's mother just a running. We would hide in the loft until the cow left and went to grazing, then we would wave the pants at the calf again and there was more bawling and the cow would run back again. One of us looked out and saw Elizabeth coming to see why all the bawling. We hid, but she saw us and I guess by this time the calf was tangled up in the pants. We left in a hurry and didn't talk to her because we knew we were in trouble. Sure enough, she did get to my house before I did and told my parents. I did go on home to face the music. I went in and told my Dad what we had been doing. I don't recall if I got a whipping or not. Joe Tom had to go to his house, which was behind our place, so he didn't want my folks to see him. I was already home and faced the music and he was still over in the lot in front of our house peeping around a big oak tree. He was waiting for my folks to go in the house. I don't know how long he stayed over there peeping around that tree. I don't know if the other two fellow got a whipping for this or not. I know that Elizabeth told everyone that we were trying to put a pair of breeches on the calf.

JOKE ON MRS. DURHAM

One time my Aunt Mattie Bell Jolly was visiting us from Memphis and Mrs. Durham came down to visit for awhile. After some time, my aunt asked Mrs. Durham if she wanted to join some kind of club and she said yes. My aunt told her that she would have to be measured for a uniform and that I would have to do the measuring while she was blindfolded. I started measuring as directed by my aunt. I measured around her neck, around the waist, the length of her arms, and around her knees. At this point my aunt started measuring, but Mrs. Durham didn't know this. My aunt started going above the knees and Mrs. Durham was saying Wiley that is far enough. My aunt persisted and now Mrs. Durham was squatting and saying Wiley that is far enough, you better stop. I was sitting over in a chair next to my Dad and everyone in the room was about to bust. My aunt pulled off the blindfold and told her that she was the one doing the measuring and not me. She was sure one embarrassed lady.

MR. LUKE HICKERSON AND THE GOAT

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Hickerson had purchased a goat and a wagon for their

children to play with. I don't know just how long they had the goat before this event occurred. This goat was like the lamb that I owned; he couldn't stand to see someone bent over without hitting him in the rear.

One day, Mr. Hickerson was cleaning out a pond which was in the back of their house, and he was bent over at the edge of the pond doing something. This goat saw him and butted him in the rear, knocking Mr. Luke down in the muddy water. Mr. Luke got out of the water, all muddy and wet, and went to the house and got an ax. He went back to the pond and there stood the goat. Mr. Luke took one whack at the goat with the back side of the ax and the goat went down. Chalk up one goat for Mr. Luke. No doubt Frog and Pap were unhappy about losing their goat.

MARION KIMBRO AND MRS. SEAHORN

Marion Kimbro was Mrs. Seahorn's grandson. The Seahorn's lived down the road from us, just below the schoolhouse. Marion was visiting his grandparents one time and he and Mrs. Seahorn came to our house for a visit. Marion and I were about the same age, maybe about 10 or 12 years old. Dad had given Raymond and Horton a set of boxing gloves for Christmas and we decided to try them out. We put the gloves on and we were in our back room sparring with each other when Mrs. Seahorn came in the room and said something to Marion and he turned around and gave her a quick punch in the stomach. It was not a real hard blow and it did not hurt her, but she was sure embarrassed, as she wet all over herself and the floor. That sure stopped our boxing and they soon went home. I never did know if Marion got a spanking for that hit below the belt.

Marion lived in Nashville, and I believe he was killed in some kind of car accident not long after this happened.

SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH JABO

Jabo and I would spend the night with one another on many occasions. We were good friends as well as cousins. When I would go to his home, which was on a farm at Red Hill, he had to get up before daylight and go to the barn and milk several cows. This was winter or summer. After the milking, he had to get the milk down to the road on some kind of a cart so the milk truck could pick it up. I would usually go to his house on Friday after school. He had one sister, Elizabeth, at home besides his father, Jim, and his mother, Annie. He had two other sisters, Mildred and Margaret, that were married and lived away from home.

Jabo and I would sometimes go out at night hunting opossums and skunks. He had a hunting dog that was not the best. When I would get ready to go home on Saturday mornings, it always meant that we would have a fight, as he didn't want me to leave. Jabo and I have been friends since we were in the first grade, and we are still friends today. My Great Grandmother was a Holt, who married James M. Isom, who was my Great Grandfather.

CHRISTMAS INCIDENT

It was on Christmas Eve and a bunch of us boys were loafing at the depot in Haley. We were shooting firecrackers around the corner of the depot from where Uncle Dan stood. There was another colored young man standing near Uncle Dan and a firecracker exploded near this fellow. He yelled that whoever threw that firecracker is a son-of-a-bitch. I guess there were about ten white boys there, including me and my brother, Raymond. I was younger than the other fellows. They started pulling boards off the side of the depot and picking up anything they could find. They got all around the colored guy that made this statement. The white boy that had thrown the firecracker told him if he didn't take this back, they would beat the hell out of him. He said he wasn't taking it back. So about this time, another boy stepped up and hit the colored fellow with his fist and knocked him about ten feet. While he was trying to get up on his feet, he was pulling something out of his pocket. The fellow that did hit him, reached down and picked up a rock that weighed about three pounds and he threw it at the colored guy and it hit him in the temple and he immediately fell to the ground with blood shooting in the air. Raymond ran over to Mr. Bill Hickerson's and got a bucket of water and put it on his face and he didn't move. Raymond then went in to the store and told Uncle Arthur what had happened and to call Mr. Norris Meadows, as this is who the colored fellow worked for. When this man hit the ground, Uncle Dan said, you have killed this man. Mr. Meadows did come right away and took him to a doctor or to his home and called the doctor. He stayed in bed unconscious for a long time, but he did eventually recover. I don't recall his first name, but his last name was Rippey. I was scared to death while this was going on. I knew this Rippey fellow and he was not a bad person. I don't know why he made such a statement, knowing that he would surely get into some kind of trouble. I don't know if it was ever determined just what he was trying to pull out of his pocket, but I would guess it would have been a knife or pistol. No one outside the group that was there ever knew who hit this fellow. I was told that night not to even tell my mother or father. As far as I know, Uncle Dan never told anyone either. It is possible he could not see who hit him as there were boys all around the fellow.

PICKING BLACKBERRIES

Every year when it was very hot weather in July and the chiggers were out in force, it was blackberry picking time in Tennessee. The people in the area would try to pick enough berries to make jam and jelly that would last through the winter months. These wild blackberries were about everywhere, except in cultivated fields and the woods. Some people would put kerosene around their ankles and on the upper portion of their arms, making sure their hands did not get the odor, as this would ruin the berries.

If you found a good spot and there were a lot of berries, you could pick several gallons in a day. You had to keep one eye on the lookout for a snake. There were some rattlesnakes and copperheads in the area, but I never did see one while I was picking berries. There were also other kinds of snakes and lizards that would give you a big scare, but they were not dangerous. Some people would take their lunch and pick all day long. There were two real good places to pick, and that was on the Brown place and on Carouthers hill.

Once you got home you had to take a bath and again use something to try and eliminate the chiggers. No matter what you used, you would always get a few on you. They were tiny red bugs that would get under your skin and the itching would about run you nuts. Most of the time you would just scratch and put up with them and in a week or so they would go away. Some people would put fingernail polish over the spot, but I don't know just how much relief this provided. Still today I like to go and pick blackberries. There is not anything much better than good jam or a hot blackberry pie.

Several years after I grew up, I was talking to a fellow in Kentucky and I asked him if he liked to pick berries. He said he didn't even like to hear the word. He told me when he was growing up his father bought a farm that had about five hundred acres and that four hundred and ninety of it was in blackberries. His father would tell him and his brothers and sisters to get their buckets every morning and go pick the berries, day after day. He said he didn't ever want to see another blackberry vine. He said this had been many years ago, but his mother still had canned blackberries in her cellar.

MOTHER SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW

As my Father worked on the railroad, he was away from home most of the time, especially through the week. When he was gone, we looked for our Mother to do about anything that Dad would have done. Looking back now, I don't know how she raised all of us kids with Dad gone so much. One night we

heard our chickens squalling. We looked through the window, but it was so dark we couldn't see anything, but we were sure someone was stealing the chickens. My mother got the shotgun, and holding it against the screen, she aimed toward the chicken house and fired. That shot sure did make a lot of noise inside the house. We never did see anyone leave, as it was so dark, but we were sure they did not hang around very long.

I went down to the chicken house the next morning to see if I could come up with a clue. But I could not find anything, not even a dead chicken. Mother was not afraid to do anything like this, as she no doubt had to cope with a lot of situations like this, especially when the family lived on the farm near Shiloh. This place was really out in the sticks. I am sure we had to get a new screen for the window.

JENKS AND J.W. STRIP TO THE NUDE

One hot summer when we didn't have much rain and even the wells were going dry, the railroad brought in a tank car of water for the section crew people. The car was parked on the side track in Haley, near the road crossing.

We were sitting around the depot one night and it was hot and sticky. J.W. and Jenks dared each other to strip and take a bath in the tank car water. Actually, the water was not very good to drink as it tasted like tar. Anyhow, they pulled off their clothes and both of them got under the pipe that came out of the tank car. The rest of us laughed at them, as they were clowning around. We don't know if anyone other than us saw them, but they could have, especially the Simpson's and anyone at Mr. Bill Hickerson's house, as this was right in front of them.

About the only way you could really get a good bath was go to the river. In the winter, you had to get in a tub after heating a lot of water on the stove. After we got the Cascade water in our home and before we got a bath tub, I hooked up a hose and made a shower in back of our house. I would put on a bathing suit and this worked pretty good.

FIVE FLAT TIRES AND NEVER MOVED

One night some of us were going home from a basketball game in Wartrace and we were riding with Jack and Van Kimbro in their Model T sedan. It could have been a Model A. We had just crossed the Garrison at the McLean Bridge and we were near the gate that went to the Low Shofner place, when a tire went flat. We got out all the tools, which was a jack, rim tool, patching glue, rubber

patch, air pump and a wrench. It didn't take long to patch the tube and get the tire back on the car and pumped up. We got in and all set to go and the driver realized there was another flat on the other back tire. So out again and the same procedure. This same thing happened until we had fixed five flat tires and never moved. One of the tubes looked like it had been quilted. It was an art in knowing just how to fix a flat tire. Getting the rims back together properly without pinching the tube was a big accomplishment. It had to fit just right. You never dared to go anyplace without your tire repair equipment. Most of the roads were surfaced with river gravel, and this was the cause of many flat tires. You could always get some help from people coming by in their cars.

MELVIN AND MARGARET'S PLAYHOUSE

My two older sisters would go to a lot of trouble in setting up a playhouse down behind the chicken house. They would have all their dolls and other make-believe stuff that went into their house. They would visit each other and carry on some far reaching conversations. Lots of times they would get mad at each other over something and declare they would not go visit each other again. Sometimes I would sneak around and listen to them, but I could hardly understand what they were saying.

I would also catch them out of their house and I would go in and mess it up. Then Mama would hear about it and I would get a good warning or my rear spanked. Sometimes I would set up my play store near their playhouse. I would get all the empty cans that I could find and put them in order on the ground or a board. They would come in my store and buy stuff from me. I don't recall what we used for money for this operation, but I would guess that I went bankrupt.

RIDE WITH BILL HARRIS AND HIS SKEETER

One morning, real early, Raymond and I were going to the river to try and catch some fish that were on shoal. We were walking down the road and Bill Harris came along in his sporty roadster and offered us a ride. I don't recall the make or year of the car. We told him about where we wanted to get off, and we hopped on the running board and held on. If you knew Bill Harris, you knew that he had a heavy foot on the gas pedal, and he drove pretty fast. We were going to get off at the curve in the road near the entrance to Mr. Dock Shofner's place. He slowed down a little, but was still going pretty fast, and Raymond said for me to jump off. I never jumped off a moving car before, so I jumped, but it was backwards and when I hit the gravel road, I went head over heels. I wasn't

hurt very much, just skinned up in a few places, so we went on fishing. I don't recall catching any fish or anything else about this trip except jumping off this car backwards.

TECH GENTRY'S GOAT WAGON

Tech's mother had given him a goat wagon complete with harness and all the other stuff. This was really a fancy outfit. We were pretty young at the time. I would go down to his house, which was not very far, down through the back lots, about as often as my mother would let me go, and especially on Saturdays.

We would hitch up that goat to the wagon and ride down to the creek. We would then load up the wagon with sand or gravel and haul it back up to his house and dump it. We were really big time operators and this was a lot of fun. Some time later, Mrs. Gentry bought Tech a pony and buggy. The pony was named Black Beauty. This was a real nice buggy and he would take his mother many places around the area. I don't ever recall Tech riding the pony and I don't know if he even had a saddle. He did drive the buggy to school in Wartrace. I rode home with him many days after we had practiced football or basketball at school in Wartrace. He would drive his mother to Three Forks Bridge to go swimming when it was a hot and sticky day.

During this time there were not many cars on the road and lots of people had buggies for transportation. There were some Model T's and other touring sedans like the Dodge, which I think we purchased from Mrs. Bernice Hickerson.

CORTNER'S MILL

Cortner's Mill is located on Duck River about three quarters of a mile from the railroad crossing at Cortner's Station. It is situated on the left bank of the river and facing downstream and alongside and connected to the concrete dam. The dam backs up the river making a mill pond for the water that turns the grind stones that crush the grain in the milling operation. During this period of time, the mill was owned and operated by Mr. Andy Cortner. He was a tall and slender man and knew every bolt and wheel in the plant. He would take a lot of time to explain just how the mill operated to most any visitor, even to a kid like me. He was a real hard worker and with a couple of other men who helped him out in the operation. He could grind corn for meal or chicken feed and wheat for flour. I went to the mill many times with my friends. They would come by the house with a wagon load of grain and I would go with them to the mill. I

remember Claude Faulk coming by our house and asking me to go with him to the mill. My mother gave me permission, and it took about an hour or more to get to the mill from Haley. When you got there, if there were other wagons ahead of you, then you had to wait your turn. This would usually wind up being an all day operation. If you didn't take your lunch, you were out of luck because you couldn't even get a candy bar. It was amazing to see the brown grains of wheat go into the chute and the end product would come out as pure white flour at the sacking station.

One time, we heard that two men had fallen into the river just above the dam and they were dragging for them. We got into someone's car and went to the mill and found out that A.D. King, Jr. was diving for them on the far side of the river from the dam about a hundred feet above the dam. There were also some people in a boat dragging for them. We were told that two colored fellows were fishing above the dam and they were getting close to the dam and thought they were going over the dam and they jumped out of the boat, and neither of them could swim. That is the story we were told. Soon after we got on the scene the draggers hooked one of the men. They took him to the mill and laid him on the floor and were trying to get the water out of him. Dr. Sneed from Normandy arrived about this time and he put the man over a barrel and rolled it along the floor. After awhile the doctor said it was useless as the fellow didn't have any pulse. I don't recall the details about the second man, but I believe he was found about an hour later and was pronounced dead. I believe these two men were from Nashville.

Several years later some men and boys were in a boat just below the dam and the river was up pretty high and they got too close to the dam and the current sucked them right under the falling water. The boat filled up and capsized and all of them drowned.

Mr. Andy had a son that was in the Army Air Force and occasionally he would fly over Cortner and Haley and dip his wings. Airplanes were something that you would not see flying around very day. When one did fly over, you would go out in the yard and watch it. I guess everybody was looking to see if it was going to fall. I don't know where his base was located, but it must have been someplace nearby, like Nashville.

Several years ago they stopped operating the mill and it was sitting there deteriorating. Mr. Parrish, who owned a sporting goods manufacturing plant in Tullahoma, purchased the mill, along with the Russell farm, which was across the river from the mill. They reworked the mill building and made it into a real nice restaurant. In addition, they made a nice motel on the Russell farm which is called "Parish Patch."

PLANES LANDED AROUND HALEY

Mr. Emmitt Russell had a relative and I never knew where he lived, but he had a small one engine aircraft that he would fly down once or twice a year and land on Mr. Russell's farm. I don't know how we would find out that the plane had landed on his farm. I recall one time we found out the plane was going to leave this farm early in the morning. Raymond and I got up real early and we met several more boys at Haley and we all walked to the Russell farm. We found the plane in a field near the river and no one was around. I believe we had been told the plane was going to leave about 7:00 a.m. Finally, a man showed up with Mr. Russell and he had on real warm-looking cloths and gloves. I think he had been drinking because he sort of staggered around. He asked if one of the boys would spin the propeller to start the engine. He explained just what to do and then to get out of the way. Mr. Russell told him he shouldn't have the boys trying to do this. He got in the open cockpit and Raymond and I think it was Jay who took turns cranking the propeller. Finally, it got started and he swung out in to the field and roared away.

The only other plane that I remember landing around Haley was one rainy afternoon when the clouds were down pretty low and visibility was not very good. A plane landed on the Will Shofner farm which is located a little past Bugscuffle. This fellow had run into some problems and he had to make an emergency landing. I think he was lost as the visibility was poor. He did land in a field and it wasn't a real smooth field and he damages his plane in making the landing, but nothing serious that would hinder him from taking off when the weather got better. We walked down to the farm and looked at the plane. He had it locked, but with a flashlight we looked inside. Don't know where he spent the night, probably with Mr. Shofner. We didn't go back to see him take off. I really did like airplanes, and I wanted to fly one someday.

NEARBY TOWNS

There are several small towns and villages located within ten miles of Haley. They are Bugscuffle, Normandy, Wartrace, Bell Buckle, Shiloh, Fairfield, Cortner Station, Roseville, Singleton and Raus. Shelbyville is about ten miles away and is the county seat of Bedford County. I am not going into detail about all of these places, but I do want to mention Bugscuffle and its people because they were close to Haley and were a part of our lives.

Bugscuffle was a village that was mainly colored and was started after the Civil War. They had three churches and a grammar school, but no store. In

about 1909, the village was virtually destroyed by a tornado. Many of the men who lived in this village worked on the railroad in some capacity. In this story about Haley, I call the black people colored and the elder men and women, Uncle and Aunt. Just why they were called this, I never did know when I was growing up and I still do not know today. I assume it was something that was handed down from our ancestors. I hope that no one takes offense that I call them colored or Aunt or Uncle in this story, as there is no disrespect intended in any way.

The first people I want to mention from this village are Uncle Silas Murphy and his wife, Aunt Cindy. They were old when I first remember them and they remained the same. Uncle Silas had something to do with the Civil War because I always heard that he got some kind of pension from the government due to the Civil War. Aunt Cindy had worked for my parents when they lived on the farm at Shiloh. I remember Aunt Cindy saying that she was a slave girl when she was about nine years old. My father asked Aunt Cindy one time if she could have one wish come true, what would she wish for? She told my Dad that the wish would be for a gold wedding (band) ring. Sometime later, my father gave her a gold wedding band ring, and she said she was the happiest person that you could imagine. I did see the gold ring on her finger many times. When my father died in 1940, she came to the house and stood by his casket, and, with tears streaming down her face, she said, "I sure do love that man."

The next family I want to mention is Uncle Doc and Aunt Alice Shelton. Uncle Doc worked on the railroad with the local section crew. Aunt Alice helped my mother in many ways. She would mainly do the washing of our clothes. This was hard work, especially the scrubbing by hand and wringing out of the different garments. Aunt Alice was a big, strong woman. I think what she said in her family was the law. I know that she gave me some orders on wash day about getting water and keeping the fire going. I think they had about five children.

Now we come to Aunt Aurie. I know that this name is mentioned many times in this story about my village. A lot of directions were based on her location at the creek crossing. She was the wife of Charlie Fuggett, who was a minister of one of the churches in Bugscuffle.

They did not live in Bugscuffle, but on the road going toward Three Forks Bridge, on the left just before you cross Rocky Branch. Aunt Aurie worked for my mother mainly in the house. After I was married, she took care of our two oldest children. She was a real nice person and I liked her a lot. After the war, I stopped by her house for a visit. I didn't even know if she was still living. I went to the door and knocked. She came to the door and looked at me for a few minutes, and didn't recognize me. I told her who I was and she grabbed me

and pulled me inside her house and said I don't invite many white men into my home, but you are always welcome. Then the next thing she said was, "What did you bring me?" I told her that I didn't even know if she was still alive, and then asked her what she wanted. She said, "Bring me some sugar." Later, I took her a lot of sugar. Charlie, her first husband, was not only a minister, but he worked on farms in the area. After he passed away, she married Joe Swing. Joe was a brother to Uncle Dan Swing, whose name appears many times in this story. Joe worked on a section gang on the railroad, and I think this crew moved from place to place on special work. I recall Aunt Aurie always having a lot of company during the summer months coming mainly from Michigan. So during my visit I asked her if they still came to see her. She said no, they just came to fill their stomachs and go home with a car full of stuff from her garden, so now that she don't have a garden no one comes to see her.

The next family that I want to mention did not live in Bugscuffle either. They lived on the Jessy Cleveland farm, which is located on the Wartrace-Normandy Road. Their house being the next house on the right after passing the Clarence Cortner farm going toward Wartrace. Johnnie and Earnest Howard lived at this location with their six children. Johnnie did the washing of our clothes while I was going to high school. I would take them to her and go get them when she had them finished. One of Johnnie's girls, Dorthey, married Faye Chrismon and now lives in Shelbyville. One of their sons is a minister here in Shelbyville. Dorthey has helped my sister, Melvin, in her housework over the years.

During the summer months when one of the churches in Bugscuffle was holding a revival meeting, several of us boys and girls would go to their church. We heard some good preachers and some good singing. They would reserve us a bench or two in the rear of the church.

I guess the population of Bugscuffle in those years would have been around 100 people, and most of them were employed by the railroad, while others worked on farms. The road from Haley to Bugscuffle during this time period was not very good. In fact, it was really a little more than a wagon road and going on to Wartrace was difficult as you had to forge the Garrison, and there were some big boulders usually in the way you had to dodge. Due to the unusual name, this place has been mentioned on T.V. Where the name originated, I don't have a clue.

LANDMARKS IN THE AREA AROUND HALEY

Some of the landmarks around Haley that we referred to especially when we were directing strangers in how to get to some place:

Beech Tree

This was a large Beech tree that stood to the left at the intersection, where to the left you would go toward Holt Cemetery or Lake Bedford and to the right you would go toward Dement's Bridge, Cortner, or Normandy.

Red Hill

This is probably the steepest and highest hill in the area. Soon after you pass Holt's Cemetery, you take the first road to the right and you will soon be climbing this hill. It is located along the road to the right and the other side of the hill borders Duck River. Salt Peter Bluff is a part of Red Hill.

Dements Bridge

This narrow concrete walled bridge over Duck River was built in about 1904 by the people of Haley, Cortner, Roseville and other people in the nearby area. After you make a right turn at the beech tree, you travel about a mile and pass Mr. Arthur Dement's garage. You will then go a short distance and pass over this ancient bridge. This bridge was probably named for the land owners on both sides of the river.

In 1992 a new bridge was built alongside this historic relic, which remains in place due to the efforts of the Dement family.

Three Forks Bridge

This bridge is located about one mile from Haley on the road toward Shelbyville at the first intersection on the left. A new bridge has now been constructed slightly downstream from the old bridge. The old steel bridge with a wood floor was removed upon completion of the new bridge in 1992. The old bridge had a wooden floor that had to be replaced many times as the wood would rot. Several years ago, concrete replaced the wood floor. In Haley, on a still night, you could hear a car or someone riding a horse cross the wood-floored bridge. I don't believe the river, when at flood stage, ever flowed over the bridge floor, but I did see it one time about a foot below the floor. The Garrison River joins the Duck about a thousand feet below this bridge. This is where it gets its name Three Forks.

McLeans Bridge

Proceeding from Three Forks Bridge toward Shelbyville, you pass an intersection on the left that goes over Cannon Bridge toward Shelbyville and continues about a mile and you will approach an antique concrete, narrow, one-way, high-wall bridge that crosses the Garrison River going toward Wartrace. The name of this bridge was probably taken from the nearby landowner.

Cannons Bridge

On the road to Shelbyville, after passing Three Forks Bridge, you take the next road to the left and soon you will be crossing over the Garrison River. This bridge is about three-quarters of a mile above the junction of the Duck and Garrison Rivers. This concrete bridge was built several years ago. It replaced an old wooden bridge that was built many years ago. When this river gets to a high flood stage, it will flow over this bridge. The name of this bridge is probably taken from the name of the people that owned the land on both sides of the river.

Alderman's

Going toward Wartrace from Haley, via the Carouthers place and about 1-1/2 miles from Haley, you come up on this farmhouse that sits at the intersection of two roads. If you go to the right, you will be on what is called the Normandy Road and if you go to the left, you will be headed toward Wartrace. The brick house behind the farmhouse is one of the oldest brick buildings in Bedford County. When we were growing up, Mr. Dave Alderman and his family lived in this home.

Railroad Bridge Across the Garrison

If you followed the road to Bugsuffle from Haley alongside the railroad, you would cross over the Garrison River on a concrete pad that is about a foot above the water level when the river flow is normal. If there are heavy rains, it is not safe to try and cross the river at this point. In our time we had to go through the river, and it was rough and dangerous. Alongside the road at this crossing is the railroad bridge. It is at this point where the railroad had a pump installed to pump the water to tanks in Wartrace to fill up the railroad steam engines.

Railroad Bridge Over Duck River

The location of this bridge is upstream from the Dement Bridge. There is no road crossing near this bridge. It is about three-quarters of a mile from Cortner Station toward Haley. A note of interest: the water pipeline from Cascade Springs also crosses the Duck River alongside this bridge. This is the water line that serves the towns farther north.

Holt Family Cemetery

Proceeding from Haley toward Normandy, you would come to the intersection where the Beech tree stood. At this location you make a left turn and about a quarter of a mile you will see the Holt Cemetery on the left. This is an old family cemetery. The first people being buried there were John Holt in 1823, and his wife, Frances Jackson Holt, in 1830. There are no markers for their

graves. Most of the people that are buried in this cemetery are relatives of the Holt family. This parcel of land was once owned by Andrew Jackson.

MY VILLAGE TODAY

If you were a former resident of Haley and you returned for your first visit since 1940, I think you would be really shocked at what you would see. There are many changes that have taken place over the years, such as, no place to even buy a loaf of bread. All the stores have been torn down and the ground is covered with grass. You no longer can hear the anvil ring where Mr. Brown, with his clothes wet with sweat, performed his blacksmith duties.

All the stock pens and weighing scales have vanished. The trains speed through now, being pulled by powerful diesel engines instead of the steam engines we knew. The freight trains have no cabooses. There are no passenger trains coming through, and the freight and stock trains roar through at a high speed. No reason for a train to stop here anymore.

Our school was torn down many years ago. This was the place where most of us learned to read and write. Even the old dirt basketball court where we learned to shoot and dribble has now blended into the surface of the area. This is where we learned about sportsmanship. There are two things that still remain of our school years, and that is the Secret Rock, where we sat and told many stories, cussed our teachers, and talked about love. The other structure still standing is a two-holer, outdoor toilet. This is where we looked at and used the Sears Catalog. Our beloved Depot is gone, along with the sidetrack and no more Uncle Dan, the unofficial crossing watchman. The depot days probably hold more memories than any place in Haley, especially for the boys. This is where we sat, talked, plotted, and watched the fast passenger trains speed by, like No. 95 and 94. We envied the people on the special Florida bound fast trains, such as the Dixie Flyer and the Sunshine Special, who would wave at us country hicks, while they were eating their fancy meals or having a cocktail.

Our post office ceased to exist when people started to move away. The area is now served by a rural mail carrier. Here also many memories will remain with us about Slater's store and the post office.

A.H. Hickerson's store also closed and was one of the last buildings to be demolished. Many memories will stay with those of us who frequently loafed on the porch of this store.

I will try to name some of the homes that no longer exist for one reason or another. The T.B. Spiers home (now replaced by another home), all the Section houses, the Hoosier place (next to our house), the Isom home, the Searcy house,

the Martin Bonds home, the Doc Shofner home (now a new home stands here), many tenant houses all over the place have fallen down or rotted away.

There are many other features such as the Hackberry tree and the livestock watering hole, Hedgeapple tree lined lane between the Hoosier and Doc Shofner place, the Railroad track alignment from the overpass at Dements almost into Haley, have all disappeared or been changed.

There are several changes and improvements that have been made around "My Village" that I am sure the residents were happy to see, such as the road being paved from the Wartrace Pike, at the Ben Faulk farm to Haley and onto the Normandy Wartrace Road at the old Beech tree site. The road from Haley over Red Hill to Coy Gaither-Bedford Lake is also paved. If these roads had been paved in our time, I am sure there would have been a lot of accidents, as we drove pretty fast and slid around curves on the gravel roads. The brakes on cars were not too good in those days.

There are two new bridges over Duck River in our area. One replaces the old steel bridge at Three Forks with a concrete structure and the other new bridge is also of concrete and is constructed alongside the old Dement's Bridge. The old bridge will remain as a historical structure.

A new road has been built starting at the Bill Hickerson home, which is on the east side of the railroad and the new road joins the Bugscuffle road at the Gentry Crossing. This was a dangerous crossing.

We now have two well-known dining places in the Haley area. In our time, about the only meal you could get was a can of sardines or cheese and crackers at one of the stores. In Haley, this new dining place is located in what was formerly the Slater House, that stands just behind where the old Slater Store use to be. It is called "OUR HOUSE" and people come from distant places to dine at this now famous place. This new restaurant is owned and operated by Bill Hall, who is a son of Leo and Mary June Hall.

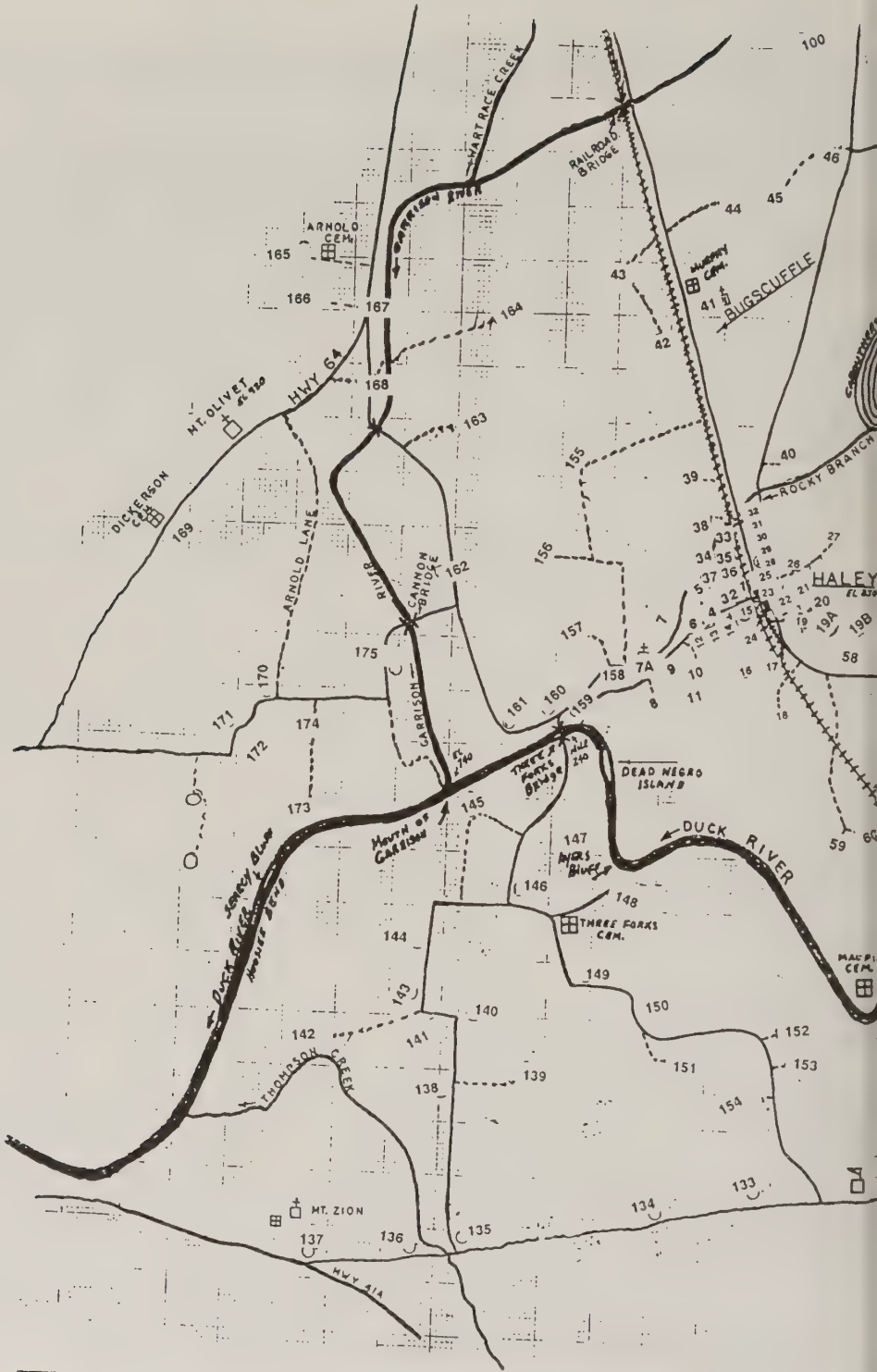
The other restaurant is called Cortner's Mill and is located inside this old famous mill. This is an interesting and unique place to spend an evening.

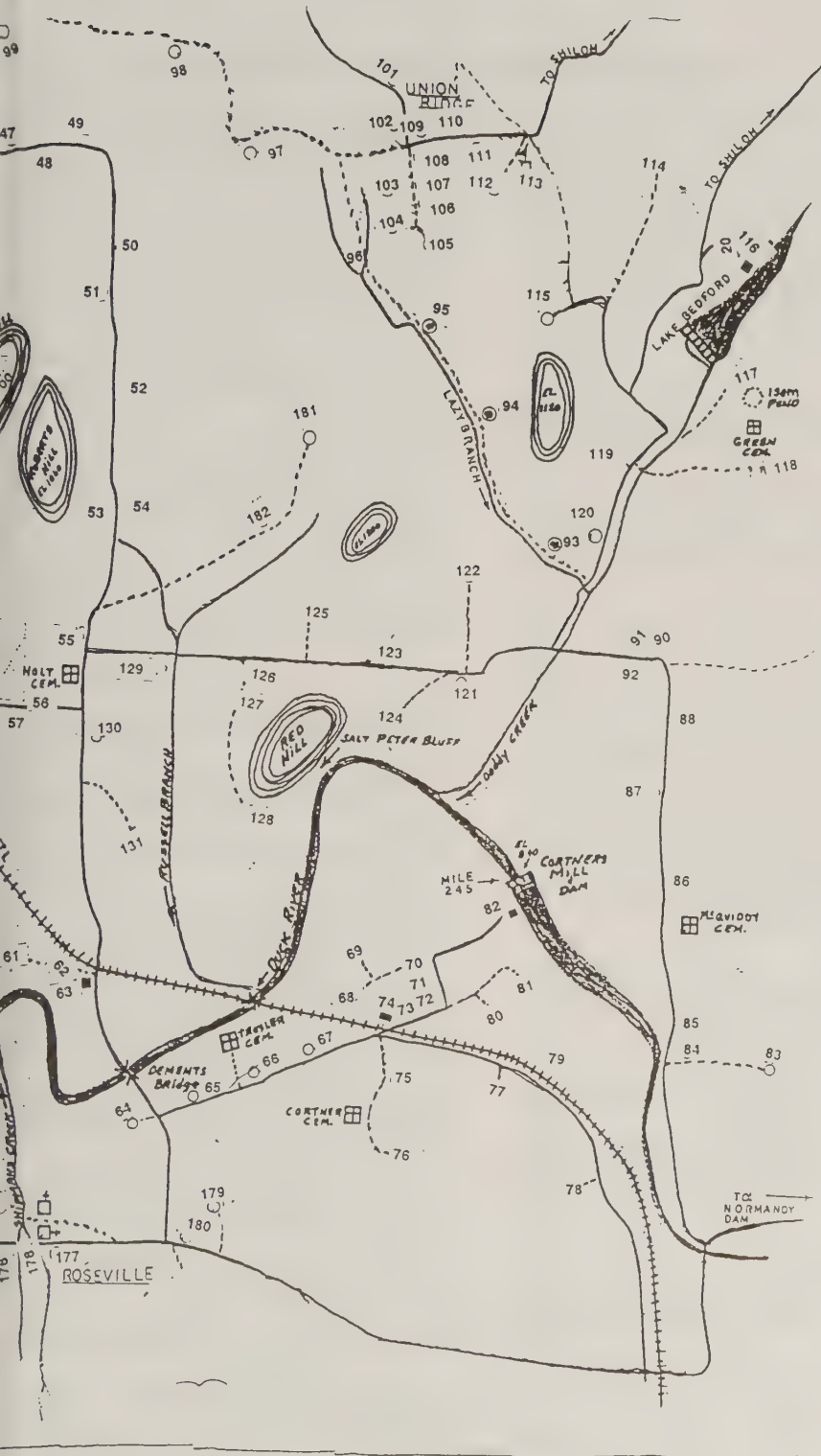
There are only a few residents of present day Haley who were around when I was growing up. They are George (Tech) Gentry, Leo and Mary June (Hickerson) Hall and Bertie Ruth (Hickerson) Moore. There may be some others in the area that I am not aware of. Many people that were former residents have passed away or moved to other locations. While Haley's population has gradually withered away, the neighboring village of Bugscuffle seems to have held its own, as there are still about the same number of people and several new homes have been constructed.

The present people who now reside in Haley are lucky to live in a place that

has so much history. I hope by writing about "MY VILLAGE," will in some way help the new residents to appreciate and understand the history of this small town.

As I look back now, and after traveling all around the world and living in many foreign countries, I can think of no place in the world that would have been better to be born and raised in than, "MY VILLAGE," HALEY, TENNESSEE, USA.





BUILDING NUMBER AND WHO LIVED THERE

1. Slater's Store and Post Office
2. William Slater—Bernice Hickerson (Ayers)
3. Hoosier Tenant House—Wilse Kimbro, Clifton Reed, Carl Throneberry, P.T. Wynne, Odel Talley, Cecil Lemons, Taylor Kimbro.
4. Isom House—J.G. Isom, Wes Brown
5. Raney House—William Raney, Wes Brown, Lester Raney, _____ Fann.
6. Hoosier Tenant House—Eulis Prince, Clifton Reed, _____ Stone.
7. Hoosier House—George Hoosier
- 7A. Church
8. Thomas Hickerson House—Dave Hickerson
9. Charlie Fuggett House—Aunt Aurie, Joe Swing
10. Will (Judge) Brown House
11. Lewis (Luke) Hickerson House
12. William Seahorn House—William Seahorn, Oliver Reed, B. Throneberry, Maurice Brown
13. Haley School
14. Church
15. Everett Roberts House—Everett Roberts, L.E. Durham
16. Archie Dye Place
17. Doctor Taylor House—Clifton Reed, Wes Brown
18. James Sspencer House—James Spencer, James Dickey, Charles Spencer
19. Spiers Store
- 19A. L.E. Durham House—L.E. Durham, Pluto Fulton, Raymond Isom
- 19B. Snoddy House—Wes Brown, Johnny Barton
20. Blacksmith Shop—Wes Brown, Preston Featherstone
- 20A. Grist Mill
21. A.H. Hickerson House
22. A.H. Hickerson Store
23. Bill Hickerson House
- 24 N.C. & St. L. Depot
25. Everett Robert's House—J.G. Isom, Wes Brown, Preston Featherstone
26. Jim Jenkins House
27. Bill Hickerson Tenant House—Ode Smith, Albert Parker, Scobie Smith, Buck Smith
28. Eason House—P.T. Wynne, Lee Gaither, Claude Merritt, White Mason, Earnest Hastings.
29. Railroad Section House—R. Green
30. Railroad Section House—John Fuller
31. Railroad Section House—John Nelson
32. Railraod Section House—Clyde Cawthorn
33. Doc Shelton House
34. T.B. Spier's House—Abe Spiers
35. William Ayers House
36. J.W. Simpson House—Grady Simpson, L.E. Durham
37. J.W. Simpson's Barn—Dan Swing
38. William Gentry House
39. Annie Bomar House—Tom Kimbro, Marshall Powell
40. Walter Carouther's House
41. Bugscuffle Church
42. Will Shofner Tenant House—_____
Burgess
43. Will Shofner House—Albert Shofner, Bib Kirby

44. Lem Parks House	71.
45.	72.
46. Dave Alderman House—Albert Shofner	73.
47. Achlin Beasley House	74. Cortner Station Depot
48.	75.
49. John Ervin House	76.
50. Earnest Howard House	77.
51	78.
52. Clarence Cortner House	79.
53. Steve & Joe Roberts & Sister's House—Dave Hickerson	80.
54. _____ Stevenson House— _____ Couch	81. Thomas Hall
55. Sam Holt Tenant House—Alvis Nelson	82.
56. Sam Holt Tenant House—Jim Phillips	83.
57. Sam Holt House	84.
58. Emma & Lizzie Ayers House—Alvis Nelson	85.
59. Charles Thompson House—Eulice Prince, Albert Parker	86.
60. Charles Thompson Tenant House—	87.
61. Arthur Dement Tenant House—Herman (Frog) Rippey	88. George Waite
62. Arthur Dement House	89. Sam Parks
63. Arthur Dement Garage (New)	90.
64. Miller Dement House	91. Cecil Toxler
64A. Dement Garage (Old)	92.
65. Miller Dement Tenant House— _____ Rippey	93. Lewis Ferrell
66. George Kimbro House	94.
67. Sidney Sparks House	95.
68.	96.
69.	97.
70.	98.
	99.
	100. Robert Armstrong
	101.
	102.
	103.
	104.
	105.

106.
107.
108.
109.
110. Shiloh Church
111.
112.
113. Shiloh School
114. Isom Hollow House—J.G. Isom
114A. Cicero Jernigan House-Porter Ferrell
115. William Sanders House
116. Lake Bedford Caretakers House—Coy Gaither
117.
118. George Locke House
119. Lee Gaither House
120. _____ Thomas Hall
121. William Harris House
122. A.D. King House—Ed West
123.
124. Hubert Bennett House
125. Jim Holt Place
126. Ellis Cooper House
127. Frank Ervin House
128. Norris Meadows House
129. Russell Bros. Tenant House—
130. Russell Bros. Tenant House—
Jim Phillips
131
Emmitt and Henry Russell House
132.
133.
134.
135. _____ Tenant House—
Flip Rippey
136. Thomas Ayers House
137.
138. Leland Thomas House
139.
140. _____ Tenant House
141. _____ Tenant House
142. Joe Shofner House—Cecil Shofner
143. Clarence Meadows House
144. Oscar Ayers House
145. Horace Hoosier House—
Dave Hickerson, Jake Crowell
146. Robert Holt House
147. Alex Martin House
148. Emmitt Lowe House
149. R.E. Ayers House—Ed Crowell
150. _____ Tenant House—
151. R.E. Ayers Tenant House—
_____ Johnson
152. _____ Maupin House
153.
154. Gabe Sparks House
155. Judge Brown Place—John Snelling
156. E.A. McLean Tenant House—John Atnip
157. Dock Shofner House
158. Dave Hickerson House—
159. Martini Bonds Tenant House—Chuck Burdette
160. Martin Bonds House
161. Tommy Shofner House
162. Gene Cannon House
162A. Robert & Sister Vinnie Cannon House
163. Low Shofner House
164.
165.
166. _____ Morton House
167. E.A. McLean House
168. E.A. McLean Tenant House—Otis Trail

- | | |
|---|---|
| 169. Shofner Dickerson House-
Earnest McConnel | 174A. _____ House—Gene Can-
non |
| 169A. Ben Faulk House | 175. Caleb Clanton House |
| 170. Lon Arnold House | 176. Roseville Store—B. Throneberry |
| 170A. Thomas ARnold House | 177. Arthur Walls House |
| 171. Gould Roberts House | 178. George Bishop House |
| 172. _____ Tenant House— | 179. |
| 173. Jim Arnold House | 180. |
| 173A. Searcy—Slater House—
Luther Gregory | 181. Chester Spiers Tenant House—
Lester Raney |
| 174. William Gardner House | 182. Chester Spiers House |

AREA RESIDENTS WHO SERVED IN THE MILITARY SERVICE IN THE 1940'S. (I KNOW SOME WILL BE LEFT OUT THAT SHOULD BE INCLUDED AND SOME THAT ARE ON THE LIST POSSIBLY DID NOT SERVE.)

George Gentry

Wiley Isom

James Carl Jenkins

John E. Roberts

Thomas Spiers

Charles Stone

Lester Fuller

Charles Fuller

James Holt

James Atnip

Arthur Troxler

Herbert Fann

Van Kimbro

Jack Kimbro

Jerry Ayers

Phil Ayers

Tom Hickerson

Thomas Hall

Leo Hall

Leon Hall

Glen Hall

Woodrow Ferrell

Herbert Throneberry

James Arnold

Edward Arnold

Burlie Arnold

Curtis Arnold

Ralph Locke

Charles Crowell

Gerald Cortner

Alton Cooper

Ray Roberts

Donald Roberts

Shofner Meadows

Edward Simpson

Clarence Raney

Alton Mangrum

Claude Cortner

Leon Parks

Lawrence Parks

Leonard Parks

NAME OF FAMILY, HOUSE NO. ON MAP, OCCUPATION

Thomas Ayers, 136, Farmer

Wife—Delsie (1)

Children—Agatha, Jerry, Phil

Lon Arnold, 170, Railroad

Wife—Vincie

Children—Evelyn, Louise, Searcy,
George

James Arnold, 173, Farmer

Wife—Kathleen (1)

Children—James, Edward, Burlie,
Milton, Curtis, Sarah

John Atnip, 156, Farmer

Wife—Virgie

Children—J.D., James, Wilburn,
Howard

Dave Aldernman, 46, Farmer

Wife—Sadie

Children—David, John, James,
Sarah, Edward

Oscar Ayers, 144, Farmer

Wife—Virgie

Children—(Adopted) Alex,
Louise

R.E. Ayers, 149, Farmer

Wife—Jennie

Children—Nora, R.E.

William Ayers, 35, Farmer

Wife—Emma

Children—Lizzie, Bertie, William

Robert Armstrong, 100, Farmer

Wife—Mamie

Children—Leo, Lenora,
Elizabeth

Ray Ayers, __?__ Farmer

Wife—Ova Lee

Children—

Thomas Arnold, 170A, Farmer

Wife—Sallie

Children—Alfred, Tomsalie,
Oliva, Lucie, Hazel

Alex Ayers, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Ray, Reity

Achlin Beasley, 47, Farmer

Wife—Mattie

Children—James, Grace, Char-
les, Maddin, John, Jr., Minnie

George Bishop, 178,
Farmer/Merchant

Wife—Margaret

Children—Edith

Wesley Brown, 5-198-17-5-25,
Blacksmith

Wife—Zanada

Children—Paul, Joe Tom

Hubert Bennett, 124, Farmer

Wife—Myrtle

Children—Floyd, Earnest, Alice

_____ **Burgess**, 42, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Edward

William (Judge) Brown, 10,
Farmer
Wife—MAI
Children—Maurice, Elizabeth

Bus Brame, Railroad
Wife—Augusta
Children—

_____ **Bomar**, 39, Farmer
Wife—Annie
Children—Harvey

Charley Burdette, Farmer
Wife—Della
Children—George, Anna, Flora

Johnnie Barton, 19B, Railroad
Wife—Hazel
Children—Howard, John, Jen-
nette, Juanita
Maurice Brown, 12, Railroad
Wife—Helen
Children—Marie

Edward Barton, Farmer
Wife—
Children—

Orville (Chunk) Burdette,
159, Farmer
Wife—Canelious
Children—Charles

Martin Bonds, 160, Farmer
Wife—Lelia
Children—James, Elizabeth
(Raised Ethel Jones)

Clarence Cortner, 52,
Farmer/Co. Judge
Wife—
Children—Gerald, Katherine
Grey, Pete

_____ **Couch**, 54, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Gus, Willard, Grace

Gene Cannon, 162, Farmer/Co.
Comm.
Wife—Kathleen
Children—Eugene

Robert Cannon, 162A, Farmer
(Bachelor)

Vinnie Cannon, 162A,
Housekeeper
(Maiden)

Jake Crowell, 145,
Farmer/Salesman
Wife—Eula
Children—Edward, Mary, Char-
les, Lora Mae, Evelyn

Walter Carouthers, 40, Farmer
Wife—Mamie
Children—Frances, Virginia

Elice Cooper, 126, Farmer

Wife—Kate
Children—Tom, Alton, Edna

Caleb Clanton, 175, Farmer
Wife—Elsie
Children—Joyce, Emma, Elaine,
Mildred, Ruth, Margaret

Edward Crowell, 149, Farmer
Wife—Clatie
Children—None

Clyde Cawthorn, 32
Wife—
Children—

Arthur Dement, 62, Farmer,
Mechanic
Wife—Roma
Children—Kenneth, Polly, Betty,
David

Miller Dement, 64, Farmer
Wife—Ruby (1) Ruby (2)
Children—All(1) Mac, Ralph,
John, Joe Jack

James Dickey, 18, Farmer
(Retired)
Wife—Martha
Children—Elizabeth

L.E. Durham, 19A, 15, 36, Depot
Agent
Wife—Minnie
Children—Ethel, Annie Lee

Archie Dye, 16, Farmer

Wife—
Children—

Shofner Dickerson, 169, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Josephine

_____ **Dean**, Farmer
Wife—
Children—

Frank Ervin, 127, Farmer
Wife—Worthie
Children—Clay

John Ervin, 49, Farmer
Wife—
Children—

Preston Featherstone, 25,
Blacksmith
Wife—
Children—

Lewis (Krick) Ferrell, 93,
Farmer
Wife—
Children—Lewis, Woodrow, Er-
line, Bill, LeAir, Katty, Flo Ella

Porter Ferrell, 114A, Farmer
Wife—Molly
Children—Ruby, Earnest,
Ralph, James, Dorthey, Frank,
Oscar, Dwight, John, Mary

John Fuller, 30, Railroad

Wife—Jennie

Children—Everett, Lester, Janie,
Charles, Beulah, Agenis, Cary
Marie

Pluto Fulton, 19A, Railroad

Wife—Jackie

Children—

_____ **Fann**, 5, Construction

Wife—Onie

Children—Herbert, Charles

Charles Fuggett, 9, Minister

Wife—Aurie

Children—

Ben Faulk, 169A, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Carl, Frances,
Rudoph, Wilma, Benson, Claude,
Dorthey, Roy, Ruth, Fred

Luther Gregory, 173A, Farmer,
Minister

Wife—Lura

Children—George, William, Katie
Mae, James, R.L., Margaret

William Gentry, 38, Farmer

Wife—(1)_____ (2) Beulah

Children—(1) Fred (1) Floyd (2)
George

R. Green, 29, Railroad

Wife—

Children—

Lee Gaither, 29, 119, Farmer

Wife—Ora

Children—Coy

William Gardner, 174, Farmer

Wife—Sally

Children—Mary, Adirene,
Starns, Fannie, Robert, Sally,
Annie, George

Ezra Hitt, Farmer

Wife—Eva Bond

Children—Willie, Lou Ella,
Owen, Alpha Emory

Robert Holt, 146, Farmer

Wife—(1)_____ (2) Jonie

Children—(1) Ruth

George Hoosier, 145,
Farmer/R.R. Mail

Wife—Hattie

Children—Hobart, Edmund,
Margaret, Ruth, Marion

Earnest Hastings, 28, Railroad

Wife—Linnie

Children—Hoyte, Dillard, Jessie
Ruth

Arthur Hickerson, 21,
Farmer/Merchant

Wife—Annie

Children—(Adopt) Porter

Sam Holt, 5757, Farmer/Rev.
Off.

Wife—Omah

Children—(Raised) Alvis Nel-
son

Thomas Hickerson, 8, Farmer

Wife—Bernice
Children—Mary June, Thomas

Thomas Hall, 120, 81, Farmer,
Sheriff
Wife—Myrtle
Children—Thomas, Leo-Leon
(Twins), Glen

Horace Hoosier, 145, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Fred, William

James Holt, 125, Farmer
Wife—Annie
Children—Margaret, Mildred,
Elizabeth, James

Dave Hickerson, 8, 145, 53,
Farmer
Wife—Molly
Children—Christina, J.W., Virgie,
Bertie Ruth

Lewis (Luke) Hickerson, 11,
Farmer
Wife—Maude
Children—William, Leonard,
Lucile, Louise, Frances, Jean

William Harris, 121, Railroad
Wife—Effie
Children—William

William T. Hickerson, 23, Farmer
Wife—(1) _____ (2) Bertie
Children—All (1) Arthur, Dave,
Lewis, Walter, Tom, Cora

Fred Holland, Farmer
Wife—
Children

Earnest Howart, 50, Farmer
Wife—Johnnie
Children—Dorthey, Margaret,
James, Rufus, Owen, Alice

James G. Isom, 25, 4, Railroad
Wife—Mabel
Children—Raymond, Horton,
Melvin, Margaret, Jim, Buck,
Wiley Alfred & Albert (Twins),
Mabel Anne, Dorthey

Raymond Isom, 19A, 3, Con-
struction
Wife—Lora Mae (Crowell)
Children—Emily, Sharon,
Richard

James Jenkins, 26, Railroad
Wife—Evie
Children—Amanda, James
Carl, Sally

_____**Johnson**, 151, Farmer
Wife—
Children—

Claude Jones, 3, Railroad
Wife—
Children—Claudie Mai, Wil-
liam

Tom Kimbro, 39, Horse Trainer
Wife—
Children—

Wilse Kimbro, 3, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Taylor, Ralph, Dorsey,
Elizabeth

A.D. King, 122, Farmer

Wife—Nora

Children—A.D., Jr.

George Kimbro, 66, Farmer

Wife—Lizzie

Children—George, Ruth, Van

Bib Kirby, 43, Farmer/Merchant

Wife—Alma

Children—Katherine

Taylor Kimbro, 3, Railroad

Wife—Alberta

Children—Ralph, Eugena, Mar-
tha, Orin, Raymond

Cecil Lemons, 3, Mechanic

Wife—Jennie Lee

Children—Marie, William

Emmitt Lowe, 148, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Marvin, Winfred

George Locke, 118, Farmer

Wife—Naomi

Children—George, Ralph, Ala
Mae, Exegine, Harmon, Robert,
Alfred

Silas Murphy, Retired

Wife—Cindy

Children—
Howard Driver—Massey

_____ Maupin, 152, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Gabe, Henry

Clarence Meadows, 143, Farmer

Wife—Mary

Children—Mary

Norris Meadows, 128, Farmer

Wife—Little

Children—Glendon, Shofner,
Muriel, Cassie, Jackie, Melvin

Claue Merritt, 28, Railroad

Wife—

Children—Edward, Ruby,
Frankie

**E.A. McLean, 167, Farmer/Mgr.
DREMC**

Wife—

Children—Mary Ruth, Vedora,
Edgar

Earnes McConnell, 169, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Paul, Robert, Edward,
Earl, Aubry, Katherine

George McBride, Farmer

Wife—

Children—

Robert Moore, 26, Farmer

Wife—Amanda

Children—

White Mason, 28, Railroad
Wife—
Children—

Alex Martin, 147, Farmer
Wife—Children—
John Nelson, 31, Railroad
Wife—Lillie
Children—Edward, Kathleen

Alvis Nelson, 55, 58, Farmer
Wife—Floy
Children—Elenor

Samuel Parks, 89, Farmer
Wife—Katy
Children—Leon, Robbie,
Lawrence, Leonard

Eulis Prince, 59, 6, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Albert, Mattie,
Beulah, Virginia

Lem Parks, 44, Farmer
Wife—Mary
Children—Steve, Peggy

Albert Parker, 27, 59, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Opal

James Phillips, 56, 130,
Farmer/Miller
Wife—
Children—Jamie, Nettie C., Mat-
tie Lou, Alda, May

Marshall Powell, 39, Farmer

Wife—Harvey
Children—Rose, Robert,
Marie, Samuel

_____ **Parks**, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Leon, Ruth, Mar-
vin, Bert

Steve & Joe Roberts
(Bachelors), 53, Farmers
Sister (Maiden)

Emmitt & Henry Russell, 131
Farmers, (Bachelors)

Clifton Reed, 3, 6, Farmer
Wife—Flora
Children—

Lester Raney, 5, 181, Farmer
Wife—Emma
Children—Bailey, Clarence,
Aileen, Betty, Nancy, Ethel

William (Bill) Raney, Mer-
chant
Wife—Ethel
Children—None

William Raney, 5, Farmer
Wife—Mollie
Children—William, Maude,
Bert, Lester, Ben, Clyde

Goul Roberts, 171, Farmer
Wife—Emma
Children—Axel, Ray, Marvin,
Donald

Everett Roberts, 15, 25, Stock-Buyer

Wife—Annie

Children—John E. (Fizz)

Oliver Reed, 12, Farmer

Wife—Tennie

Children—Hubert, Maggie

Herman Rippey (Frog), 61, Mechanic

Wife—

Children—

Doc Shelton, 33, Railroad

Wife—Alice

Children—Percy, Charles, Willie Mae, Sang, Georgie, Pearl

William Seahorn, 12, Retired

Wife—Willie

Children—

Ralph Singleton, Farmer

Wife—Lizzie

Children—Bertie, Ralph, Jr., Robert, Virgie, Glendon

Sidney Sparks, 67, Merchant

Wife—

Children—Herman, Leman, Betty

Gabe Sparks, 154, Farmer

Wife—

Children—

_____ **Smalley**, Farmer

Wife—

Children—

John Snelling, 155, Farmer
Wife—

Children—Horace, Carl

Cecil Shofner, 142, Teacher, Farmer

Wife—Alva

Children—Fred

Joe Shofner, 142, Farmer

Wife—Annie

Children—Cecil, Edwin, Pearl

Tommy Shofner, 161, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Emma, Willia

Dock Shofner, 157, Farmer

Wife—Julia

Children—Albert, Lois, Lottie, Estel, Stacy

Low Shofner, 163, Farmer

Wife—Pearl

Children—Allen, Odel

Albert Shofner, 43, 46, Farmer

Wife—(1)Willie (2)Katherine (3)Clemens

Children—(2) Patrica

T.B. Spiers, 34, Stock-Buyer/Merchant

Wife—Lillie

Children—Kathleen, Helen, Thomas

Abe Spiers (Bachelor), 34

Chester Spiers, 182, Merchant/Trader
Wife—Nita
Children—

Dan Swing (Bachelor), 37Farmer

Joe Swing, 9, Railroad
Wife—Aurie
Children—None

James Spencer, 18, Farmer
Wife—Elizabeth
Children—Floy, Charles

Charles Spencer, 18, Farmer
Wife—Dorthey
Children—Charlene, Sandra

William Sanders, Farmer
Wife—(1)_____ (2) Myrtle
Children—(2) Sara Lucy, Olin, Ophelia

Buck Smith, 27, Railroad
Wife—
Children—

William Slater, 2, Merchant/Postmaster
Wife—(1)_____ (2) Hattie
Children—(1) Bert, Bernice

_____ **Stone**, 6, Farmer
Wife—
Children—Charles, Elsie

Grady Simpson, 36, Railroad

Wife—Raleigh
Children—Kittie, Eugena, Billy, Edward

Ode Smith, 27, Railroad/Farmer
Wife—Maggie
Children—Buck, Rob, John, Haurice, Hazel

Scobie Smith, 27, Railroad
Wife—
Children—

J.W. Simpson, 36, Teacher
Wife—Kittie (Teacher)
Children—Grady

Will Shofner, 43, Farmer
Wife—Arzaline
Children—Willie Ruth

_____ **Stephenson**, 54, Farmer
Wife—
Children—James, Elizabeth, Katherine

Odel Talley, 3, Farmer
Wife—Beulah
Children—

B. Throneberry, 176, 12, Merchant
Wife—
Children—Carl, Herbert

Walter Troxler, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Arthur, Frances, Mary,
Dorthey

Carl Throneberry, 3,

Wife—Armo

Children—Coy

Leland Thomas, 138, Farmer

Wife—Ruth

Children—

Cecil Troxler, 91, R.Route Carrier

Wife—Lorene

Children—James, Doris

Charles Thompson, 59, Farmer

Wife—

Children—Achia, Johnie C, Sara,
Margaret, Bill

Otis Trail, 168, Farmer

Wife—

Children—

P.T. Wynne, 28, 3, Railroad

Wife—Alma

Children—Reba, Thomas, Ara
Ruth, Junior

Arthur Walls, 177, Retired

Wife—Mildred

Children—None

George Waite, 88, Farmer

Wife—

Children—

**Edward (Ed) West, 122, Rail-
road**

Wife—Fannie

Children—

MEMBERS OF HALEY COMMUNITY CLUB

Mamie Carouthers
Beulah Gentry
Mary Meadows
Annie Hickerson
Bertie Hickerson
Bernice Hickerson
Maude Hickerson
Lelia Bonds
Mai Brown
Elizabeth Brown
Julia Shofner
Ora Spencer
Floy Spencer

Jennie Ayers
Ora Gaither
Alafair Gaither
Myrtle Hall
Mabel Isom
Dorthey Spencer
Nora King
Worthie Ervin
Joanie Holt
Willie Shofner

ORGANIZED 14 MARCH 1929

NOTE: THE CLUB WAS

Possibly some names shown were not members and some members of the club have been omitted, but not intentionally.

TEACHERS AT HALEY SCHOOL

J.W. Simpson
Kitty Simpson
Leland Jordan
Bernice Hickerson
Willie Hitt
Alma Kimbro
Nellie Dye
Clemens Dye
Jack Frost

Elsie Burrell
Frances Faulk
Mary Dickerson
Floy Spencer
Fred Hoosier
Alice Gillespie
Raschel Sherrill
Mrs. William Hart
_____ Giles
Rita Huffman

BUGSCUFFLE SCHOOL—Augusta Brame

BEDFORD COUNTY NURSE—Sarah Young Huffman

NOTE: No doubt I have left out some teachers.

BOYS WHO LIVED IN THE AREA DURING THIS PERIOD OF TIME

ATNIP—J.D., James, Wilburn,
Howard

ARNOLD—James, Edward

AYERS—Jerry, Phil

AYERS—R.E.

BEASLEY—James, Charles, Junior

BROWN—Paul, Joe Tom

BENNETT—Floyd, Earnest

BURGESS—Edward

BROWN—Maurice

BONDS—James

CORTNER—Gerald, Pete

CORTNER—Claude

COUCH—Gus, Willard

CANNON—Eugene

CROWELL—Edward, Charles

COOPER—Tom, Alton

DEMENT—Kenneth

DEMENT—Mac, Ralph, John, Joe
Jack

ERVIN—Clay

FERRELL—Lewis, Woodrow

FULLER—Everett, Lester, Charles

FANN—Herbert, Charles

FAULK—Roy, Carl, Rudolph, Ben-
son, Claude, Fred

GREGORY—George, William,
James, R.L.

GENTRY—George

GAITHER—Coy

HITT—Owen

HOOSIER—Hobart

HASTINGS—Hoyte, Dillard

HICKERSON—Porter

HICKERSON—Tom

HICKERSON—William,
Leonard

HICKERSON—J.W.

HALL—Thomas, Leo, Leon,
Glen

ISOM—Raymond, Horton,
Wiley

JENKINS—James Carl

KIMBRO—Taylor, Ralph,
Dorsey

KIMBRO—Jack, Van

KING—A.D.

LOWE—Marvin, Winfred

LOCKE—George, Harmon,
Ralph, Robert, Alfred

MEADOWS—Shofner

MERRITT—Edward

McLEAN—Edgar

MOORE—Robert

NELSON—Alvis

NELSON—Edward

PARKS—Leon, Lawrence,
Leonard

PRINCE—Albert

RANEY—Bailey, Clarence

ROBERTS—Axel, Ray, Mar-
vin, Donald

ROBERTS—John E.

SANDERS—Olin

SHELTON—Percy, Charles

SINGLETON—Ralph, Jr.,
Robert

SPARKS—Heman, Leman

SNELLING—Horace, Carl

SHOFNER—Albert, Stacy

SHOFNER—Cecil, Edwin

SHOFNER—Allen

SIMPSON—Billy, Edward

SMITH—Buck, Rob, John Haurice

SPIERS—Thomas

SPENCER—Charles

STONE—Charles

THRONEBERRY—Carl,
Herbert

TROXLER—Arthur

WYNNE—Thomas, Junior

NICKNAMES I REMEMBER

George Gentry—Tech

J.W. Hickerson—Jay

William Hickerson—Frog

Leonard Hickerson—Pap

Raymond Isom—Demp

Wiley Isom—Slick

James Carl Jenkins—Jenks

John E. Roberts—Fizz

Marvin Roberts—Red

Thomas Spiers—T-Bee

Thomas Wynne—Boots

Wilson Wynne—Junior

Charles Stone —Confucius

Lester Fuller—Lasses

A.D. King, Jr.—Grundy

James Holt—Jabo

Stacy Shofner—Doc

J.D. Atnip—Jake

Wilburn Atnip—Rabbit

R.E. Ayers—Bull Dog

Arthur Troxler—Trox

Thomas Hall—Junior

Coy Gaither—Pistol

Woodrow Ferrell—Woody

Olin Sanders—Runt

Junior Beasley—Bull

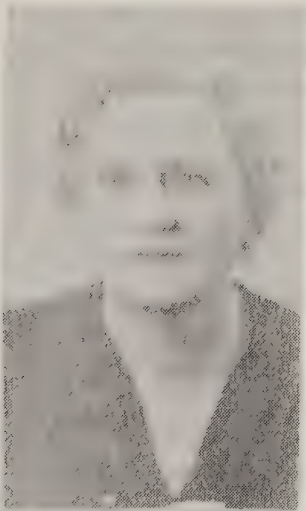
Dorsey Kimbro—Spud



My wife, Ophelia (Lokey) Isom



Wiley Samuel Isom



My Mother, Mabel (Jolly)
Isom



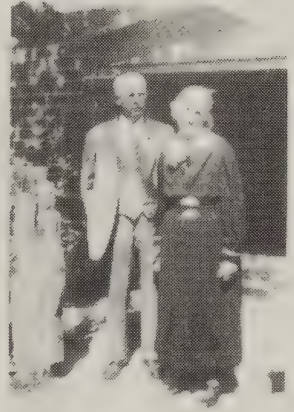
My Father, James Gossage Isom



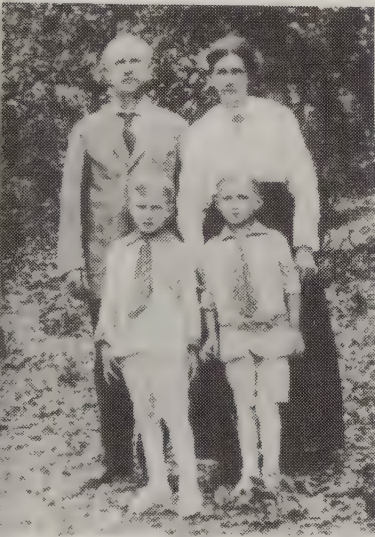
My Grandfather, William Hosea Isom (Isham) – Confederate Army Veteran, Co. B, 17th Tenn. Infantry



My Grandmother, Emma (Gossage) Isom



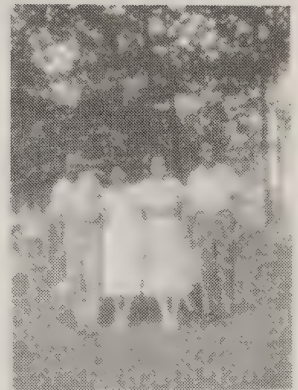
My Grandparents, John Samuel Jolly and Vernie (Marler) Jolly – On their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 13 May 1935



Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Jolly, Raymond and Horton Isom



Four Generations – Grandpa Jolly, Mother Raymond and Emily



Raymond, Melvin, Margaret, and Wiley – 1957



Wiley Isom with Mother in our front yard at Haley. Note 1940 Ford and Durham house over top of car



Melvin, Margaret, Wiley, Mabel Anne and Dog Shep



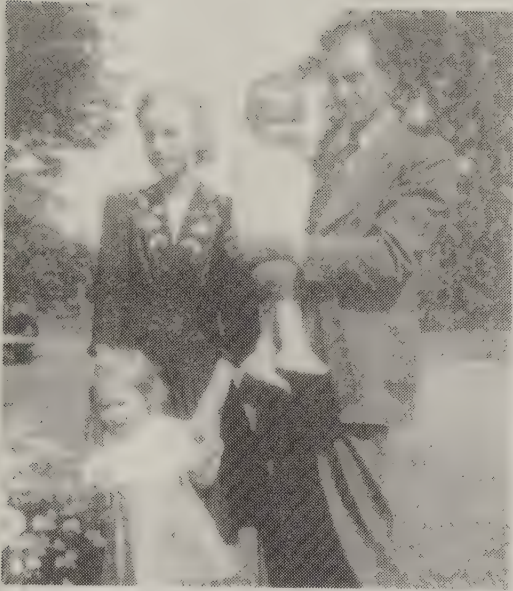
Margaret, Wiley, Melvin and Raymond



Melvin, Mother and Margaret



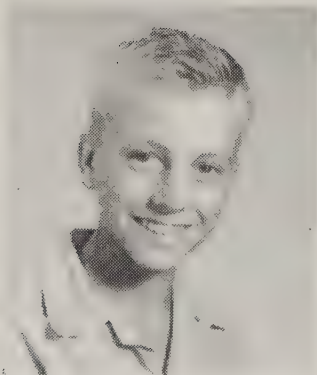
Mabel Anne



Lora Mae (Crowell) Isom, Sharon Isom,
Raymond Isom, Emily Isom



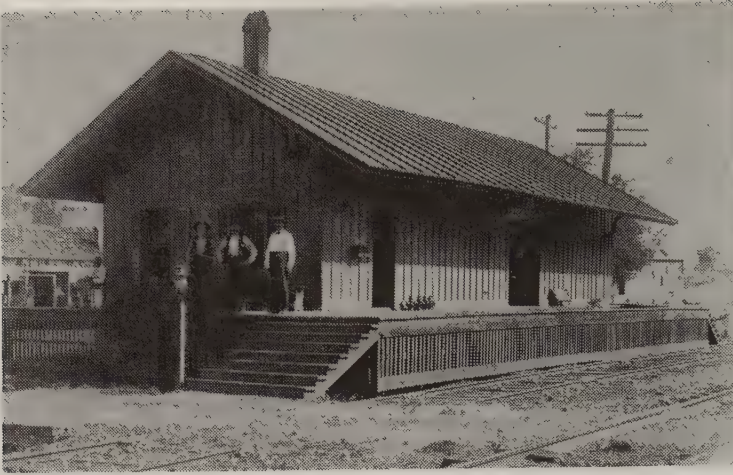
Horton Isom and Mary Cecil Wil-
liams, April 6, 1932



John Richard Isom



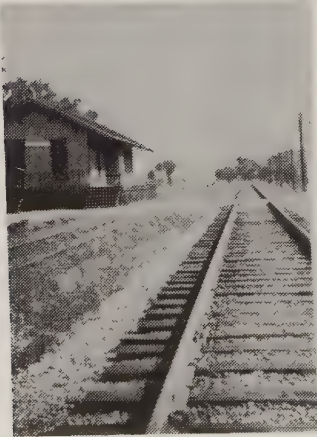
William Horton Isom and Mary Cecil Isom



Possibly the original Haley Depot. Note shop at left and rear of depot



Old picture of Haley, looking North toward Bugscuffle. Note old Slater's Store across from new Slater's Store



Haley Depot looking South. Main road crossing railroad — site of bad Ferguson car wreck



Slater's Store and Post Office, Mr. William Slater, son Bert, daughter Bernice. Note gas lamp or lantern.



A. H. Hickerson Store—Railroad, telephone booth. Children on sled unknown.



Mr. Wes Brown's Blacksmith Shop



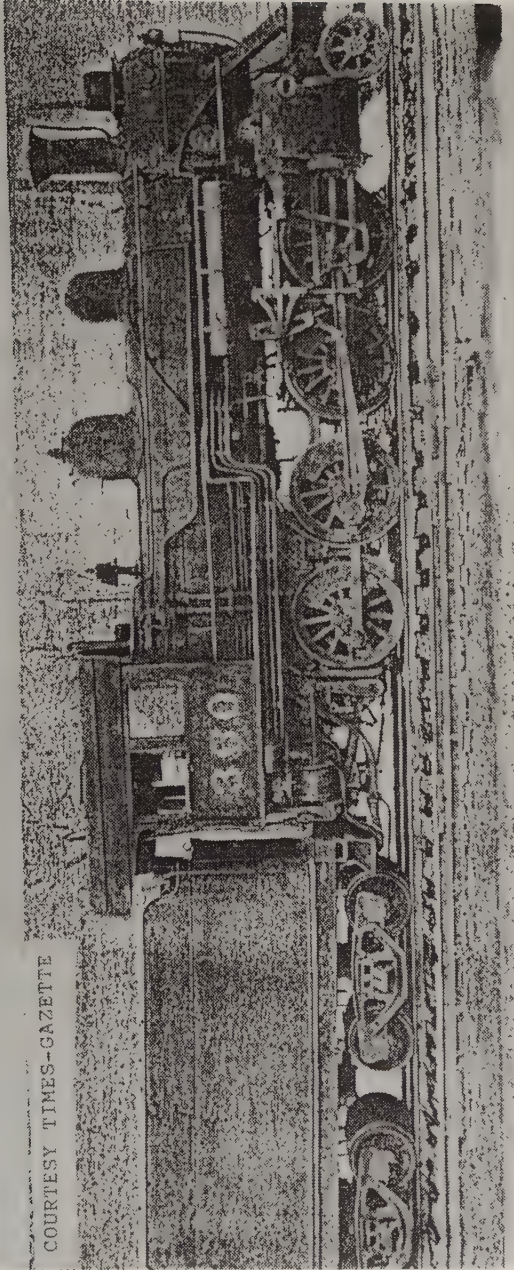
GENERAL STORE— Once selling gasoline for as little as 38 cents per gallon, this store once belonged to Arthur Hickerson. This is one of the several buildings which has survived over the years. Courtesy *Gazette-Times*.



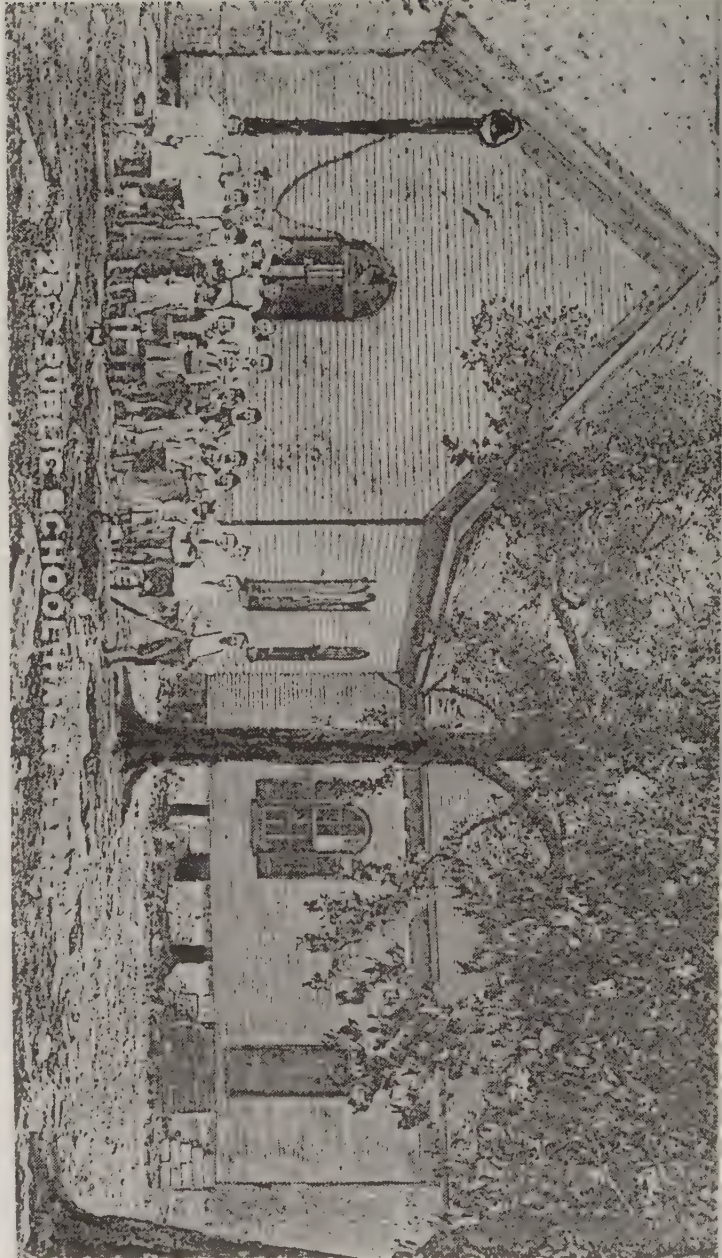
One of the newer churches to come to the community of Haley is that of the Church of God. Many Years ago a Methodist and a Bapotist Church also stood to welcome the nearly 200 inhabitants. Actually this church is in Bugscuffle.

THE NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RY.

COURTESY TIMES-GAZETTE



Many residents fondly remember a few years ago when steam engine, "Old Teton," made the run between Shelbyville and Wartrace. The last engine my father (James G. Isom) worked on before he was retired by the NC&St.L. Courtesy *Times-Gazette*



This 1908 photograph of Haley School is typical of many which the Times-Gazette has run in recent years. Notice the school bell in the left foreground. This building still stands at Haley although the "L" on the right is gone. Miss Sadie Stephens was the teacher.



Haley School, 1925. Teachers: Mr. W.J. Simpson in center, Mrs. Kitty Simpson on far right.

Shelbyville (Tenn). Times-Gazette, Tuesday Afternoon, April 28, 1981 —3



This picture of Haley School students in 1927 was sent in by Miss Sallie Jenkins. First row from left: Winfred Lowell, _____, James Holt, John E. Roberts, Sallie Jenkins, Birdie Ruch Hickerson, Glendon Meadows, Louise Hickerson, unidentified, unidentified, Joe Tom Brown, Second row from left: Instructor Leland Jordon, J. W. Hickerson, Dilliard Hastings, Hoyt Hastings, Leonard Hickerson, James Carl Jenkins, William Hickerson, Erlene Farrell, Margaret Isom, Lucille Hickerson, Kathleen Nelson, unidentified, Alice Bennett, Elizabeth Holt, Albert Prince, and unidentified. Third row from left: Amanda Jenkins, Mattie Prince, Stacey Shofner, Virgie Hickerson, Horace Snelling, and Ernest Bennett. (Courtesy Times-Gazette)



Haley Grammar School

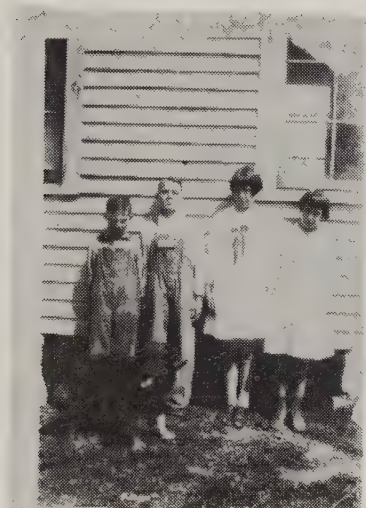
Back row—Albert Prince, John E. Roberts, Erlene Ferrell, Virgie Hickerson, James C. Jenkins, Leonard Hickerson, Alice Bennett, Lucile Hickerson, Edward Nelson. Next row—Unknown, Woodrow Ferrell, Mabel Anne Isom, Mary June Hickerson, Sally Jenkins, Louise Hickerson, Reba Wynne, Bertie R. Hickerson. Next row: Thomas Hickerson, Thomas Spiers, Edward Arnold, James Atnip. Front row—Bailey Raney, J. D. Atnip, James Holt, Wilburn Atnip, James Arnold, Wiley Isom, Carl Snelling, T. O. Wynne.



HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1927-28— Third grade—Teacher Alma Kimbro. L. to R. Winfred Lowe, Wiley Isom, Louise Hickerson, Albert Prince.



CHURCH ACROSS THE ROAD FROM OUR HOUSE — Back row— Glendon Meadows, Sally Jenkins, Unknown, Reba Wynne, Unknown. Middle row—T. O. Wynne, Mabel Isom, Bertie Ruth Hickerson, Wiley Isom. Front row— Junior Wynne, Unknown, Unknown, Unknown.



HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1928-29. Fourth grade— Teacher Alma Kimbro. L. to R. Wiley Isom, Edward Merritt, Lucile Hickerson, My dog, Coalie.

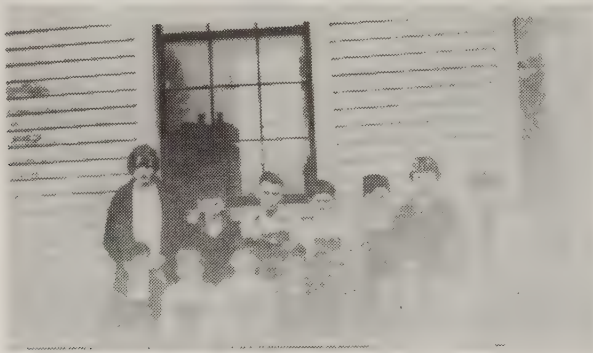


HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1945— Wiley S. Isom II.



HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1928-29

TEACHERS—W.W. Frost, Alma Kimbro. Back row—Alice Bennett, Virgie Hickerson, Unknown, James Carl Jenkins, Elizabeth Holt, Edward Nelson, William Hickerson, Frankie Merritt, Kathleen Nelson, Leonard Hickerson. Middle row—Lucile Hickerson, Louise Hickerson, Sally Jenkins, J. D. Atnip, John E. Roberts, Wiley Isom, Carl Snelling, James Holt, James Arnold, Edward Merritt, Erline Ferrell, Unknown. Front row—Joe Tom Brown, Mabel Anne Isom, Glendon Meadows, Reba Wynne, Bertie R. Hickerson, Thomas Wynne, Mac Dement, Edward Arnold, James Atnip, Bailey Raney, Unknown.



HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1927-28

Teacher—Alma Kimbro. Back row—Alma Kimbro, Wiley Isom, Edward Merritt, J.D. Atnip, James Arnold, Lucile Hickerson, Louise Hickerson, Sally Jenkins. Front row—James Atnip, Edward Arnold, Mac Dement, Bailey Raney, Thomas Wynne, Reba Wynne, Glendon Meadows, Mabel A. Isom, Bertie Ruch Hickerson.



HALEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL ready to fall down. Elizabeth Brown and Virgie Hickerson sitting on the Secret Rock.



THE SECRET ROCK as it appears today. If this rock could talk we would all be in trouble.



Photo Courtesy of Joe Sutton

THE 1931 WARTRACE BOYS played in the State Tourney at Knoxville and knocked off pre-tourney favorite Memphis Tech before losing to Lenoir City in the semi-finals. Members of the club were, from left front row, Cecil Armstrong, Ralph Baucom, Horton Isom (d), Porter Hickerson and Jack Keeling. Second row, from left, Prof. Harry L. Law, Stanley Grubbs, Joe Sutton, Johnny Charles and Coach Archie Grant.



Horton Isom



WARTRACE HIGH DISTRICT BASKETBALL CHAMPS 1935-36. John E. Roberts, Ralph Uselton, Wiley Isom, Van Kimbro, Robert Carter, Charles Beasley, George Gentry, Own Hitt, William Griffith, Roscoe Stephens. Coach—Grey Dudley Sands. Manager—James Stephenson.



Archie Grant at Millican College



WARTRACE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM 1929-30. Coach — Morgan Lawrence. Back row — Blair Allen, Vedora McLean, Mildred Baucom, Velma Pannel, Melvin Isom. Front row — Helen Spiers, Rose Slater, Katherine Pannel, Mary Ruth McLean.

Shelbyville (Tenn.) Times-Gazette, Thursday Afternoon, March 15, 1979

Haley Social Club Celebrates 50 Years

By BRENDA BLANTON

TIMES-GAZETTE Staff Writer

A Bedford County club has weathered changes following the depression, World War II and the Korean and Vietnam wars, and through it all survived the demise of the small railroad community in which it was formed.

Yesterday the Haley Social Club, once the Community Club, celebrated its golden anniversary — 50 years of social gatherings for friends and neighbors of Haley, Normandy and Wartrace.

Aside from the 19 current club associates, former members from Bedford County, Lynchburg, Fayetteville and as far away as Memphis came to celebrate the club anniversary with a potluck meal and a program highlighting the organization's history.

Presenting the early background of the club was Bernice Ayers, who along with Elizabeth Brown are now the only charter members.

"Those of you who didn't know Haley 50 years ago missed a lot," she reminded. "It was a wide-awake, thriving, flourishing little community. It had railroad transportation, it had school, churches, a blacksmith shop, stores and a post office. But those days are gone forever, and we're just thankful that our club has gone through it all."

The organization's beginning, she said, sprang from an idea several members of the Thomp-

son's Creek Community Club conceived.

"We wondered why we couldn't have a club in our own community," she noted, "and later we were at a shower at the home of Mrs. Maude Hicker-son, discussed it and set a date to form a club."

That group of women first met March 14, 1929, exactly 50 years ago, and the Haley Community Club was organized. Arrangements were made for the group to meet monthly in the homes of members. Aside from socializing during the all-day affair, participants took part in a potluck meal, an impromptu program and games.

"In the morning we simply met and had a good time. The ladies would sometimes bring their needlework. Then we'd eat, and after lunch we always began with devotion followed by a roll call."

In those days, she said, the roll call was often answered by "telling how many chickens we meant to raise that spring."

Club dues equalled only one quarter per year and were sometimes suspended because the club was financially well-off. Primary activities of the group included sending cards and flowers to the ill of the community, and at that time, a floral arrangement cost only \$3 and a card 10 cents.

"Then in 1936 one of the highlights came when TVA brought electricity into our community. In 1942, the meetings were suspended during the United States

maneuvers that took place here."

"We organized so women would have an opportunity to be together," Floye Nelson, program chairman, told the women present. "We gave gifts when homes in the community burned and we contributed to the Red Cross and the March of Dimes."

Records of 45 of the 50 years have been found, detailing the club's membership and activities. At times, according to records and remembrances, the club would hold an auction sale, raising as much as \$10 to \$15, a lot of money in those days.

In 1952, the former school was made into a community club to include both men and women, and the Haley organization decided to change its name to "social."

Since that time, according to Martha Dement, the club has sustained itself, still meeting in homes and still giving gifts to the ill of the community. Recently, she said, the oldest member of the club, Mrs. Ollie Throneberry, died at age 101.

The program ended with games and a message from Huell Howser wishing them a good anniversary party.

Devotion at the meeting was presented by Ova Lee Ayers and Lee West, with Otha Crockett and Argie Ezell as hostesses. Aside from the two charter members, Martha Dement, Ova Lee Ayers and Merle Hall have been members of the club for a period of 25 years



Club History

Floye Nelson highlighted the intermediate years in the history of a club beginning in the then thriving community of Haley, and extending its membership to Wartrace, Normandy and other cities in the state.

Club Celebrates 26th Anniversary



The word "Dixieland" is synonymous with the word "hospitality" to residents of Bedford County, Tennessee. Nowhere does this statement ring more true than in the Haley community.

On the third Wednesday of each month for 26 years the women of that community which lies in the 2nd Civil District, have met at a home for an all day social get-together. Each woman brings a covered dish containing a true example of Southern culinary in the form of fried chicken, country ham dressed eggs, pies and cakes, and other delights too numerous to mention. Doors are always open at Haley and a warm welcome awaits everyone but third Wednesdays are 'kinda special' for this is the day the Haley Social Club meets and the womenfolk get together and discuss homemaking art and enjoy

a genuine fellowship.

On Wednesday, March 18, the club members celebrated their 26th anniversary at the home of Mrs. Coy Gaither and Mrs. Lee Gaither near Lake Bedford.

Spring flowers decorated the Gaither home and in the dining room the buffet was centered with a lovely arrangement flanked on either side by tapers burning in branched candelabra. The serving table was overlaid with an ecru cloth and centered with a beautifully decorated cake topped with candies signifying the club's anniversary.

The day was spent socially as usual and the members recalled other Wednesdays of the past 26 years. During this time the group has met every month and only a few occasions has the meeting been postponed. Several charter members of the club were present.

Shown in the accompanying photo (center) is the present president of the organization, Mrs. E. E. Munn; on her right, Mrs. Coy Gaither, vice president; and on her left, Mrs. Frank Ervin, secretary and treasurer.

Present members of the club (several were not present when the photograph were made) are Mrs. Roy Ayers, Mrs. Martin Bond, Mrs. Frank Ervin, Mrs. Lee Gaither, Mrs. Coy Gaither, Mrs. Beulah Gentry, Mrs. George Gentry, Mrs. Thomas Hall, Mrs. A. H. Hickerson, Mrs. J. G. Isom, Mrs. C. P. Meadows, Mrs. E. E. Munn, Mrs. Alvis Nelson, Mrs. Sydney Prince, Mrs. Marvin Roberts, Mrs. J. S. Spence, Mrs. Houston Spencer, Mrs. D. J. Shofner and Mrs. Cecil Troxler.

Guests at the anniversary were Mrs. Ralph Dement, Mrs. Guy Reed and Betty and Susan Munn.

From Left to Right: Back row — Unknown, Mrs. Guy Reed, Era Gaither, Annie Hickerson, Mabrel Isom, Elizabeth Spencer, Ova Lee Ayers, Martha Dement, Lorene Troxler. Front row — Two Munn Children, Alafair Gaither, Mrs. E. E. Munn, and Mrs. Frank Ervin.



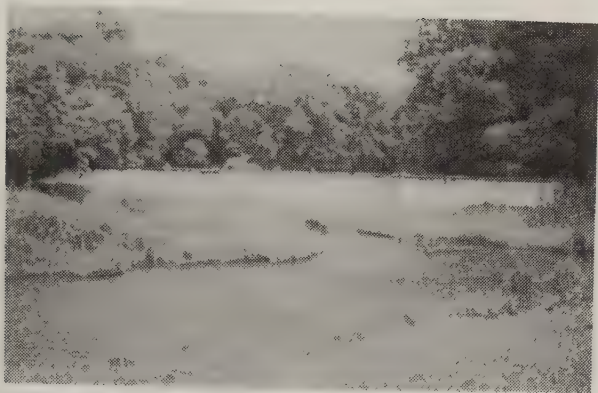
OFFICERS

The club's charter members and current officers posed for pictures at yesterday's golden anniversary celebration. Shown are (left to right) Bernice Ayers; Donna Frazier, president; Elizabeth Brown; Dottie Owens, vice-president; Mildred Armstrong, secretary; and Otha Crockett, treasurer.



50-YEAR MEMBERS

Bernice Ayers and Elizabeth Brown (left to right), both 50-year members of the Haley Social Club, were presented with orchids yesterday by 27-year-old member Martha Dement.



Dam at Cortner Mill



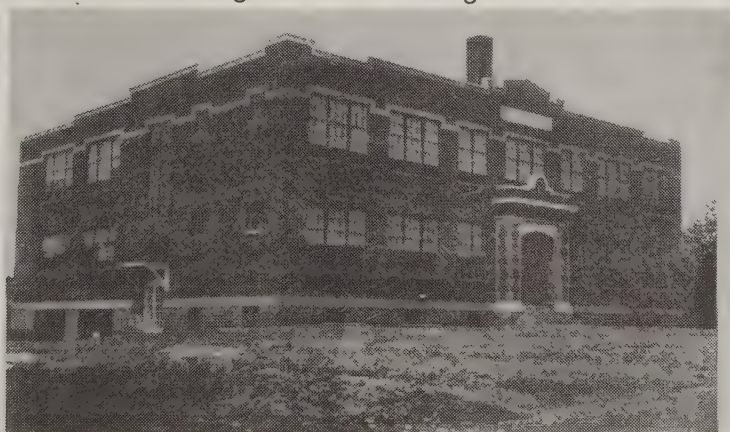
Cortner Mill



Garrison River flowing over Cannon Bridge



Many early pioneers are buried here.



Brandon Memorial Building, Wartrace High School, Wartrace, Tenn.



Photo by Willard Payne

Historic Bridge

This view of the historic Dement Bridge was captured in April, before work began on the new two-lane structure which will replace it. The old bridge, constructed in 1902, spans the Duck River near Normandy on Cortner Road (state route 269). Gwen Hopkins of the Tennessee Department of Transportation said last week that since no local organization has agreed to take responsibility for the old bridge, it remains scheduled for demolition after the new bridge is in place.

Courtesy Times-Gazette



DEMENT'S BRIDGE — old and new side by side

By JOHN CARNEY
T-G Staff Writer

Bedford County Board of Commissioners' rules and legislative committee last night referred to the courthouse committee and the county attorney a proposal that the county take responsibility for the old Dement Bridge.

Members of the Dement family, represented by Kenneth Dement and *Tullahoma News* editor Betty Dement, spoke to the committee urging preservation of the bridge.

The one-lane bridge, located on S.R. 269 near Normandy, dates back to about 1902, although there seems to be some uncertainty about the exact date. Tennessee Department of Transportation contractors are in the process of building a new two-lane bridge alongside the old one, and the state reportedly has \$60,000 in the contract for destruction of the old bridge after the new one is in use.

State officials say that it is routine to demolish such abandoned bridges due to liability concerns. The only way the state usually preserves such a bridge, according to a spokesperson, is if another government or organization agrees to take responsibility for it — including liability, upkeep and other related matters.

Kenneth Dement said last night that the original bridge was built, not by government, but by the contributions of private citizens. He said it should be preserved as a historic landmark and as a recreational site, pointing out that fishermen could use the old bridge rather than standing in the path of traffic on the new one.

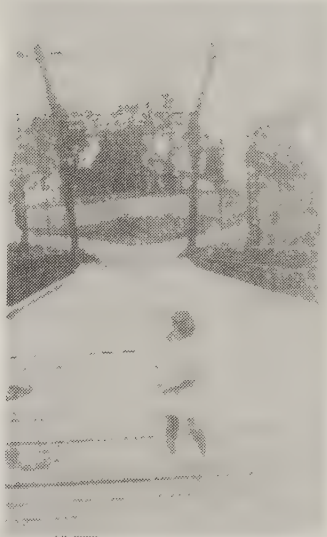
The pavement could be removed at either end of the old bridge to discourage or prevent vehicles from coming onto it.

Betty Dement said the mayor of Normandy has already rejected the possibility of the town adopting the bridge.

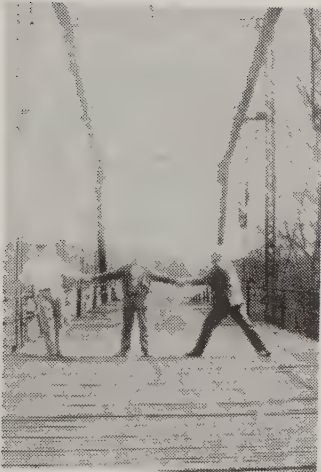
Commissioner John C. Helton moved to refer the matter to the commission's courthouse committee and the county attorney for further study. He included in his motion that the county write a letter to the state asking that the bridge not be demolished before potential custodians have had time to look into the matter.



THREE FORKS BRIDGE 1920
William Vanoy Harris



THREE FORKS BRIDGE 1940
Child — unknown



THREE FORKS BRIDGE
Stacy Shofner, James Carl
Jenkins, Albert Shofner



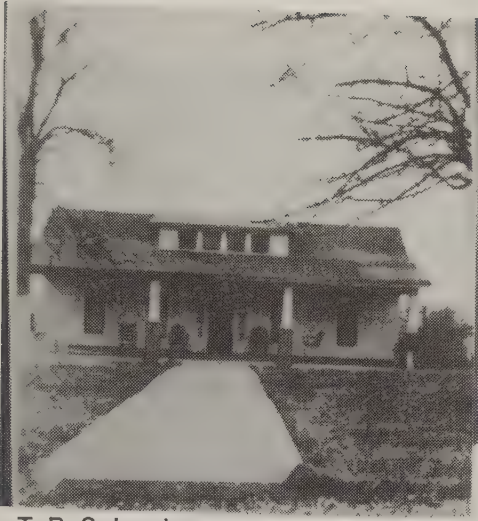
THREE FORKS BRIDGE
NOTE: Construction under way for
new concrete bridge. 1991.



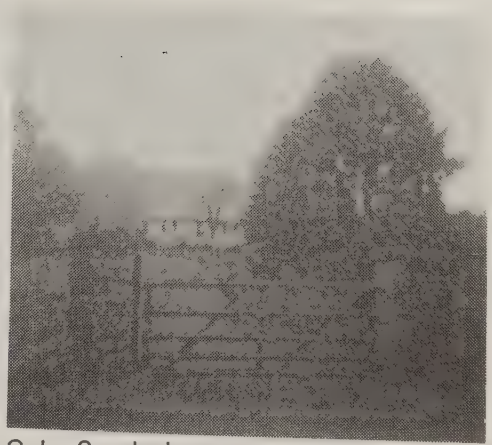
My Dad on his horse "pomp" in front of home at Shiloh
Note: buggies in background



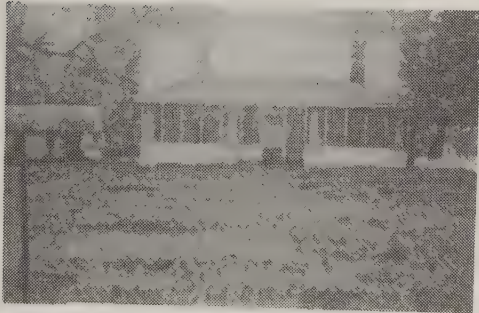
J. G. Isom home



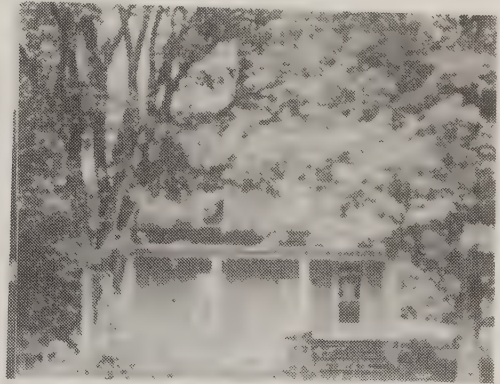
T. B. Spiers home



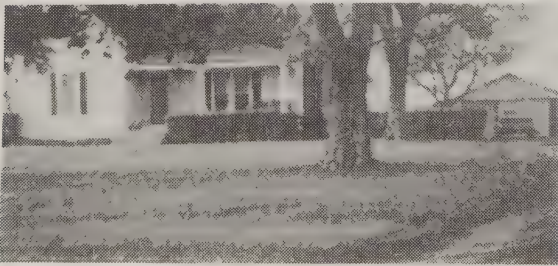
Gabe Sparks home



Miller Dement home



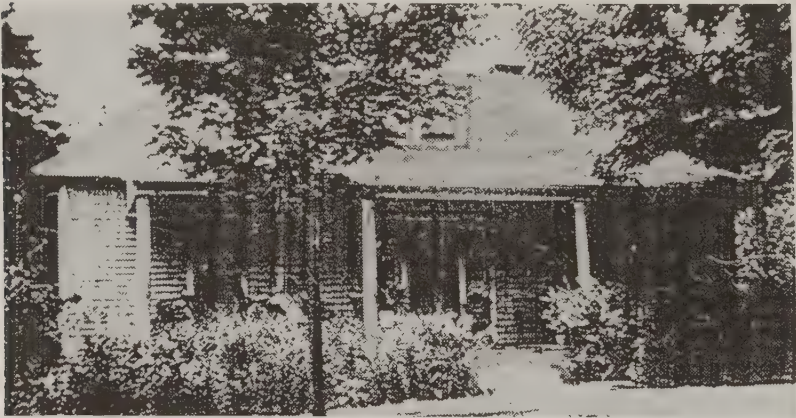
Everett Roberts home
(Also) Home where Wiley Isom was born



R.E. Ayers home
Ed Crowell home



Home of Leila and Martin Bonds



Home of Dave and Molly Hickerson
Also previous home of
Joe and Steve Roberts



Picnic at Lake Bedford
Unknown, Mrs. J. W. Spencer,
Mrs. Dickey.



Melvin in Model "T" Ford
before World War II



Picnic at Lake Bedford
Marvin Roberts, Cecil Shofner,
Annie Hickerson



Picnic at Lake Joseph —
Everett Fuller, Josephine
Roberts, Marvin Roberts



Tennessee Maneuvers
— soldiers marching by



Melvin and Wiley Isom II
in "T" after the war.



STANDING ON FROZEN DUCK RIVER JUST
ABOVE THREE FORKS BRIDGE
Tech Gentry, Charlie Crowell, J. W. Hickerson,
Albert Shofner, and Ethel Jones.



"Slick" Isom
Junior Wynne
With redhorse caught
below Three Forks Bridge



J. W. Hickerson
On top of Three Forks Bridge



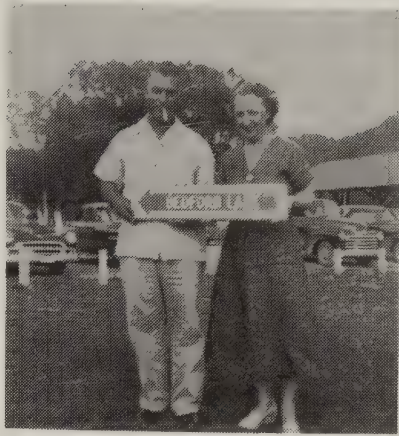
Paul Brown and Dad in
the garden.



My Dad in garden —
Raney Barn in distance.



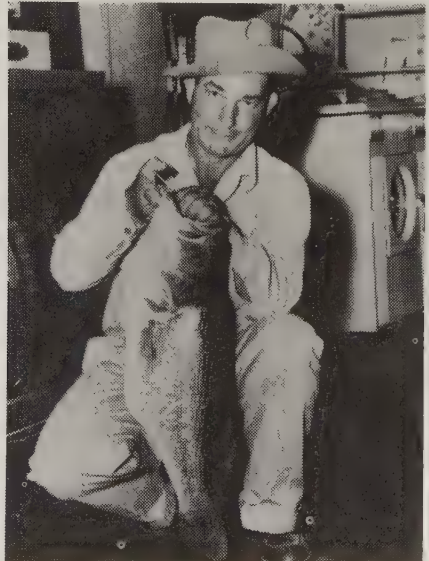
Lee and Era Gaither



Coy and Ala Fair Gaither.
Lake recently renamed Coy
Gaither-Bedford Lake



View of Coy Gaither-Bedford
Lake



Coy (Pistol) Gaither with huge
bass — 1 Nov. 1950



Leila and Martin Bonds



The Wynne Family. Reba, T.O., Plas, Alma, Sara Ruth and Junior



Dorothey Spencer at Wartrace High School



Grady Simpson Family (1968)
Eugena, Bill, Rollie, Grady, Kittie Lee, Edward



Effie and William Harris

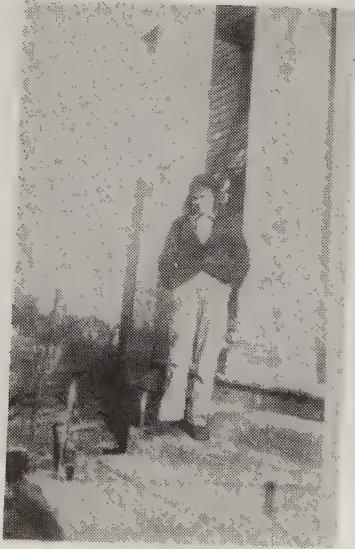
An Assist From General



Capt. Jerry Ayers and General Eisenhower in England during World War II



Agatha Ayers



Phil Ayers



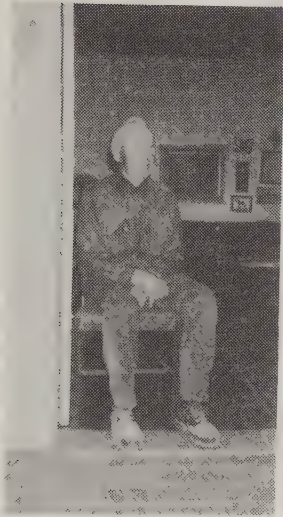
SIMPSON FAMILY—Back Row: Kitty Simpson, J.W. Simpson, Rollie Simpson. Front Row: Grady, Billy, Kitty Lee, Eugena. Inset: Edward



Tom Hickerson, Sr. Haley Depot — 1920



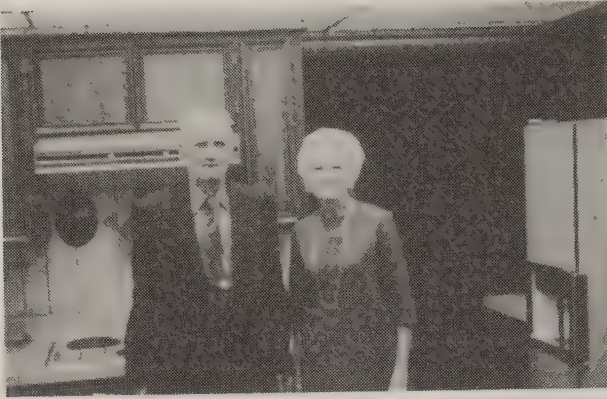
Mrs. Bernice Hickerson
Left: Slater's Store
Back: Depot and
Hickerson's Store



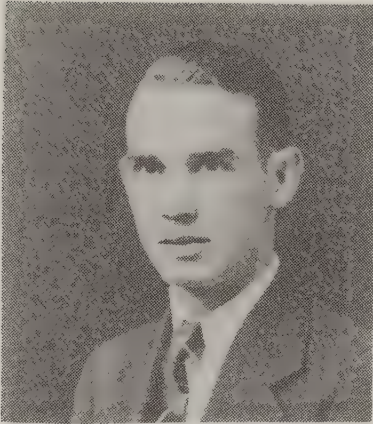
Mr. Arthur Dement at
home looking out his
front porch.



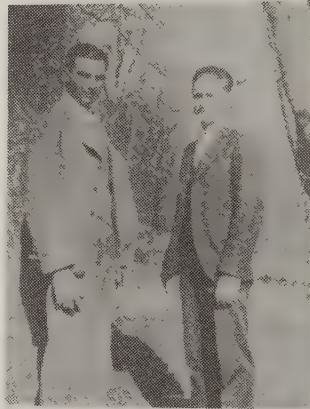
Myrtle and Hubert Bennett



Uncle Arthur Hickerson and Aunt Jessie Isom



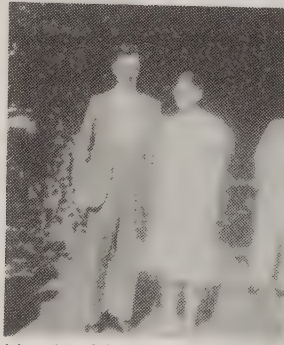
Porter Hickerson



Horton and Stacy Shofner



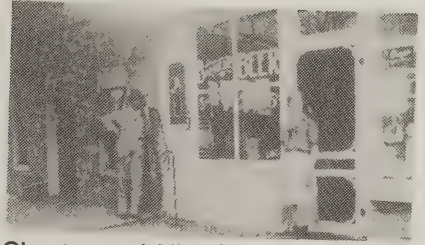
Aunt Annie (Isom) Hickerson



Uncle Muncie Isham (Isom), Aunt Annie Hickerson — brother and sister



T.B. and Lillie Splers



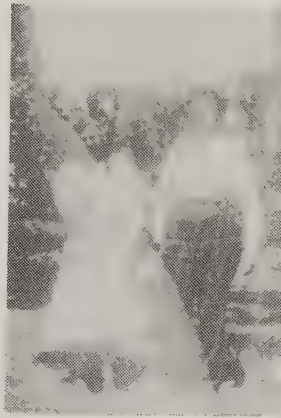
Chester and Nita Spiers
Cafe in Monteagle, TN.



Wesley and Zanada Brown. 50th
Wedding Anniversary, Jan. 1960



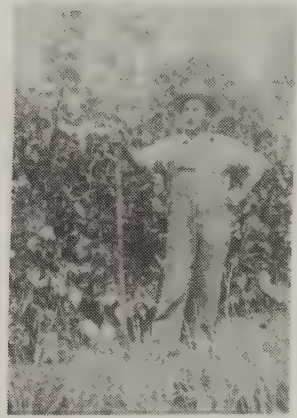
James, Edward and Burlie Arnold.
Sons of Jim & Kathleen Arnold



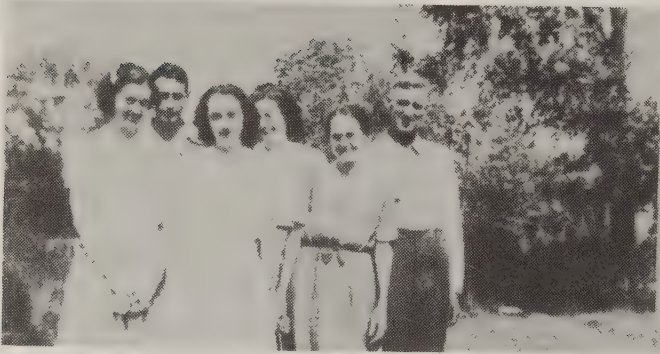
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley
Brown with grandson
James



W.T. Hickerson Family.
Lewis, Dave, Cora, Arthur,
Walter, and W.T. Hickerson



My Dad in the garden.



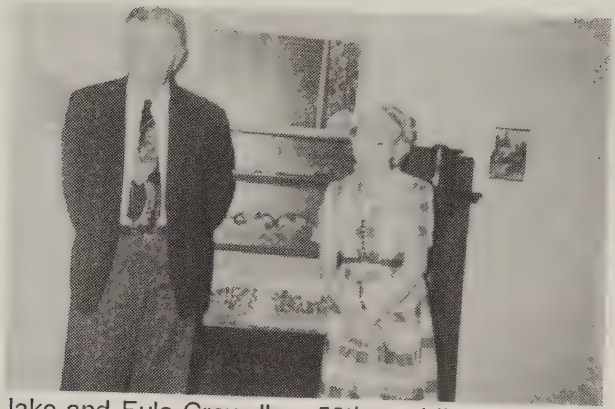
The Dave Hickerson Family.
Virgie, J.W., Bertie R., Christene,
Molly and Dave.



My Mother with fish
caught by me and Junior
Wynne.



Lester Raney,
Maude Raney Hick-
erson, Emma
Zumbro Raney,
Lewis (Luke) Hick-
erson



Jake and Eula Crowell — 50th wedding anniversary



The Crowell Family—Jake, Eula, Charles, Mary, Evelyn, Edward



Charles Crowell — In the Army



Ed Crowell with 8 point buck he killed



Margaret Isom, J.W. Hickerson, Melvin Isom



Elizabeth Bonds and Evelyn Crowell on frozen Duck River.



Elizabeth Bonds, James Bonds, and Ethel Jones.



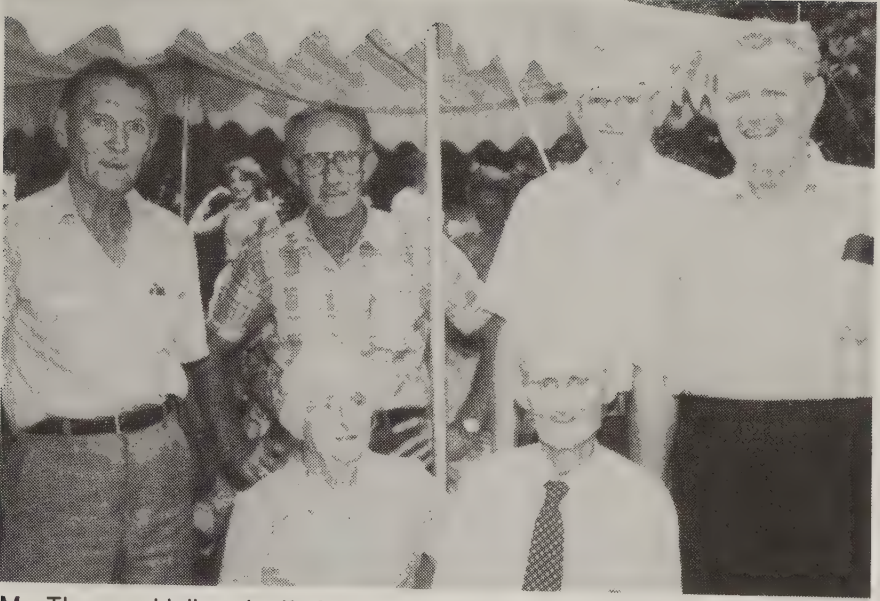
Christine Hickerson.
Helen Spiers



Wiley and Ophelia Isom.
George Gentry & James Holt in front
of our house. Haley School on left.
About 1941.

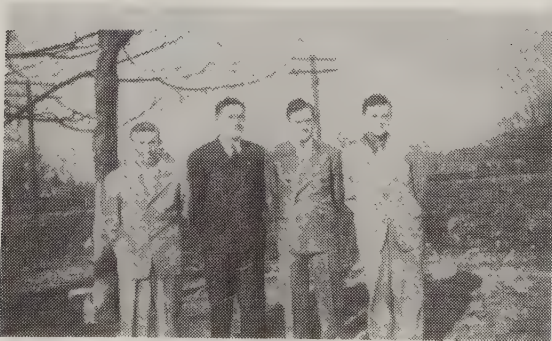


Ray Roberts & Tech Gentry.

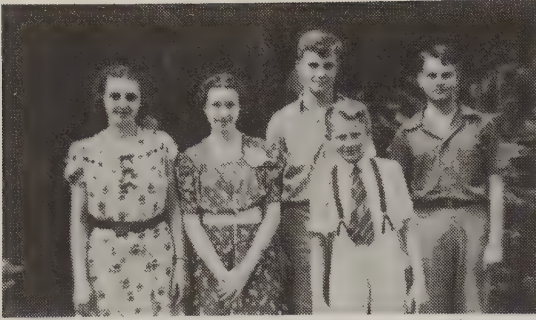


Mr. Thomas Hall and wife Myrtle celebrating their 70th wedding anniversary. Picture taken August 22, 1988. Married 1918.

Back Row: their four sons. From left to right — Leon, Glen, Leo and Thomas Jr. (Leo & Leon twins).



Glen, Leon, Leo and Thomas Jr. (Xmas 1945)



Mary June Hickerson, Odel Shofner, Thomas Hickerson, Allen Shofner and friend of Tom Hickerson.



Virgis Hickerson
Lucile Hickerson



Kathleen Spiers



J.W. Hickerson



Elizabeth Holt



Mary Ruth
McLean



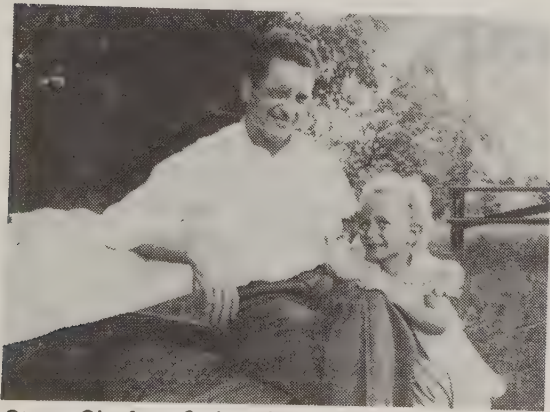
William
(Frog)
Hickerson



Christene Hick-
erson



Going Fishing.
Wiley — My Mother — Ophelia



Stacy Shofner & daughter



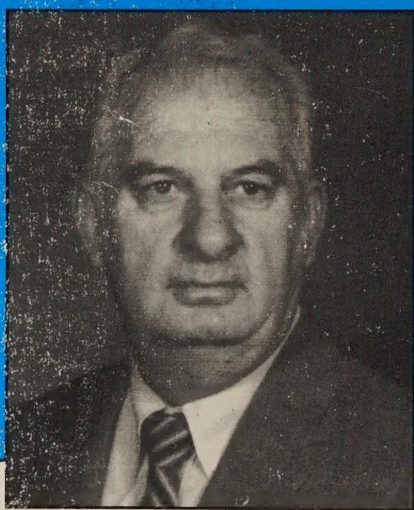
A.D. King, Horton
Isom, James Carl
Jenkins & Stacy Shof-
ner. 4/6/32



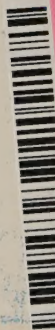
OUR HOUSE

This fine dining establishment is located close to the railroad tracks in "My Village." It was the former home of Mr. & Mrs. William Slater and daughter Mrs. Bernice Hickerson and family. It was renovated by Mr. Bill Hall, a Gret Grandson of Mr. Slater. Bill is the owner, manager and chef of this unique place, noted for the antiques, beautiful flowers, real china place settings, private dining rooms, all in the quiet of this small village. Needless to say, when we were growing up in Haley there was no place to eat except in your home.

MOORE MURPHY SLATER
FEATHERSTONE McBRIDE
FUGGETT SIMPSON GREEN
GENTRY THOMAS COUCH
JOHNSON MARTIN BURDETTE
HOOSIER NELSON COOPER
McLEAN ERVIN SINGLETON
JENKINS ROBERTS CROWELL
SHELTON PARKER CANNON
RIPPEY THORNEBERRY DYE
LEMONS BOMAR DEAN
HICKERSON SWING
WALL REED STONE
POWELL MEADOWS
RUSSELL BENNETT
DICKERSON RANEY
SEAHORN



WILEY S. ISOM



P9-CGU-202